KIND READER—If you never read a Good Story, commence "HIS SECOND CAMPAIGN" in this paper, and then hand it to your neighbor. Tell them they can get "THE SENTINEL" delivered every evening for the Small Sum of Ten Cents Per Week.

PART FIRST. 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. PART FIRST.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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A layer of woolen fibres, soft and fleecy, is firmly held on one side of and in the meshes of an exceedingly porous cotton fibre, so that one extremity of a fabric lies against the skin, the other is in contact with the cotton, thus admitting of the rapid transference of all dampness or perspiration to the cotton, where it is retained, and consequently leaving no moisture next to the skin to absorb and deminish the heat of the body.

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Fine China and Glassware.

We now have in stock, in all the latest patterns, Charles Field Haviland's White China in Dinner Sets.

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A Fine Assortment of Beautiful Fancy Plates.

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The handsomest line of Rose Jars and Bowls in the city, beautiful, from $2.75 to $12 each.

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Dinner Sets, Nice Goods, at $6.75, $7.50 and $8.

Beautiful White Porcelain Dinner Sets, very cheap.

You are always welcome to inspect our goods. Prices in plain figures.

WHARTON & CRATSLEY,

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FORT WAYNE STEAM FEATHER RENOVATOR.

I have put in one of the latest improved Feather Machines.

I am prepared to renovate all kinds of feathers, on short notice. Call,

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Commencing With Nov. 15th,

And Continuing to

December 15th, 1892,

I will make a full Upper or Lower Set of Teeth for $8.00.

All mouths prepared in that month can have their plates made at this price.

Remember these will be the BEST.

The S. S. White Mf'g Co's Teeth being the best in the world, which same I will use in making your plates.

TERMS—Five dollars down, balance on completion of plate.

Remember the Place,
106 CALHOUN STREET,
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J. H. ADAMS, D. D. S

OVERCOATS,

Fall and Winter Styles.

ULSTERS,

In Friezes and Rough Faced Goods.

NEW STYLES IN

Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats.

All Our Own Make.

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Cor. Columbia and Clinton Sts.

GLEASON'S NERVE.

Although Defeated, He Will Still be Mayor.

The City Clerk's Official Returns Show That He is Re-Elected—Defective Ballots Thrown Out.

Long Island City, L. I., Nov. 19.—This city is in a fever of excitement today through the boomshell Mayor Gleason threw into the political camp this morning. The city, which had accepted the recent election returns as final, Gleason's defeat for re-election was settled and Sanford's triumph over him complete, now finds its calculations overthrown. City Clerk Burke, who is Gleason's appointee, sent in the official returns to the county clerk this morning, showing that Mayor Gleason had been re-elected. The majority, according to these figures, is 732 for Gleason. City Clerk Burke issued a certificate of election to Gleason, and the fighting mayor has gone to the county clerk's office in Jamaica to be sworn in. The supreme court will be appealed to to prevent Mayor Gleason from again taking office. It is understood that Gleason claims the office on the ground that nearly a thousand defective ballots were cast for his opponent, Sanford.

A GREAT TREAT.

Paul Mossman's Trip Through Egypt and Palestine.

Paul Mossman, The Sentinel's correspondent thorough Egypt and the Holy Land, delivered his lecture entitled "My Travels in Egypt and Holy Land" to a large audience in the Congregational church last evening. The lecture, from beginning to end, was full of good things and was very instructive to Bible students. He took his hearers through the cities of Jerusalem, Damascus, Cairo, Joppa and the many other cities of those countries. The lecture was made doubly attractive by the exhibition on canvas of the many points of interest which Mr. Mossman visited during his travels. Mr. Mossman is an entertaining speaker, thoroughly conversant with the subject which he handles and his lecture was highly appreciated by those in attendance. The stereopticon exhibition was very successfully managed by Mr. S. F. Bowser, Mr. Mossman and Mr. Bowser have kindly consented to repeat the lecture in the First Presbyterian Sunday school room next Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Christian Endeavor society of that church. There should be a large attendance.

HORRIBLE DEATH.

An Aged Lady Burned in Her Chamber.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 19.—Mrs. Theodore W. Phinney, wife of a wealthy resident of Chicago who was frightfully burned on Wednesday, died yesterday morning. Mrs. Phinney, who had been partially paralyzed for nearly a year, soon after rising at a rather late hour walked to the open fire-place. Huge logs of hickory were throwing their flames aloft and before Mrs. Phinney had removed her night robe a spark ignited the light material and she was soon in the center of a large cloud of smoke and wrapped in flames. The unfortunate woman lost her presence of mind and, being unable to help herself, fell upon the carpeted floor. The flames were communicated to the carpet and Mrs. Phinney was slowly roasted. Blankets were snatched from the bed and the victim was carfully wrapped in their folds, but it was too late. The flames had been inhaled and the body from head to foot was burned and scorched.

DIED HARD.

The Trans-Missouri Traffic Association Goes Out of Existence.

Chicago, Nov. 19.—The epidemic that has been so rapidly reducing the number of traffic associations of late has finally laid low the Trans-Missouri association. It dies today. This was decided yesterday at a meeting of the managers of the Trans-Missouri lines in this city, and Secretary McFadden was instructed to wind up the affairs of the association as soon as possible and close up the headquarters at Kansas City. A committee of seven, composed of the representatives of the various roads, was appointed to prepare a plan for a new organization and submit the same at the adjourned meeting, December 6.

The Christian Endeavorers.

The Muncie Times has the following gossip of interest to members of the Christian Endeavor societies:

"Delegates whose names were not sent to the committee at Fort Wayne by November 16 must seek entertainment at the hotels. Reduced rates will be given. It is desired to make this the largest and best convention yet held and to this end all societies are requested to make next Sunday, November 20, a day of prayer for spiritual outpouring upon the convention.

"Muncie's societies should take pride in sending a large number of delegates to Fort Wayne from the fact that they belong to the 'banner district' of the state; the Twelfth having made the greatest increase in numbers during the past year the state secretary places us at the head of the C. E. column. Muncie never 'gets left,' so let us 'keep to the front' in Endeavor."

Temperance.

Everyone who is the least bit in sympathy with the temperance work in the awful town of Fort Wayne will have a chance to show it by coming out to hear Miss Margaret Dickson, of Indianapolis, the state secretary of the Y. W. C. T. U., who will speak a little on temperance at the Wayne street M. E. church this evening. She is a good speaker and ought to have a good-sized audience.

STORM ECHOES.

Owners of Lake Ships Feel Uneasy About the Vessels.

The Pontiac, Kershaw and Ironton are Now Overdue and Nothing Known of Their Whereabouts.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 19.—Nothing has as yet been heard from the large propellor Pontiac, the sister ship of the Gilcher, which boat recently went down with all on board in Lake Michigan. The Pontiac cleared from Marquette Thursday morning with a cargo of ore and has not been heard from since. Her owner fears that she foundered in the storm that prevailed on Lake Superior Thursday night and yesterday. The Pontiac was due at Sault Ste Marie yesterday. It was at first thought that she might have taken shelter behind Grand island, but her owners, the Cleveland Iron Mining Co., would have almost certainly heard from her by telegraph if she were safe. The only hope now entertained for the Pontiac is that she may have drifted across to the north shore of Lake Superior, beyond the range of telegraphic communication. The Pontiac is captained by James B. Lowe, of Cleveland. She has a crew of eighteen men. No list of the latter can be obtained, the captain having failed to forward one to the owners of the vessel when he started on his last trip. Fears are also entertained for the propellor Kershaw and her consort, the Ironton, with a combined crew of twenty-one men, under the command of Capt. William Mack. The Kershaw cleared from Marquette Thursday, and is supposed to have been caught in the storm. Moore, Barlow & Gilchrist, the agents of the Kershaw, think, however, that she is probably under shelter at Hancock or Portage.

Eureka Springs, Ark., Nov. 19.—News reached here yesterday that a full grown cyclone struck Harrison, Ark., near here Thursday night, killing five residents of that place and wounding many others. A large number of houses were blown down and considerable stock killed and carried off. Two small children were carried quite a distance by the wind, but escaped unhurt.

Denver, Col., Nov. 19.—A passenger train on the South Park railway was last night, near Kenosha, blown from the track by a heavy wind. The train was bound from Leadville for Denver and experienced no difficulty from the strong winds which had been blowing all day until a point midway between Kenosha and Jefferson stations was reached. Here the strong gusts reached their climax and without warning the whole train was blown from the track and toppled over a slight embankment.

Eleven people were hurt, but strange to say one of them seriously. D. M. Gates, the express messenger, suffered the worst injuries. A wrecking train was sent to the scene and the passengers were brought to Denver about midnight. The accident is accounted for by the gathering of the wind in a deep canyon and its sudden explosion just as the train was passing the mouth of the canyon.

LOCAL LINES.

The Monroeville Breeze says: "While in the city of Fort Wayne, Friday evening last attending the democratic ratification meeting, the editor of this paper found on West Wayne, near the corner of Calhoun street, a fine and costly shawl. We have it in our posession and owner can have the same by proving property."

George Lee and Homer Holmes, two boys who escaped from the feeble minded institute not long since, were discovered last evening at Toledo. It is thought they walked the entire distance from this city, as they had no money. John Goodwin, another runaway, was found near Ossian yesterday afternoon.

The favorite hymn, "Abide With Me," by Henry Francis Lyte, illustrated by twenty-five brilliantly colored views, will constitute an important part of the service at the Second Presbyterian church tomorrow evening. The views are said to be remarkably fine. In the set is DeVince's "Last Supper" and Dubufe's great picture, "The Prodigal Son." The last seven numbers constitute a set by themselves and are called "The Flight of the Soul." Seats are free, but a collection will be taken up.

Fort Wayne has every reason to be proud of her street car service. There is no city on the globe with a population of less than 50,000 that can boast of a better system and but very few have as good. Electric cars run in every direction, making the most remote corners of the city within twenty minutes' ride of each other. One of the best branches of the system is the recently completed Lewis street line, running from Calhoun by way of Main, Clinton and Lewis streets, to Walton avenue. This line is now in full operation, cars leaving the terminals at intervals of ten minutes and making close connection at Main street with the Nebraska, Belt Line and Hanna street cars. The conductors on the entire system are careful, courteous gentlemen. While they faithfully look after the interests of the company they also look after the interests of the patrons of the lines. By far the greatest improvement made in this city for many years was the adoption of the electric car and dismissal of the old horse cars.

THE POPULISTS

And Prohibitionists May Form One Party.

A Movement on Foot to Unite Them—Conference in Chicago—Senator Pfeffer Favors the Idea.

Chicago, Nov. 18.—Another movement is on foot to unite the prohibition and people's parties. Yesterday a committee representing both organizations in Chicago called upon Senator Pfeffer at the Grand Pacific to ascertain his views on the subject. The attempt, said he, to unite the two parties, had failed a short time ago, because the southern element objected to anything in the way of prohibition. But the recent election had demonstrated that the people's party had very little strength in the south and that it was strongest in those localities which were prohibition strongholds. Hence the two parties might as well unite their forces. The outcome of the conference was the authorizing of Dr. Taylor, chairman of the Cook county prohibition club, to issue a circular to ascertain the feeling of the two parties concerning the calling of a convention during the world's fair with the ultimate object of union.

SHOOK HANDS.

Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson Meet for the First Time Since Their Fight in California.

Philadelphia, Nov. 19.—For the first time since the celebrated meeting before the California Athletic club Champion James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson, the colored heavy weight, stood face to face yesterday in a hotel office, in Philadelphia. They had occupied boxes at one of the theatres and mutual friends had brought them together. The meeting was very friendly. Peter extended his hands, saying to the champion: "Mr. Corbett, I congratulate you on your splendid victory." Corbett replied in a quiet way, thanking Peter, and the two famous pugilists sat down to a table with a large party of friends and engaged in a friendly chat. No fighting talk was indulged in at all, but both men studiously avoided it. The conversation lasted in all about ten minutes and when Jackson arose to depart, he extended his hand, which Corbett shook heartily. Both men seemed to be pleased that they had met and had a friendly confab,

Y. M. C. A.

The State Meeting at Logansport This Week.

The meeting of the Young Men's Christian association at Logansport this week was largely attended, and much interest was displayed in the proceedings. The delegates who attended from here were I. Robison, John A. Dillon, J. W. Burns and wife, Dr. J. D. Hawks, Hugh Beaver, Paul Hopper, C. W. Henderson, Byron Stopher, Orlan Minnich, D. F. Brown and wife and Gus Weffel.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Prof. John M. Coulter, Bloomington.

Vice President—Samuel Moore, Lafayette.

Secretary—Herbert Thompson, Crawfordsville.

Assistant Secretaries—C. W. Graves, Logansport, and O. T. Logan, Indianapolis.

Treasurer—John F. Wallick, Indianapolis.

The terms of half of the sixteen members of the state executive committee expired at this meeting, and new members were elected as follows: O. M. Gregg, of Crawfordsville; D. W. Coffin, of Indianapolis; M. H. Dill, of Richmond; S. E. M. Coulter, of South Bend; W. H. Roll, of Indianapolis; T. A. Hildreth, of Indianapolis; J. K. Jameson, of Shelbyville, and H. H. Babcock, of Evansville.

SHERMAN'S MONUMENT.

As Soon as Inspected it Will be Shipped to Its Destination.

Providence, Nov. 19.—The monument of General Sherman referred to by Rev. Thomas Sherman in his St. Louis speech has been found about two miles from Westerly at the Chapman granite works. The order was placed with them last December and the work continued nicely until the lockout in May of this year and when the men returned to work in September operations were resumed and the work was completed Tuesday last. After the monument has been inspected it will be shipped to its destination. The labor organizations did nothing outside of demanding more pay for their labor in keeping the monument from its rightful owners.

DIDN'T DIE OF FEAR.

Wm. F. Keck, the Murderer, Committed Suicide.

Allentown, Pa., Nov. 19.—Coroner Kramer today recalled the jury in the case of murderer Wm. F. Keck, who died suddenly in jail on the evening of the execution day, and read the sworn statement of Doctor Marshall, of Philadelphia, showing that Keck died of arsenic poisoning and not of fear as the jury first found. The jury has decided to reconsider. New testimony is being furnished but as yet there is no trace as to how Keck secured the poison. The excitement is intense and arrests are likely to follow.

A Dog Causes Murder.

Plattsburg, N. Y., Nov. 19.—Constable Louis Lapan, of Altoona, Clinton county, yesterday killed Frank Nappen, by hitting him on the head with a stone. Nappen was driving cows past Lapan's home, when the latter's dog attacked him. He picked up a stone and hit the dog. Then Lapan rushed out, and threw a stone, hitting Nappen on the head and producing a wound from which he died in a few hours. Lapan is in jail.

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES

Will be Held at the Various Churches Tomorrow—Read the List and Select Your Place of Worship.

A cordial welcome to Wayne street M. E. church services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Beaver Chapel, South Wayne.—Pastor Northrop will preach at 3:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Railroad department Y. M. C. A.: Bible study, at 3 p. m.; men's meeting, at 3:30, Mr. Charles J. Fry, leader.

Services at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Evening topic, "Card Playing."

Trinity M. E. church.—Preaching by the pastor, at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. W. R. Wones, pastor.

Clarence Mitchell, the boy evangelist, will preach at South Wayne hall tomorrow at 3:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30. Everybody is invited.

Preaching service at 10:30 a. m.: Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. at the U. P. church in Lafayette school house, but two squares south of Pontiac street.

Praise service and preaching by the pastor, J. S. Ainslie, in South Congregational church at 9:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. A welcome for all.

Regular English Lutheran services will be held at 7:30 p. m. in Plymouth Congregational church, on the corner of West Washington and Fulton streets. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

At the First Presbyterian church, Dr. Moffat will preach in the morning, and in the evening Miss Mary E. Holmes, of Chicago, will address a missionary praise meeting. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Pastor Northrop, by special request, will address members of the Christian Endeavor society at the Tabernacle at 10:30. At 7:30 he will speak to Fort Wayne youth, being the third in the series of sermons to them. Come with a friend.

Services at the St. Paul M. E. church: Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by H. Bridge. Subjects: "The Wise Choice" and "The Spiritual Vision." Sabbath school at 11:30 a. m. Morning class, 10:00 a. m. Epworth League prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.

Third Presbyterian church. The pastor, J. M. Boggs, will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject: "The Righteousness which God Demands." Evening subject: "How May I Know Whether I am a Christian?" Sabbath school at 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

At the First U. B. church, corner of East Lewis and Harmer streets, Rev. Sutton will preach tomorrow at 10:30 a. m. and lecture at 7:30 p. m. on the "Life and Labors of Paul." This will be the second of a series of lectures on this subject. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. C. U., 6 p. m.

Grand rally of Sunday school and congregation in Plymouth Congregational church at 10:45 a. m., with concert exercises, recitations, etc., and an offering for home missions. Sunday school at 12 m. and Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. and Senior Endeavor at 4 o'clock Rev. J. S. Ainslie, pastor.

Christ's Evangelical Lutheran church of the general synod (English) at Y. M. C. A. reading rooms. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; regular services, 10:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 9:30 p. m.; evening services, 7:30 p. m.; Wednesday evening song and prayer services, 7:30 p. m. All are welcomed. Rev. J. S. Nelson, pastor.

At the Second Presbyterian church, the pastor, Rev. J. L. Leeper, will preach at 10:30 a. m. Theme, "Rizpah." Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m. Stereopticon concert at 7:30 p. m. The favorite hymn, "Abide With Me," will be illustrated by twenty-five brilliantly colored views, including Do Vinci's "Last Supper" and Dubufe's "Prodigal Son."

Revival Services are still in progress at the Christian church, corner of Jefferson and Griffith streets. Rev. J. V. Updike will preach at 10:30 on the subject, "What Hinders Prayer." In the evening at 7:30 Clarence Mitchell, the boy evangelist, will open the services. At 8 o'clock Rev. J. V. Updike will preach on the subject, "Heaven and Its Inhabitants." In the evening the ordinance of baptism will be attended to. You must come early if you want a seat.

APPOINTMENTS.

Two Iowa Men Get Easy Jobs—Carter's Successor.

Washington, Nov. 19.—The president has made the following appointments: William M. Stone, Knoxville, Iowa, commissioner of the general land office, vice Thomas H. Carter, resigned. Mr. Stone has been acting commissioner since Carter left the office. John H. Gear, of Burlington, Iowa, assistant secretary of the treasury, vice Lorenzo Crounse, resigned. George W. Miller, of Pittsburg, collector of internal revenue for the Twenty-third district of Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania railroad company has been ordered to keep a day and night watchman at the Winter street crossing.

BOLD HIGHWAYMEN!

They Blow Open a Safe at Sheldon.

T. P. Mower, of Andrews, and S. Milton McFerran, of This City, Compare Notes.

An early train on the Wabash this morning brought to this city Mr. T. P. Mower, a Wabash brakeman, of Andrews. Mr. Mower is the same man who last Tuesday evening was held up by two men at Andrews and robbed. He was seen by a Sentinel representative at police headquarters this noon and related his experience. He said: "I am convinced that the men who held me up at Andrews are in this city and I have a clue. In fact, I think I met one of the men face to face on the streets here today. I was held up at 7 o'clock in the evening by two men who thrust their guns in my face and took my $90 watch, $11 in money and a revolver. They both wore black overcoats buttoned up closely and slouch hats. One held the revolver to my head while the other went through me."

The foregoing description of the highwaymen led The Sentinel reporter to suggest that they were the same parties who held up S. Milton McFerron, of this city, on the corner of Broadway and Washington street, night before last. In fact the description and methods of robbery were so near alike that The Sentinel man suggested to Mr. Mower that he go and talk with Mr. McFerran and see if they were the same men. This he did. Both men compared notes and it was found that the highwaymen were the same in both robberies. Mr. Mower is confident he will catch one of the men, as he thinks he can put his hand on him when the proper moment comes.

ANOTHER ROBBERY.

Word reached police headquarters in this city early this morning of a daring postoffice robbery at Sheldon, a small town in this county, located a few miles south of this city, on the Muncie road. The message came by telephone and the sender stated that it was thought the robbers were bound for this city. The wire was working so badly that it was with difficulty that any communication could be had. It was learned that safe blowers had entered the postoffice and blew open the safe with giant power, securing $200 in money and a large number of postage stamps.

The postoffice at Sheldon is located not far from the depot in the private dwelling of Dr. W. W. Ruhl, who is postmaster. Postmaster Higgins stated that he had heard of the robbery, but knew none of the particulars. He also stated that Postmaster Ruhl, of Sheldon, was very deaf, but did not think cracksmen could very well blow open the postoffice safe without him hearing it.

A BUNGLING JOB.

An Express Messenger Attempts a Big Steal.

He is Caught in the Act and the Money is Recovered, While the Thief is Placed in Jail.

Chicago, Nov. 19.—George T. Bagley, a United States express messenger on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway, yesterday morning at 3 o'clock, took two packages containing $150,000 from his safe, left the train at Davenport, Iowa, and buried the treasure, but in less than eight hours he was under arrest and the money had been recovered. When Bagley left the car he told the baggage master that he was going to drop off the train a moment to arrange for sending some potatoes from the depot to his family in Davenport. His absence from his post was at once reported to the express company's officials in this city, and the facts placed in the hands of the city detective bureau. Officers Plunkett and Weaver were hurriedly detailed on the case. They learned that Bagley had a female friend at 3110 Michigan avenue, in the person of a Mrs. Miller, a dress maker, and without further ado the detectives posted themselves in the house to await the messenger's coming. When Bagley arrived he was placed under arrest and taken to police headquarters, where he encountered Mr. Wygant, the express company's general agent. After considerable talk he admitted that the money could be found at Geneseo, about a half hour's run from Davenport. Accompanied by Bagley, Detective Weaver and the company's representatives boarded a train, and when Geneseo was reached the money was found. The prisoner and all of the stolen money arrived in Chicago, on a Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific train, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Bagley is a married man and lived with his family at Davenport. He has been on the present run about two years, and previously drove one of the company's wagons at Davenport.

Our Second Semi-Annual Holiday Sale will commence Monday, November 21.

Two car loads of Fancy Upholstered Rockers will be offered at remarkable low prices.

500 Solid Oak Silk Plush and Silk Tapestry Rockers, valued at $6, will be offered at $2.95.

This is the greatest bargain ever offered.

CHICAGO FURNITURE CO.

27 East Columbia St.

IN SOCIETY.

The Clubs Seem to Have Everything Their Own Way,

And Little Entertaining is Being Done—Only a Few Surprises and Dinners.

The P. D. C.'s were entertained by Mr. John Stahl last evening.

This morning Miss Stella Sweringen entertained the S. K. S. club.

The Trinity church choir will give a concert soon after Thanksgiving.

Miss Mary Sturgis, accompanied Mrs. John Hoagland to Chicago Thursday.

The second annual Charity Ball will occur in this city between Christmas and New Years.

Mr. A. C. Brase pleasantly celebrated the twenty-eighth anniversary of his birth last evening.

Miss Waterhouse, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. A. Waterhouse, of West Berry street.

Mrs. Frank Alderman has returned from a two weeks' visit with Professor and Mrs. Heath, in Oskosh, Wis.

Messrs. H. C. Crane, R. Dwson and F. Hartman, of Purdue university will spend Thanksgiving in this city.

Mrs. Henry McLallan and Miss Jennie Collins, of Columbia City, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nickey.

Miss Stella Wolf, who was a guest at Miss Rose Nathan's wedding, will remain over Sunday with Mrs. T. Mautner.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Plumadore entertained at cards last evening in honor of their guest, Miss Plumadore, of Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Miller, of Iceland, Ohio, are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. G. E. Potter, of West Wayne street.

Mrs. P. D. Hughes and daughter, of Kansas City, are the guests of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Stemen, of Broadway.

Mrs. Slatter, mother of Mrs. G. Gavin and Mrs. Patton, has moved to this city and will make her home with Mrs. Patton.

The little girls of the Third Presbyterian church, held a doll hat sale this afternoon, at the home of Mrs. J. E. K. France, on Harrison street.

Mrs. Callie Schooley, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Powers, of this city, returned today to her home in Sioux City, Iowa.

Mrs. G. Gavin entertained Mrs. E. Pierce, Mrs. Ersig, Mrs. A. M. Henderson and Mrs. Kline at dinner Thursday in honor of her mother, who is her guest.

Rev. and Mrs. Ainslie, Miss Max Nickey, Mrs. W. E. Mossman and Mr. Paul Mossman were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nickey, of Auburn, a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Melcher, two pioneer settlers of Adams county, yesterday celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. W. Meyer, of this city, were in attendance.

Miss Myrtle Hanson, of Toledo, will spend Thanksgiving with her parents in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson and family will leave soon for Demopolis, Ala., to reside. Mr. Hanson has been engaged in business there for some time.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gates met at their resident on South Clinton street last evening and assisted in celebrating their fifteenth wedding anniversary. About 12 o'clock a lunch was served and the guests departed wishing their host and hostess many more happy years of wedded life.

Wednesday evening the members of the English Lutheran church choir pleasantly surprised Mr. J. Siebold and presented him with a fine silk umbrella. Mr. Siebold has been the leader of the choir for some time past, but will leave tomorrow evening for Indianapolis to engage in business there. His family will remain in this city until next week.

Miss Lizzie Mack was pleasantly surprised by a number of her friends Sunday evening at the home of her sister. A delightful evening was spent with games and music. The guests were Misses Lizzie and Minnie Hockemeyer, Flora Miller, Minnie Kaiser, May Fromuth, Hattie Mack and Messrs. Louis and Henry Amman, Louis Miller, Charles Hockemeyer, Adolph Fromuth and Dr. McEroy.

At the Thalonian society this evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Taylor University hall, the following program will be rendered:

Song—"Lilly of the Valley"....Society
Invocation....Rev. Fry
Piano solo....Miss Cherry
Recitation....Walter Esterline
Essay....W. H. Abbott
Address....Rev. H. B. Fry
Recitation....Miss Reade
Vocal solo....Miss Stemen
Reading....Miss Grace Husted
Recitation....Miss Stemen
Song....Selected

This evening an attractive program will be given at the Grace church bazaar. Music will be furnished by the Italian orchestra and the cantata, "The Jolly Farmers," will be given with the following cast: Misses Lulu Heller, Clara Piepenbrink, Cora Conover, Nora Romy, Lillian Mathis, Glorio Miller, Ida Romy, Minnie Hern, Messrs. T. W. Blair, Ed Close, Eugene Mathis, Roy Trainor, Harry Vordermark and Willie Walters. Last evening the hall was crowded and the booths were liberally patronized.

The entertainment, "Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town," which was given at the Second Presbyterian church Thursday evening, will be repeated next Tuesday evening. Miss Lillian Mathis, Miss Julia Wilson and the second church orchestra will furnish music for the occasion.

The West Berry street Pedro club was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. W. Hahn last evening. This meeting completed the series of three games and the prizes were won by Mrs. F. N. Kollock and Mr. G. Carey. The next meeting will be held two weeks from last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Kollock.

Last evening, at their home, on Columbia avenue, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Henkenius gave a delightful reception and in that way pleasantly celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage. The house was tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums and smilax. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Henkenius, assisted by Miss Emma Evarts, and the ladies in their evening gowns looked exceedingly pretty. In the dining room, which was prettily decorated, a delicious lunch, consisting of several courses, was served. The later hours of the evening were spent in dancing, the harp and violin furnishing excellent music.

Miss Sadie Cook, of Harrison street, was very pleasantly surprised last evening by a troop of her friends. The guests needed little entertaining as the gentlemen had furnished the music and the young ladies had thoughtfully prepared a dainty, four course luncheon. Hostess and guests enjoyed themselves equally. Those present were Misses Frances Ranner, Eva Blakely, Daisy Gralle, Grace Polhamus, Millie Wells, Laura Shouckman, Gertrude Lindsly, Tillie Zollinger, Mollie Lochin, Bergie Connors, Nellie Lynch, May O'Brien, Georgie Aimes, Mamie Blaze, Kittie Gaffney, Minnie Norwood, Annie Tue, and Messrs. Henry Link, Clem Noll, Walter Burns, Cliff Wallace, John Fahlsing, Ed Cool, Will Geake, James Hamilton, Hugh Beaver, Harry Beaver, Will Malie, John Kappel, Pearl Long, Charley Lapp, Ren Kramer, Charley King and Ed King.

PENSION INVALID.

William H. Beers Will Not Get $7,000 a Year.

Judge Van Brunt Says That Mr. Beers is Entitled to No Pension From the New York Insurance Company.

New York, Nov. 19.—The pension of $7,000 a year voted to William H. Beers, formerly president of the New York Life Insurance company, by the company's board of trustees, was declared invalid yesterday by the general term of supreme court. The opinion, which was written by Judge Van Brunt, is concurred in by Judges O'Brien and Lawrence. After reviewing the case at some length Judge Van Brunt says there is no circumstances connected with Mr. Beers' resignation which entitled him to a pension, the board of trustees desired to give him some recognition for past services, which they thought were valuable, and did it out of the pockets of the policy holders. In conclusion the judge dwelt upon the statement of Mr. Beers, that he took no part in the proceedings at the meeting at which the pension was granted. "It does not matter whether he did or not," says the judge, "he did not allow any other officer to preside in his place, and he therefore took part and advanced his own interest at the expense of the corporation."

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Chicago, Nov. 19.—Closing 1:15 p. m.—Wheat Nov., 71⅞c; Dec., 72⅜c; Jan., 73⅜c; May, 78⅛c.

Corn, Nov., 41⅜c; Dec., 42c; Jan., 42⅛c; May, 47@⅛c.

Oats, Nov., 30⅞c; Dec., 31⅛@¼c; Jan., 32⅛c; May, 36c.

Pork, Nov., $12.70; Dec., $12.70; Jan., $14.37½; May, $14.25.

Lard, Nov., $9.90; Dec., $9.00; Jan., $8.82½; May, $8.85.

Ribs, Nov., $7.37½; Jan., $7.37½; May, $7.47½.

Union Stock Yards, Ill., Nov. 19.—Cattle, receipts, 35,000; firm.

Hogs, receipts 13,000; opened firm but closed weak. Heavy, $5.50@5.80; mixed and medium, $5.50@5.75; light, $5.25@$5.65.

Sheep, receipts, 1,500; firm.

Toledo, Nov. 19.—Closed.—Wheat, cash, 74c; Dec., 74⅞c; May, 80⅛c.

Corn, cash, 43c.

Cloverseed, cash and Nov., $8.00; Jan., $8.05; March, $8.15.

New York, Nov. 19.—Wheat, No. 2 red winter, 76½@77¼c cash; Nov, 77c; Dec., 72⅜c; Jan., 79⅛c; Feb., 80⅛c; May, 84⅛c.

Corn, No. 2 mixed, 51½@¾c cash; Nov., 50¼c; Dec., 51c; Jan., 51⅛c.

Oats, No. 2 mixed, 36c, cash; Nov., 35½; Dec., 36⅛c; Jan., 37⅛c; May, 40⅛c.

Rye, steady; 56c to 60c for car lots, and boat loads.

Barley, steady; western, 65@80c; two rowed state, 65c.

Sugar, refined, steady but quiet; cut loaf and crushed, 5 5-16@5⅛c; granulated, 4⅜@4⅛c; cubes, 4⅜@5c; mould A, 5@5⅛c.

Coffee, spot lots, quiet but firm; Rio No. 7, on spot, 17c.

Pork, moderately active and higher; mess, $13.00@$13.25 for old; new, $14.00@14.50.

Lard, dull but firm; Nov., $10.20; Dec., $9.45; Jan., $9.20.

Butter, dull and unchanged; state best, pails, 23½@29½c; western separator, extra, 31@31½c.

Cheese, active and firm; state factory, full cream, fall made, fancy white, 10⅛c.

Eggs, dull and rather easier; state new choice, 28c; western, 27c.

W. G. Bates is building a fine new house and barn in Lakeside.

CONSTABLE ARRESTED

For Assaulting Mr. and Mrs. William English.

The Case on Trial Before Justice France—A Number of New Cases in the Superior Court.

In the superior court John H. Grisamer sues John M. Taylor for $72 due on note; Jacob Keller sues J. M. Taylor and William J. Mayo for $221 due on note and Mahlon L. Butlersbaugh sues John M. Taylor for $69.92 due on note. J. W. Orndof, of Churubusco, is attorney for all the plaintiffs.

E. Romy was fined for Sabbath desecration.

Samuel Hieber and Sophia Blake, Charles Hess and Anna Brockmeyer, Harry Ray and Anna Bayner, Joseph Reynolds and Viola Richardson have been licensed to wed.

In 'Squire Ryan's court the case of John Wise, the constable, for striking Abram Lorenze, some weeks ago, came up at 2 o'clock. The case came to 'Squire Ryan's court from a change of venue from Wilkinson's court.

In 'Squire France's court the case of Schallenberger vs. Ives, capias proceedings, was continued. Ives claims to be only an agent in the sale of apples, for one Charles Medsker, of Grand Rapids.

There were two drunks in police court this morning. The first called was that of John Anderson, who was arrested about 4 o'clock this morning by Officer Seabold. Anderson was trying to clean out Jackson's saloon and made considerable resistance when arrested. The patrol wagon called. Anderson plead not guilty, but could not substantiate his plea and got $1 and costs.

The other drunk was Luke Clark, who was arrested by Officer McCrory last evening, on Clinton street. Luke said he was drunk and took his medicine, $1 and costs, with ado.

In 'Squire Wilkinson's court this morning the suit for rent and possession of real estate brought by Henry Schwake against Eliza Benway, was dismissed. Mr. Schwake did not give her the required ten days' notice.

Thursday evening a large number of the friends of ex-Sheriff Viberg called at the jail and presented him with a gold-headed cane.

William Crumwell and Ellen J. Jackson, and Gustave Bunck and Margreta Lepper have been licensed to wed.

This morning Justice France issued warrants against John Monninger, constable of Cedar Creek township, charging him with assault and battery on Mr. and Mrs. William English. He went to the English farm to replevin eighteen turkeys which "Uncle" Peter Notestine claimed as his property. Mrs. English objected and Monninger knocked her down. He gave Mr. English a shaking also. The case is on trial this afternoon before Justice France.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS.

Death of Susie Mitters, of Consumption.—Other Deaths.

Susie, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Master Mechanic Mitten, of the Lake Erie and Western railroad, died last evening at 9 o'clock at the family residence, 57 North Cass street, with consumption. Mr. and Mrs. Mitten recently moved here from Peru. Their daughter was a very loving child and the loss is a sad one to the bereaved parents. The deceased was a member of Trinity Episcopal church in this city. The funeral will occur Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at 57 North Cass street. The remains will be taken to Charleston, Ill., for burial.

The funeral of Emma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Troutman, will occur Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, from the residence, 120 East Wayne street, and at 10:30 from Trinity English Lutheran church, Rev. Wagenhals officiating.

LOCAL LINES.

Miss Kittie Woulfe, who has been seriously ill, has recovered.

Thomas Hedekin is making preparations to erect a new building on Calhoun street, near Jefferson.

Commence "His Second Campaign" in today's paper. It is a great treat and should be read by every subscriber.

Mr. John G. Theime was taken suddenly sick this morning about 5 o'clock but was about, fully recovered, this afternoon.

Contractor George Jaap is meeting with some difficulty in securing stonecutters to work on the new central engine house building. It seems that stonecutters are very scarce in Fort Wayne just now. Mr. Jaap expects to have the building under roof within a month.

Mrs. Nancy Bryant, of Madisonville, Ky., has written Postmaster Higgins, asking him to help find her daughter, Mrs. Mary Meeks, who was last heard of in this city. It transpires that Mrs. Meeks and her husband live at Monroeville, where Mr. Meeks runs a general store. Mrs. Meeks had long thought her mother dead.

Drug Clerk Murdered.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 19.—Fred H. Kelly, night clerk in Caldwell's drug store, corner of Grand River avenue and High street, was found this morning lying on the cellar floor with a bullet hole in the back of his head at the base of the brain. The cellar door was locked on the top side. It is supposed Kelly was called up during the night and was subsequently forced into the cellar and shot by the customer.

Don't neglect your Eyes, but use Worch's Glasses.

A GREAT DETECTIVE.

A Man Whose Name is Known All Over the World.

An Important Matter that Ought to be Known and Understood.

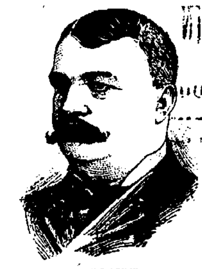
What He has to Say About It in His Usual Enthusiastic Way.

A man well known all over the world and whose name is a terror to criminals and evil doers everywhere, is Robert Bruce, head and general superintendent of the great Bruce's American Detective Agency, which has its headquarters at 123 La Salle street, Chicago.

Mr. Bruce is a great worker, nothing escapes his keen and active mind, and like most men who are enterprising and tireless of their business, he has overworked his brain, and kept his nerves upon such a strain and tension that nervous difficulties resulted. In fact he felt that relaxed, weakened and enervated condition of mind and body which results in insomnia—that sleepless, restless, wakeful and disturbed condition which, unless arrested, so surely results in dire disaster of the mind, brain and body.

In chatting with the great detective, your reporter saw at a glance that it was with no invalid with whom he was talking. His bright eyes, fresh complexion and energetic manner showed at once that he was again in the best of health. Naturally this change in his condition became the subject of conversation.

"I suffered from insomnia for eight years," he said, "but three bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy completely restored me. This remedy is worth its weight in gold.



ROBERT BRUCE.

I would not be without it if it cost ten times as much.

"I have recommended it to some of my friends and they are also delighted with the results obtained from its use. May Dr. Greene live long and continue to manufacture Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for suffering mankind."

We do not wonder at Mr. Bruce's enthusiasm. Lack of sleep kills. It racks brain and nerves. It unhinges and unstrings our nervous energies. It transforms a strong person into a weak one. If we can eat and sleep well we can maintain good health.

The writer well knows the wonderful power of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy to produce the most restful, invigorating and refreshing sleep, besides making our nerves strong and steady as steel. It does not act like an opiate, but rather by its strengthening and invigorating effects upon brain and nerves. It is perfectly harmless also, being made from pure health-giving vegetable medicines. It is safe to give infants and children of any age. All druggists keep it for $1.00, and it is indeed a God-send to sufferers from weak nerves and insomnia.

It is not one of the so called patent medicines but the discovery and prescription of Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th street, New York, a physician who has made his name famous as the most successful specialist in the treatment of nervous and chronic diseases, and who can be consulted free of charge, either by calling upon him or by writing him.

Burlington Route

BEST LINE

CHICAGO

TO

DENVER.

MOFFAT'S PILLS,

Established by one of our most eminent physicians and recommended by the medical profession and druggists who know their real merit, and are used with more pleasing results than any other medicine.

They act on the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys, purify and regulate the whole system, and are warranted a certain cure for all Malarious Diseases, Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Costiveness, Nervous and Sick Headache, Female Obstructions and General Weakness, and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, Colds and Fever and Ague. Price 25c per box, plain or sugar coated.

For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere, or sent by Mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

J. P. MILLS. 85 Liberty St., New York.

For Sale at wholesale by Meyer Bros. & Co., No. 9 West Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may gradually be built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists London, England.

For Old and Young.

Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

give tone to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder. To these organs their strengthening qualities are wonderful, causing them to perform their functions as in youth.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 140 to 144 Washington St., N. Y.

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society by telephoning or writing such information to officer Moses Head, corner Wayne and [illegible] streets. Telephone, No. 232. 11-2210

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1892.

A FINE SHOWING.

Our Circulation For the Month of October.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, SS:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jos. F. Ervin, business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to newsboys and news agents, during the month of October, 1892, was as follows:

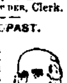
October 1	3,958
October 3	3,938
October 4	3 930
October 5	3 948
October 6	3,939
October 7	3,948
October 8	3 958
October 10	3,932
October 11	3,931
October 12	3,946
October 13	3,937
October 14	3,942
October 15	3,961
October 17	3,939
October 18	3,935
October 19	3,947
October 20	3,941
October 21	3,949
October 22	3,962
October 24	3,942
October 25	3 940
October 26	3,942
October 27	3,948
October 28	3,947
October 29	3,959
October 31	3,941
Grand total for the month	**102,561**
Daily average	**3,944**

JOS. F. ERVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of November, 1892.

D. W. SOUDER, Clerk.

THIS DAY IN THE PAST.



CLARKE.

1492—Columbus changed his views of the Indian religion, finding that they had a sort of faith, of which his companion, Peter Martyr, wrote: "They confess the soul to be immortal, and having put off bodily clothing they imagine it to go forth to the woods and the mountains; the voices which the Latins call echoes they suppose to come from the souls of the departed wandering through those places."

1752—George Rogers Clarke, soldier and explorer, born in Albemarle county, Va.; died 1818.

1811—John Ancrum Winslow, United States naval officer and hero of the Kearsarge-Alabama fight, born in Wilmington, N. C.; died in Boston, 1873.

1828—Schubert, pianist and composer, died.

1831—James Abram Garfield, twentieth president, born in Orange, Cuyahoga county, O.; died 1881.

1858—Robert Owen, socialist and philanthropist, father of the famous American Owens, died in Newtown, Wales; born 1771.

1867—Fitz Greene Halleck, poet, died at Guilford, Conn.; born 1790.

1885—The famous Santa Cruz earthquake.

1890—General Seleviarstoff, Russian agent at Paris, assassinated at his hotel by nihilists.

TONIGHT.

MASONIC TEMPLE—"Zeb."

CARPENTERS' UNION—Regular meeting.

WORLD'S MUSEUM—A new play and curio hall attractions.

The Philadelphia mint yesterday commenced coining the 5,000,000 world's fair souvenir half dollars.

THE National Academy of Sciences is already planning another expedition to the north pole under Lieutenant Peary.

GEN. BENJAMIN J. SHIELDS died at his home near Clinton, Texas, yesterday morning, aged eighty-two years. He was a prominent general during the war.

THE Indiana supreme court will be composed of three democrats and two republicans after next January. All the appellate court judges will be democratic.

CARL SCHURZ is sufficiently a philosopher to think that if the senatorial lightning does not strike him there will be enough of him left over to be a constant reminder that he cannot be overlooked when politics is on the carpet.

OSCAR NEEBE, the Haymarket riot anarchist, is to be pardoned by Governor Fifer on November 24. He has been in prison six years. It is said that the testimony upon which Neebe was convicted was very weak and this has influenced the governor to pardon him.

A JURY has been secured to try Actor Curtis for murder at San Francisco and the trial will begin on Monday. It is thought that Mr. Curtis will get off with a ten or twelve years sentence to the penitentiary. It was a very expensive drunk for the great Hebrew imitator and should be a warning to others.

FIVE lives were lost by the cyclone which destroyed Red Bud, Ill. Mrs. Bob Koppo and her son, Willie, were killed at Red Bud. At Bremen, Mrs. Herman Oetting and her two children perished in the ruins of their home. Houses were also blown down at Fayetteville, New Memphis and Queen's Lake.

WOMEN are doing the greater work of mercy in the world. It is well that this is so, for they are by nature and ability adapted to it. Miss Kate Marsden is coming from England to the United States on a lecturing tour. Her object is to raise funds for the establishment and endowment of two leper colonies in Siberia.

SUPERINTENDENT BURKE was instructed by the city council of Kansas City to take a trip and make a thorough investigation as to the best kind of streets to put down in that city. He has returned and recommends the hard brick as the best material to use. Let our city take advantage of this report and forever throw away cedar blocks.

GEORGE T. KIBLING, of Norwich, Vt, who was sentenced to sixty-seven years' imprisonment for selling liquor to Dartmouth students, does not seem to be suffering much from his incarceration, seeing that he is around the streets every day, only calling in at the jail every month or so to let them know how he is getting along and to swap cigars and stories.

CONGRESSMAN MARTIN, says the Indianapolis News, recommends the selection of postmasters in his district by a popular vote. This is a good plan and gives general satisfaction to all. Besides, it takes the responsibility away from the congressman and leaves it where it should be, with the democratic patrons of the postoffice. No one being allowed the privilege of voting who did not vote for the democratic presidential electors at the last election. Mr. McNagny would make many friends in Fort Wayne by adopting this rule. It is democratic doctrine. The majority rules.

GROVER CLEVELAND always shows his hand at the right time. He thinks there is something else in politics besides the terrible greed for party spoils and clamor for office, and in a speech in New York city Thursday evening, said: "If we see nothing in our victory but a license to revel in partisan spoils, we shall fail at every point. If we merely profess to enter upon our work and if we make apparent endeavor to do it, a cover for seeking partisan advantage, we shall invite contempt and disgrace. If we attempt to discharge our duty to the people without complete party harmony in patriotic action, we shall demonstrate our incompetency. I thank God that far above all doubts and misgivings and away beyond all difficulties, we may constantly see the light of hope and safety. The light we see is the illumination from the principles of true, honest and pure democracy—showing the way in all times of anger and leading us to the fulfillment of political duty and the redemption of all our pledges. This light is kindled in the love of justice and in devotion to the people's rights. It is bright in a constant patriotism and in a nation's promise. Let us not be misled to our undoing by other lights of false democracy which may be kindled in broken faith, and which shining in hypocrisy will, if followed, lure us to the rocks of failure and disgrace. If we see stern labor ahead of us, and if difficulties loom upon our horizon, let us remember that in the thickest weather the mariner watches most anxiously for his true light."

Educating Foreigners.

The statistics of the United States census bureau show that in eleven states and two territories, in 1890, there were more children between the ages of five and seventeen who were either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents than there were native white children of the same age. In several of these states and territories the disproportion was very great, so that in the public schools an American child of American parentage was almost an oddity. In the whole of the United States there are, according to the Youth's Companion, nearly five and a half million children between the ages of five and seventeen who were either born in foreign countries or have foreign parents. They are, in fact, more than one-third of all the children in the country between these ages. Every such foreign child may well be quite as good an "American" as a child whose ancestors came over in the English Mayflower, or the Dutch Goede Vrouwe. Indeed, American children of native race are often surpassed in stout "Americanism" by foreign-born children. Yet the child of foreign-born parents, who is generally without the home associations which go with long residence in the country, has much to learn at school in order to make him a thorough-going American. It is the problem of our schools to assimilate these children to an American standard of life and ideas. The number is enormous, and in any other country of the world the task might be impossible. Fortunately for us, the children of the foreign-born generally enter the doors of our public schools with the best possible disposition to become Americans.

An Expensive Fad.

The expense of collecting precious stones is great and yet fashionable women have developed a fashion for this sort of thing, and are said to make heroic sacrifices in order to gratify the new whim. Their fancy for turquoises has increased the former market value of those pretty blue stones, while no diminution in the price of pearls and brilliants seems possible until the present craze is abated. Not infrequently the idea is to possess diamonds of a particular tone, to the exclusion of all other colors—blue, rose, straw or pure white—and when that is the case the jewel box is emptied of every treasure to gratify this taste. One woman of most luxurious habits, whose heart has been ensnared by the rare beauty of yellow pearls, not only "put by her maid," as the English say, but denied herself tailor suits and imported bonnets for two seasons for the sake of these favorite gems. According to the Jewelers' Circular, a string of perfect pearls is the desire of most women's hearts, and the prettiest gift a godmother can bestow is a nucleus of such a necklet for her baptismal daughter. It is easy to add a jewel for every birthday and Christmas, so when lady baby is grown no one is the worse off for the spherical bijoux encircling her throat.

PARIS is the city of pleasure, and Paris is quite willing to pay for its pleasure. One of the Paris magazines recently contained an article on balls, and gave some interesting statistics of the average sums spent on gloves, fans and coiffures for those functions in the course of a season. The money expended on gloves is put down, counting each pair on an average of four francs, at six hundred thousand francs. Fans, of course, are articles on which any money may be spent, and in Paris especially it is considered necessary for a woman's fan to be of some actual value, historical or artistic. Fifteen million francs, therefore, is the amount put down for fans. As for the Parisian hair-dressers, they reckon their gains for the season to be about five millions of francs.

THE list of musical prodigies in Boston at present includes a young Cherokee Indian girl, who is said to be remarkably accomplished. She expects to return to the Indian territory when her education is completed as a teacher of her tribe.

A CURIOUS circumstance in connection with the recent epidemic of cholera is reported from Hamburg, Germany. It was the departure of all the birds from the city only a few days prior to the outbreak.

THE latest statistics show that of the entire number of school-teachers in the United States more than sixty-five per cent. are women.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII—NOV. 20—PAUL'S FIRST MISSIONARY SERMON.

Golden Text: To You Is the Word of This Salvation Sent—Acts XIII: 23-46.

Home Readings.

M.	The Sermon Begun	Acts xiii. 14-25
T.	The Sermon Continued	xiii. 26-37
W.	The Sermon Completed	xiii. 38-43
T.	Preaching at Lystra	xiv. 8-18
F.	Preaching at Athens	xvii. 16-31
S.	Preaching at Corinth	xviii. 1-11
S.	Justified by Faith	Rom. v. 1-11

Introductory—At the close of our last lesson we left Paul and Barnabas in Perga of Pamphylia. That they did not tarry there any great length of time is evident from various considerations. The distance from Perga to Antioch, which is to be distinguished from Antioch in Syria, was about one hundred miles. On the first Sunday after their arrival at the latter place, Paul and Barnabas went into the synagogue; and at a certain stage in the worship, in accordance with Jewish custom, they were called upon to speak any word of exhortation that they might have in their hearts.

I. The Crucified and Risen Saviour—Vers. 26-31.—26. "Men and brethren." Brother men. "Children of the stock of Abraham." Offspring of Abraham according to the flesh. "And whosoever among you feareth God." This refers to God-fearing Gentiles. "To you." Gentiles as well as Jews. "The word of this salvation." The proclamation and offer of this salvation which we preach.

27. "They that dwell at Jerusalem," etc. The apostle considerately frees the Pisidian Jews from personal participation in the guilt that had been incurred by the heads of the nation at Jerusalem. "Because they knew him not." Did not recognize him as the Messiah. "Nor yet the voices of the prophets." Which bore witness to him. See Luke xxiv. 25-27. "Which are read every Sabbath day." Since the time of Maccabees—that is, for about 150 years—the scripture selections for the synagogue services were taken out of the prophets as well as out of the books of Moses. "Fulfilled." It is one of the paradoxes of history that the ignorance of men should issue in the fulfillment of divine prophecy. "Condemning him." The rulers in the Sanhedrim, the people by their clamors before Pilate's judgment seat.

28. "Found no cause of death in him." That is, no just cause.

29. "Took him down." The soldiers concerned in the crucifixion.

30. "But God raised him from the dead." Thus attesting his claim to be the Messiah.

31. "He was seen many days." Off and on through forty days. "Of them which came up with him from Galilee." This evidently includes the apostles, the Galilean women, and some at least of the unnamed one hundred and twenty disciples.

II. Fulfilled Scriptures—Vers. 32-37—32, 33. "We declare unto you glad tidings." The word "we" is emphatic. Paul meant to say that in harmony with the testimony delivered by the "witnesses" mentioned in the preceding verse, he and Barnabas were engaged in publishing a glad message. The substance of the message was that "the promise" made in the days of the fathers had at last found a fulfillment in the days of their descendants; and this, too, not in any loose and general way, but specifically in the fact that Jesus Christ had been raised from the dead.

34. "Now no more to return to corruption." Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. "I will give you the sure mercies of David." Quoted from Isa. lv. 3. David had been promised a successor whose throne should be established forever. This promise was fulfilled in Christ.

35. "Another psalm." Psalm xvi. 10.

36, 37. The argument of these two verses is that the quotation made in verse 35 cannot apply to David, for the reason that he actually "saw corruption;" and must therefore, apply to Christ, who was raised up from the dead before the decay of his body set in.

III. The Forgiveness of Sins—Vers. 38-43.—38. "Therefore." Jesus has been shown to be the Messiah, and he is, therefore, the author of pardon and salvation. "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." That is, the forgiveness of sins having been procured through this man is preached to you as a blessed truth.

39. "All that believe." And thus comply with the one indispensable condition. "Are justified." That is, pardoned and accounted righteous.

40. "Beware." Did St. Paul at this point observe any symptoms of dissent or disapprobation in the countenance of any of his hearers? "In the prophets." The quotation that follows is from Habakkuk i. 5, with a probable reference also to Isaiah xxviii. 15.

42. "When the Jews were gone out, . . . the Gentiles besought," etc. Those of the people who were interested in what they had heard solicited further instruction.

43. "Many . . . followed Paul." Showing that his word had not been in vain. "Persuaded them." Urged them to go forward.

BREVITIES AND LEVITIES.

One of the jolliest clubs in Paris, it is stated, is one formed exclusively of deaf and dumb persons.

Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair restorer.

The Judge of the Court, questioning lady witness—Your age, madam? The Lady, in a low voice—Twenty-two. The Judge—Thirty-two, you say, madam? The Lady, quickly—No, sir; twenty-seven!

R. A. Lindsay, late of No. 3 Engine Company, Baltimore City Fire Department, says that the members of his company have used Salvation Oil in cases of sprains and soreness with most gratifying results. It is the best. Only 25c.

There is an epidemic of diphtheric croup among the children of Huntington. Ten deaths have occurred recently. Physicians are doing all in their power, but seem unable to check the disease when it is started.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

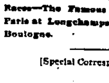
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

ON THE FRENCH TURF.

HORSE RACING IN THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.

Fine Pictures from the Great Derby Races—The Famous Grand Prize of Paris at Longchamps in the Bois de Boulogne.

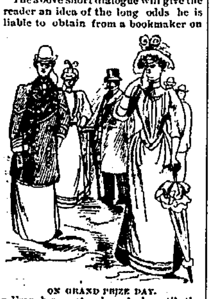
[Special Correspondence.]



PARIS, NOV. 1

"Which horse is favorite?" inquires a bettor in a whisper. "I don't know," retorts the bookmaker in a subdued tone. And as the client begins to move on the pencil will add: "Which do you want to back?" "Moulin-a-Vent!" is the reply. "Evens Moulin-a-Vent!" exclaims the bookmaker. "And Morille?" Evens also. Evens all of them, take your choice! and the client rushes off toward the ugly looking booths where the mutuals are established.

The above short dialogue will give the reader an idea of the long odds he is liable to obtain from a bookmaker on



ON GRAND PRIZE DAY.

a French race track. And until the "talent" has selected an animal worthy of carrying a very considerable number of bluebacks, hundred and thousand franc bills, there is no chance of obtaining the long odds of 3 and 4 to 1 against other horses!

Is it therefore a matter of surprise to see Parisian public refraining from trading with greedy bookmakers, and are they not to be congratulated when they execute all their betting transactions at the mutuals? Indeed they are and for many reasons. Even those persons most opposed to horse racing and its inevitable accompanist, betting, look with a lenient eye nowadays on the institution of racing in France. For the general public having decided to plunge on the mutuals, the poor of all the cities of our great sister republic are the winners. The enormous amount of ten per cent deducted from all moneys taken in at the offices of the mutuals is devoted almost entirely to the hospitals, to the asylums, to the poor of France. Betting under such conditions is almost pardonable, and if at times it plays havoc with the purses of a few unfortunate gamblers, there is indeed a rosy page to each chapter of disaster and hundreds of happy ones are made every time a stake or purse is won.

To tell the truth, the pencilers have been almost driven from the French turf. They are not allowed either to "chalk up" their odds as on American tracks, or to cry them out at the top of their voices as is the custom on the English race-courses. In France the little betting that is done with the bookmakers is transacted almost in whispers, for should the penciler shout he is immediately placed under arrest, if he attempts to display his "evens" and his "odds" on a board he is hurried off to the police station and there is a station or room set aside for the authorities on every track. The bookmaker's lot is not a happy one since the recent Riotteau law as been enforced in all its vigor. The French ring has dwindled down to an assembly of a couple or score of men who are continually being hit by owners and trainers who are accustomed to "lay it on very thick" when they are confident they possess a good thing.

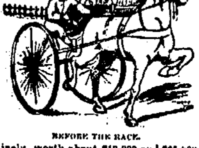
There are over one hundred race tracks in France. All the large cities and seaside spots claim at least one a piece. By far the most important tracks are to be found near Paris, quite a number of them are just without the fortifications of the gay capital, whilst the beautiful suburbs of the gay city can boast of many more. In a few words may be told the history of horse racing in France from the time of Louis XV., prior to whose reign no racing of any importance took place, down to the present day. There is a record of a big bet of ten thousand French pounds lost by a M. d'Entragues to a M. de Sallant when the latter rode from St Denis to Chantilly in less than six hours, changing his steed no fewer than twenty-seven times. But when horse racing did start in earnest betting got to be so high that nothing short of the great revolution of 1789 put an end to the scandals to which gambling gave rise. It was Napoleon I. who re-established the races by a new law in the beginning of the present century.

The French Jockey club, or Society of Encouragement for the Amelioration of Horse Racing, was founded in 1833. It was then an imitation of the English Newmarket club. Charles Zaffitte, Count Demidoff, Lord Henry Seymour, H. Delamarre (of the Delamarre family to whose credit was placed the Grand Prize of Paris in 1889 in the Vasistas at 100 to 1) were among the early members.

The French Derby is run at Chantilly on the Sunday following Ascension day during the spring meeting. The race is for 3-year-old colts over 2,400 meters, or about a mile and a half. The autumn meeting takes place in October and brings out the 2-year-olds who have made their debuts on the Normandy track at Trouville and Dieppe. The Chantilly Derby is to-day one of the principal events of the season, and although sport is no longer what it used to be in France, there are still a few "faithful," who think nothing of spending Derby week in the little city to see the early morning gallops and admire the finest French horses of the year. Chantilly preserves a stamp of elegance which is not to be met with on any other race track of France, the popular element being almost unknown in Chantilly.

The Grand Prize of Paris is run at Longchamps, in the Bois de Boulonge, just outside the fortifications, about the middle of June. It is now worth about forty thousand dollars to the winner. Between one hundred and one hundred and fifty thousand persons witness this international contest, and on the field there is space for about a couple of thousand vehicles and a hundred thousand visitors who can gain admittance by the payment of one franc, or twenty cents. Including the present year the Grand Prize of Paris has been fought out twenty-nine times. Seventeen years stand to the credit of French horses, nine times has victory gone to English, and once each to the American, Russian and Hungarian. Longchamps is a charming spot. The surrounding landscape seen from the grand stand with the Boulogne wood and the green and picturesque slopes of Bellevue, make the paddock and field of Longchamps a most elegant rendezvous. The Mount Valerien and its Roman hill and the ondulous zigzags of the River Seine complete a marvelous picture. On payment of a $1 admission fee anybody can roam about in what formerly might have been termed "sacred precincts." Workmen in their Sunday garments, employes from the banks and the Bourse, women of all classes and categories, touts and school boys, all risk their weekly earnings and sometimes more. Formerly the demi-mondaines could not gain admittance to the paddock, their friends were obliged to cross the track and stand by, or take a seat in their carriages, before the slightest propos grivois (loose talk) could be indulged in. But now, how great the change! Longchamps has lost its aristocratic bearing. Society still continues going to the races, the crowd follows. The sight in the paddock on any important race day, be it during the spring, summer or autumn meeting, is nevertheless worth seeing. There are the representatives of society and the most elegant of women in the most expensive and extravagant of costumes. There are English lords and "foreign" Counts, Duchesses and Marquises and Barons by birth and barons of finance, aristocrats of fortune and aristocrats of talent. Bohemia and all that doubtful crowd of people who take part in everything that is "grand" but whose mode of existence would be a problem to a Balzac or a Zola.

After Chantilly and Longchamps comes Auteuil, the famous steeple chase track and the favorite one of the Parisian public. Here meetings are held almost every Sunday of the year excepting December and January, when most of the "jumpers" are sent down to the Riviera to do work at Nice and Cannes. The public, not the connoisseurs, appear to enjoy steeple chasing more than racing on the flat, not so much for the sport itself as for the surprises it occasions. In a steeple or hurdle race almost any horse has a chance to obtain a "show," and as the mutuals pay out money to the first three horses when there are eight or more starters, there is a chance of a rank outsider running third to two good jumpers and bringing in a pot of money for a small risk. The most important races at Auteuil, which is situated near Longchamps in the Bois de Boulogne, are the Grand International Hurdle and the Grand International Steeplechase, respectively, worth about $12,000 and $25,000 to successful owners. There are many other minor tracks round about the capital. Vincennes is noted for its trotting races, so is Zevallois Perret. Maisons-Lafite is justly celebrated for wonderful straight-line track of close upon a couple of miles. St. Germain is remarked chiefly for its military races and gentlemen riders also by their skill here. It might also be mentioned that a certain number of contests are set aside at Auteuil for officers of the army, and the splendid riding and jumping of the ex-pupils of the government school of Saumer comes in for due admiration from the fair sex and a large amount of unfair critism from sporting reporters. Recently a duel was fought because a writer in one of the important Parisian dailies had somewhat harshly criticised an officer's riding, and the sword proved itself to be mightier than the pen.



BEFORE THE RACE.

FREDERICK MAYER.

IT CONQUERS ALL.

Love Laughs at Prejudices of Rank and Family in Russia.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaiewitch, of Russia, who has married, against the wishes of the Czar, his cousin, a "commoner," Mlle. Bourenine, the beautiful daughter of a tradesman at Tsarskoe Selo, the "Aldershot" of Russia, is the eldest son of the late Grand Duke Michael and the Princes Olga of Baden.

The Grand Duke is 31 years of age, and his bride 16. Naturally the Grand Duke forfeits all his rights through his marriage, according to the Czar's ukase of 1885, including his appanage of $40,000 a year; but he possesses private property.

His second brother, Michael, it may be remembered, followed a somewhat similar love course last year by marrying the Comtesse Merenberg (now the Comtesse de Torby of Luxemburg), whereby he, too, lost all his Imperial privileges, appanage, etc. The third brother, Alexander (there are six sons in all, and one daughter, Anastasia, married to the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin) is said to be betrothed to the Grand Duchess Xenia, elder daughter of the Czar.

Bombay's Water-Works.

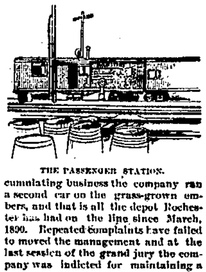
Bombay, India, has opened magnificent new water-works, supplying the city by gravity with 31,000,000 gallons of water daily. The water is brought from a great artificial lake and passes through sixty-two miles of tunnels. The water-works, including the dam aqueducts, are among the famous engineering works of the time.

Don't delay; always be on time, for prevention is better than cure. All coughs and colds and such affections of the throat and lungs as lead to consumption are cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

THE PEOPLE OBJECTED.

The Citizens of an Indiana Town Seek Justice from a Railroad Company.

In 1870 the people of Huntington and Fulton counties, Ind., began to be interested in a railroad from the east to the west. Promoters from abroad were assisted by public-spirited people at home in working up enthusiasm for the new line. Rochester at that time was served only by the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago, a north and south line of slender abilities, and a competing road, especially a line to Chicago, was much needed. Finally the Chicago & Atlantic was built from Lima, Ohio, to Chicago, through the counties named. It was aided in Fulton county alone to the extent of $49,599.15, and ground was donated to it for the purposes of a depot. The depot was built and the road began doing business about ten years ago. It did not thrive as it should and finally, some three years ago, passed into the Erie control. It is now called the Chicago & Erie. Rochester city is its best business point from Marion, Ohio, to Chicago. Early in the spring of 1890 the depot was burned and the company shunted a superannuated freight car upon the embers of their old station and made it the temporary depot. Citizens did not object, for they believed a new building would be erected as soon as possible. They have in that been disappointed. When the one freight car became too small for accumulating business the company ran a second car on the grass-grown embers, and that is all the depot Rochester has had on the line since March, 1890. Repeated complaints have failed to moved the management and at the last session of the grand jury the company was indicted for maintaining a nuisance. The freight cars are unspeakably beyond description, are unspeakably dirty, gloomy and forbidding.



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For the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you $500 in cash."

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The list of Churches using our Organs will prove to your satisfaction that we furnish the BEST for the least money. [Prices from $100 to $2,500.] If you will state the seating capacity of your church or hall, we will send—(free)—complete specifications of a

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exactly suited to your needs. We are also prepared to build Church Organs for residences.—These instruments are the crowning feature of a modern house. We build in style to match the woodwork. Write for design and prices.

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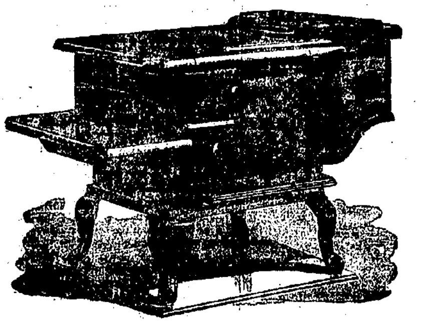

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PART SECOND. 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. PART SECOND.

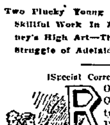
ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IN ROMAN STUDIOS.

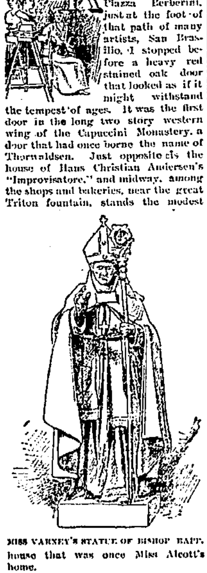
TWO PICTURESQUE AMERICAN GIRL SCULPTORS.

Two Plucky Young Women Who Do Skillful Work In Marble—Miss Varney's High Art—The Long and Weary Struggle of Adelaide Johnson.

[Special Correspondence.]



ROME, NOV. 1.—One day last week, turning from the Piazza Berberini, just at the foot of that path of many artists, San Brasilio, I stopped before a heavy red stained oak door that looked as if it might withstand the tempest of ages. It was the first door in the long two story western wing of the Capuccini Monastery, a door that had once borne the name of Thorwaldsen. Just opposite is the house of Hans Christian Andersen's "Improvisatore," and midway, among the shops and bakeries, near the great Triton fountain, stands the modest house that was once Miss Alcott's home.



MISS VARNEY'S STATUE OF BISHOP RAPP.

The red oak door does not bear the name of Thorwaldsen now, but instead, very modestly written: "Luella Varney, Sculptore."

I pulled the little scarlet tasseled cord—the Roman studio latch string—that hung outside, and almost before the tinkle had died away the door was opened by such a willowy, sprite-like creature, all in silvery blue silk and old lace, her nutbrown hair clinging in tendrilly curls about her face, that I suppose I looked at her with a very inquiring and puzzled expression, for she burst into a ringing laugh. Nevertheless she was the American sculptor I had come to see.

The walls of her studio are stained a dull Pompeiian red, a color sculptors like, because it throws out the contours of their work, and have a freize of saints and ancient inscriptions.

Through the door beyond I heard a busy click of hammers; on its other side there were working the stalwart men this American girl keeps always occupied chipping and clicking out in the rough the white and silent company her long slender fingers have fashioned.

Among the statues I noticed those of several well-known Americans—Mr. and Mrs. Paine, the father and mother of ex-Secretary Whitney's wife; a colossal full length figure of Bishop Rapp in full conanical robes and with crozier in hand (this has been cast in bronze for the cathedral in Cleveland); a bust of a New Jersey bishop, and one of Bishop Gilmore and Miss Anthony. All these were powerful portraits—not flattering or idealizing sketches. They showed that Miss Varney had a clear conception of the characteristics peculiar to each of her subjects and had fearlessly embodied them. Her courage in the line of truth was in some instances startling. There are few artists of the present day who do not soften this and accentuate that, that the result may be "artistic." But this young girl makes portraits "in veritas."

Miss Varney has been at work only seven years, but her marbles and bronzes have been placed widely, in beautiful homes, in cathedrals, in public halls and Campo Santos. Among the interesting things I saw in her studio that day was the model of a great monument which had been erected in one of the Campo Santos, the crowning figure being a strong, fearless, exquisitely refined statue of "Truth," symmetric and youthful. I saw, too, the drawing for a portrait bust of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and the "Inclination to Art," which Miss Varney is to duplicate for the Columbian exposition—a sturdy boy in artist's cap and with sculptor's tools sitting astride the shoulders of Mephistopheles (Jealousy), whose bent head he is pummeling most unmercifully with his sculptor's mallet, while he looks laughingly about with all the assurance of youthful and untried genius! Under a wet linen was Miss Varney's latest work—a marvelously strong life-sized bust of Mark Twain, which is also to be finished for the exposition. To this the young sculptor is giving unlimited time and study; it promises, even in the East, to be one of the most notable marbles. The careless toss of the mass of hair, that merry twinkle of the earnest eye, the listening, considering pose—all the characteristics of Mark Twain, will be the marble at the world's fair.

Miss Adelaide Johnson, the other of the two American girls on whom I called that day, is the very dear friend with whom Miss Varney opened her first Roman studio—the one on Via Palestro, near the Storys, who have been true friends to the pair of young artists.

Like Miss Varney, Miss Johnson was a country girl—I believe her birthplace was Plymouth, Ill. Her parents belonged among the invincibles, the "forty-niners," and the best wealth her father bequeathed her [illegible] working motto:

Be sure you are r[illegible] you are about to do [illegible] and then don't let the w[illegible] stop you.

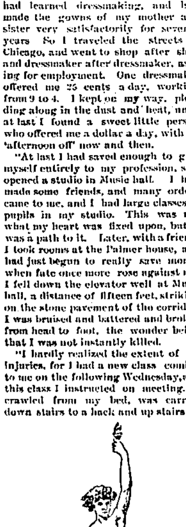
Miss Johnson was educated in St. Louis, where she entered the School of Design, and developed talent in decorative art and wood carving, winning the prizes. She enjoyed her work in wood, but wood, capable as it is of exquisite handling, was not the right medium for her strong hand. She was discontented; she knew she had energy and talent, and why waste them on wood when there was marble?

"I devoted myself to carving," she said to me, "and to the general study of interior decoration. My progress in this business was so satisfactory that I at last started for Chicago full of hope and with a sum in my pocket that was quite enough to suffice, with economy, until I could add to it from my earnings there. Just as I left the station at Chicago I found my pocket had been picked and that my savings had disappeared.

"What was I to do? Go back? Never! My way was to be made, and to be made by me alone! Still, it was not easy. Some little time before I had learned dressmaking, and had made the gowns of my mother and sister very satisfactorily for several years. So I traveled the streets of Chicago, and went to shop after shop and dressmaker after dressmaker, asking for employment. One dressmaker offered me 25 cents a day, working from 9 to 4. I kept on my way, plodding along in the dust and heat, until at last I found a sweet little person who offered me a dollar a day, with an 'afternoon off' now and then.

"At last I had saved enough to give myself entirely to my profession, so I opened a studio in Music hall. I had made some friends, and many orders came to me, and I had large classes of pupils in my studio. This was not what my heart was fixed upon, but it was a path to it. Later, with a friend, I took rooms at the Palmer house, and had just begun to really save money when fate once more rose against me. I fell down the elevator well at Music hall, a distance of fifteen feet, striking on the stone pavement of the corridor. I was bruised and battered and broken from head to foot, the wonder being that I was not instantly killed.

"I hardly realized the extent of my injuries, for I had a new class coming to me on the following Wednesday, and this class I instructed on meeting. I crawled from my bed, was carried down stairs to a hack and up stairs to my studio, where I was nearly fainting with pain. I met Dr. Pratt, who attended President Garfield so skillfully. He was surprised to see a human being in my plight attending to business. He ordered my removal to some quiet place under watchful care at once. Friends took me to their home in Hyde Park, where for months I lay stretched helpless upon my couch with heavy iron weights fastened to my broken and dislocated limbs and splints and bandages literally all over me.



MISS VARNEY'S PICTURE OF TRUTH.

"Long before I could move about on crutches my fund of 'art money' was exhausted. But my friends in Chicago rallied, and on a day in March of 1889 they gave me a splendid benefit concert that packed Music hall, and that helped substantially to care for me until the elevator law case was settled and a sum of money came into my possession that was indeed no equivalent for my pain and loss, but yet sufficient for me to start for Europe with.

"So, walking with a crutch and a cane, I purchased my steamer tickets and went to New York; but the boat had sailed, and on it my trunk containing all my clothing and my letter of credit. All boats were crowded that season, and the agents gave me little hope of an exchange. However, after awhile it was managed and I started, having with me only a few dollars. In London it was impossible for two months to get possession of my trunk and my letter of credit. There was I once again in a great, strange city, lame and nearly resourceless.

"But at last—ah, I shall never forget the day when I entered Rome, still a poor cripple who could not walk without a cane!"

When she reached Rome she took that tiny Via Palestro studio with Miss Varney.

THEO. TRACY.

Mind Your P's and Q's.

Along with the explanation that the expression mind your p's and q's originated in a printing office because of the resemblance in type of the respective letters, is another one which attributes the origin to another cause. In the early settlement of New York the old burghers had a habit of sitting around public houses "spinning yarns" and drinking ale. The score was kept on a blackboard, generally fastened to the door. On the left side of the board was marked p, on the right q, meaning pints and quarts. When one of the burghers drank a pint it was marked under the p, and when a quart under the q. When the landlord thought the account getting too long he would point to the blackboard with the remark: "You'd better mind your p's and q's."

The Electric Chair Awaits Him.

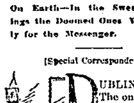
Central Office Detective John J. Carey was shot and killed by a thief in New York one night last week. The shooting occurred at a late hour. The assassin is a Chicago crook named James De Blanche, alias James Blanchard, alias David Wheeler. Blanche has been arrested and held for murder.

DEATH'S GRIM GATES.

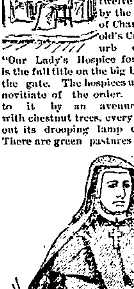
AN IRISH PLACE OF REST BEFORE THE GRAVE.

Said to Be the Only Place of the Kind On Earth—In the Sweet Surroundings the Doomed Ones Wait Patiently for the Messenger.

[Special Correspondence.]



DUBLIN, NOV. 1.—The only home in all kind Christendom for the friendless dying is that established some twelve years ago by the Irish Sisters of Charity at Harold's Cross, a suburb of Dublin. "Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying" is the full title on the big brass plate at the gate. The hospices used to be the novitiate of the order. One goes up to it by an avenue overhung with chestnut trees, every one hanging out its drooping lamp of blossoms. There are green pastures on each side and a pond, where on a fine day some of the patients do some placid fishing, the men very contentedly sucking their pipes as they sit. Many of them do not show the death in their faces. Inside the hospice, though, one is now and again smitten by the sight of a dying face, pinched and livid. There are interested groups of patients discussing the newspapers in the sitting rooms, or seated about a long table eating a dinner of roast meat and vegetables like any common, robust folk. The old women are crouched by the fire watching one of their number blow up the kettle for a cup of tea and there is a heated political argument on among the men in the smoking pagoda out on the lawn.

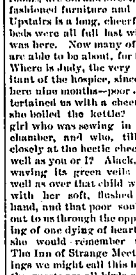


ONE OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOSPICE.

It is hard to realize, entering the old house, that under this roof death's wings are constantly hovering. The house belonged to the Quakers, and it is brown and homely and kind, like the face of a Friend. Part of it is coated in heavy ivy, whence the windows look out—like shrewd, bright eyes—and against the glossy greenery and the old brick are brilliant window braces of scarlet and blue and yellow. The beds on the lawn are in like cheerful colors, but the old garden which used to be is mainly swept away by the long buildings which the nuns had to erect of late years, since they were thronged with creatures praying to be delivered from a lonely death.

The front rooms, kept as reception rooms, are old and sweet, with fine old-fashioned furniture and brown walls. Upstairs is a long, cheerful ward. The beds were all full last winter when I was here. Now many of the patients are able to be about, for the air is mild. Where is Judy, the very oldest inhabitant of the hospice, since she had been here nine months—poor Judy, who entertained us with a cheerful cackle as she boiled the kettle? Where is the girl who was sewing in a little antechamber, and who, till one looked closely at the hectic check, seemed as well as you or I? Alack, the grass is waving its green veils over them as well as over that child who lay asleep with her soft, flushed cheek in her hand, and that poor soul who panted out to us through the oppressed breathing of one dying of heart disease that she would remember us in heaven. The Inn of Strange Meetings and Partings we might call this hospice, where the guests are all birds of passage and homeward bound

Wards and corridors are distempered in pretty blue gray with light wood panelings. The nuns look brisk and even merry when they are not tender and sympathetic. Over the fireplace of each ward is a great crucifix, and many dying faces are turned that way. There are flowers on the mantlepiece, and beside the beds there is now and again a cheerful nosegay amid the medicine bottles. The beds are snowy and soft; each has its coverlet of Italian silk in gay stripes; the bed curtains are of pink and white flowered chintz. The dying, when they are not in acute pain, lay and look at you contentedly. The Irish, perhaps, die more easily than other people. After the siege of Limerick there was one Geoffrey Barron, a gentleman of Clonmel, who was sentenced to death by Ireton. He craved a respite to visit his lodgings, and, it being granted, came again riding to the scaffold in a fine suit of white taffeta, on a splendidly comparisoned horse.



THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN COULDN'T SING SWEETER.

"If I should clothe myself finely," he said, "for an earthly bride, shall I not for my marriage with heaven?"

The Irish poor die with this firm faith; they even take a half comical interest in their own funerals.

"If I die later than Tuesday," said one I knew, "don't have the funeral till Sunday, so I'll have a big following," and another instructed her daughter to place the candles remaining from the wake on the altar of the church, that they might "light her into glory." At the hospice one felt ashamed confronting these meek sufferers, in full health and the joy of living. But they are only grateful to "the kind ladies' that come to visit them. One was a handsome, bearded, dark fellow, his profile melancholy against the pillow. He had been a sort of humble sculptor—on this very building had cut the ornamentation. "It gets into your lungs and cuts them all to pieces."

"Well, well," said the soft-voiced nun, "you are leaving no one behind, my poor boy. If you had lived longer there might have been a wife and children to make going to heaven the harder."

"True enough, sister," was the quiet reply.

Then there was the fireman who had got consumption from being wet with the fire engines, and the policeman who had taken cold on night duty. There was one terrible case of a poor woman with heart disease. "'Tis very bad indeed at times, sister," she said. "I do be askin' God to forgive me, for I've often no patience at all, at all." Then there was a boy from Wicklow sitting up in bed to hear the fluting of a bird in the big tree outside his window. "They sing that sweet sometimes," he said, "that I do be thinkin' the angels in heaven couldn't sing sweeter."

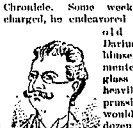
There are "paying patients" here, too, lodged in dainty and cheerful little rooms with a peaceful prospect toward the dove gray Dublin mountains. There is no limitation of creed, and side by side with an old Protestant gentleman whose wife and children were dead, there was an aged priest from the Rocky mountains who attributed his heart disease to strain in the days when he rode forty miles to the nearest of his flock. There seemed to be no pain in the presence of death, except for us who came in insolently well and happy. We could not help feeling, indeed, that they looked back at us with a happy and kindly pity from those gates beyond which lies the valley of the shadow, and for them in calm certainty the face of God. A most exquisite charity is indeed this charity to the dying. A better ante-chamber to death there might not be found than this hospital among fragrant fields full of the singing of birds, and with the mountains visible from many windows. And within the brightness and purity, and the many kind faces, and the great crucifix telling forever of a love past finding out and pointing forever to a day of resurrection.

KATHERINE TYNAN.

HYPNOTIZED IN COURT.

A Marvelous Experiment Made in the Santa Rosa Courts.

The trial of Edward J. Livernash at Santa Rosa, Cal., last week, was marked by a scene new to California courts and probably all courts. Livernash was called to the witness stand, duly sworn and then placed in the hypnotic state by an expert. Thus he told and acted again the emotions that preceded the commencement of his crime. Livernash is a young man, known as a brilliant writer and newspaper man. He has edited with success and credit several interior papers, and was once on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle. Some weeks ago, it is charged, he endeavored to make an old man named Darius Etheridge, himself slightly demented, drink a glass of wine so heavily loaded with prussic acid that it would have killed a dozen men. Then Livernash fired several shots at Etheridge. This happened at Healdsberg, where Livernash edited the Enterprise.



E. J. LIVERNASH.

The defence has claimed that Livernash is a sort of anti-hypnotist, and that in his somnambulistic condition he is pratically a lunatic, with a mania for killing people, or "reincarnating" them, as he calls it. Dr. Gardner was called by the defence to hypnotize Livernash, and the prosecution summoned Dr. Wachendorf, an expert on insanity, to watch the witness patient. The court-room was cleared.

A few passes produced hypnosis. Livernash's eyes were half shut and his face grew paler. Pins were driven into his hands, cheek and ear, but he did not wince. The prosecution's expert was incredulous, and aimed a blow at the patient's face. There was no sign.

Then Livernash rambled on like a half-drunken man. He told all about his movements before the shooting, and described the crime, saying he fired forty-three times at Etheridge because the latter refused to will him all his property. The prosecution asked questions and Livernash answered readily. He said that Etheridge was really a 'Frisco police justice, who had convicted Livernash of masquerading in women's clothes.

Then the hynoptist called Livernash back to his normal state. The patient winced as he pulled the pins out of his flesh. His manner changed and he became alert, keen and suspicious.

The Brabo Family.

Mrs. Cerelo Brabo, aged 60, and the mother of ten children, eloped from Cleveland, Ohio, five weeks ago with Charles Seilburg, aged 23. They were tracked to Buffalo, N. Y., recently, where, a few days since, Mr. Brabo found them living under the name of Mr. and Mrs. James Ford. Mrs. Ford positively declined to go back to Brabo, whom she claims made life very unpleasant for her. Brabo said he didn't care, but he wanted the children, but Mrs. Ford said she guessed she'd keep them.

A Veteran Sailor.

One who has seen fifty years' service in the navy or army ought to be permitted to retire. Boatswain John C. Thompson, United States navy, who has been attached to the Brooklyn navy yard for the past fifteen years, has been placed on the retired list. Boatswain Thompson is a veteran of the Mexican war and has seen fifty-two years of active service.

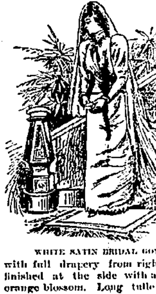
WOMAN AND HOME.

MANY HELPFUL HINTS FOR FAIR ONES.

The Prevailing Fashion Sketched In Pen and Ink—A Costume for a Bride—A Tiny Head Piece—Useful Recipes for the Home.

For a Bride.

Sweet simplicity is what is striven for by the bride of now. The dress is of white satin merveilleau; ruching of white silk round throat, sleeves and edge of train; sprays of orange blossom round front of skirt, and large bunch in place of a brooch. Bodice with full drapery from right to left, finished at the side with a spray of orange blossom. Long tulle veil over small wreath.



WHITE SATIN BRIDAL GOWN.

Some Special Points.

It must be remembered in an evening dress that while, of course, one wishes one's skirts to look well, the greatest attention to detail is paid to the bodice. A fancy exists for draping materials around the waist, especially when the figure is slender, in such a way that no fastening is visible. When this is done the home dressmaker will be wisest if she catches the folds here and there on the bodice lining; let the losing be with hooks and eyes at one side, well under the arm, where the folds lap over sufficiently to hide it. Of course, it will be necessary to fasten this lapping-over place with a pin or two, for although I do not advocate pins on walking costumes, still, it must be confessed that I see where their use comes in on an evening costume, when it would be impossible to place a permanent fastening. Old pictures are copied and original ideas sought for the evening bodice, and the result is that this season more than ever before, much individuality is seen among them. The woman who is a clever designer herself can do much to assist her friends, and the other woman who has an acquintance some well-known artist who will give her ideas for her gown, feels that she possess a greater jewel than even the most famous one owned by the Queen of England.

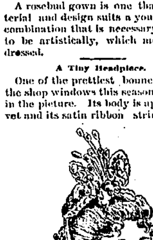
A Graceful Rose-Bud Costume.

The material used for this is a pale rose-colored delaine, the skirt, which fits rather smoothly in front, having just sufficient fulness in the back to make it graceful. At the lower edge is a kilted flounce of pink chiffon, and over this are arranged loops and knots of pink ribbon of a deeper shade. The bodice, is high, fits the figure gracefully, and has for its decoration a plaited frill of chiffon—each group of plaits being caught with a knot of ribbon, the whole strip being worn as a fichu might be, and draped in at the waist, where it is caught by the waist ribbon of pink. The full sleeves are of the chiffon, tied at the elbows with a band and knots of ribbon, long gloves of pale, rose-colored undressed kid coming up to meet them. The hair is parted in the center, drawn back in a low knot at the back, where it is fantastically tied with a pink ribbon. This is at once a simple, inexpensive and extremely dainty dress, being really just what I call it—a rose-bud gown.

A rosebud gown is one that in material and design suits a young girl, a combination that is necessary for her to be artistically, which means well dressed.

A Tiny Headpiece.

One of the prettiest bonnets seen in the shop windows this season is shown in the picture. Its body is apricot velvet and its satin ribbon strings are of the same color. The big butterfly bow that makes its front so stylish is of black lace. The aigrette is of yellow apricot.



APRICOT VELVET BONNET.

Materials in Vogue for Evening.

The various light gauzes, tulles, net and all the fairy-like looking stuffs are devoted to the young girl in society. In making a tulle gown, it must be remembered that its fullness is part of its beauty, and that after the two outer skirts of tulle, which should be rather fine, there is one of coarser tulle, then one of net and then the foundation, which may, by-the-by, be of silk, or if that expense is not cared for, a dull, somewhat stiff net lining may be chosen that will not show through the thin fabrics.

In wool materials the fashion of last season, that of using broadcloth, is likely to obtain even more than it did last year, though cashmere, Henrietta cloth and all of the soft wool fabrics will, of course, have a decided vogue. Velvet, unless it should be in the form of a bodice or a jacket, it is not considered in good taste for young women, and neither is brocade. The soft delaines, which have a little more body than nun's veiling, are noted and developed into exceedingly pretty toilets.

Tails of Animals for Winter Wear.

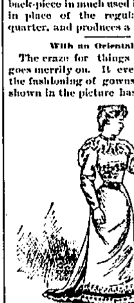
A good deal of uncertainty seems to prevail as to the likely supply of seal skins, but a recent feature in the fur trade, says an English paper, is the liberal resort to the use of tails of animals, which at one time were regarded as being of very second-rate importance. The most urgent demand for tails would appear to be in the instance of ermine. But the point only, being jet black, is inserted, after the well-known fact of their introduction, at intervals—in reality, the ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family not actually consisting of the tail of the ermine, but of the black Astrakhan lamb or other suitable black fur. Squirrel tails are, however, largely used, and one or two millions of these find their way annually into the market, as well as martens' tails, which really make a beautiful fur. The musquash tail is also a large article of commerce, the musquash tail itself being perhaps the best natural low-priced fur that finds its way into our market and far superior in point of wear to the dyed rabbit skins that are sold in black and brown lustered goods familiar to the trade.

A New Style Shoe.

A new style of shoe for women, and one bearing a fanciful trade name, is a high cut with a buttoned strap fastening. It is made of steel-gray suede, with low vamp and scanty back-piece of patent leather. Suede seems to be popular yet, and, like ooze calf, appears to best advantage in quite low foxings of patent leather, by which means less of the soft, dainty-colored material is concealed. The low, oval, back-piece in much used in fancy shoes, in place of the regular full-height quarter, and produces a pretty effect.

With an Oriental Cast.

The craze for things oriental still goes merrily on. It even appears in the fashioning of gowns. The dress shown in the picture has just enough of it to add attractiveness. The waist is of gray bengaline and is trimmed with Russian or oriental embroidery, which forms a corselet and wide band edging. The skirt is of gray velvet, with two rows of the embroidery at the bottom. The collarette is trimmed with braid to match the other adornments.



FOR A DARK BEAUTY.

When Washing Windows.

Always wash the inside first. Dust the panes carefully with a soft duster before using any water. Be sure that the pail you are using is clean, that the water is clean and that the cloth which you intend to use is clean and soft, and free from lint. To half a pail of water, which should be lukewarm, add a tablespoonful of ammonia. Dry each pane as soon as washed; to remove the dirt from the corners use a sharp pointed stick covered with a cloth. When the panes happen to have dashes of white paint upon them, try scraping them gently with a copper cent. When the panes are all thoroughly clean and dry polish them with a soft chamois skin. As soon as the windows are washed the sills should receive attention, and the shades and curtains should be arranged neatly.

Science in Cooking Beef.

If the correspondent who asks how she can have her roast beef brown on the outside and rare and juicy within will put her beef into a very hot oven at first, keeping the temperature as high as three hundred and fifty degrees or more for half an hour, then reducing the heat to about two hundred and fifty degrees for the remainder of the time of cooking, she will attain the desired result. Of course, the meat must be basted as often as every fiteen minutes.

The great heat at first hardens as well as browns the surface of the meat. This keeps in the juices. But if the high temperature be continued the hardening process goes beyond the surface, and the result will be a hard, dry and stringy piece of meat.

Useful Household Hints.

Milk is better for being kept over night in small tins than if a larger quantity is kept over in one vessel.

It is better to keep baked pastry in a cupboard rather than in a refrigerator, as it would be apt to get damp and heavy in the latter place.

To keep jellies from moulding cover them over with pulverized sugar to a depth of a quarter of an inch. They will keep for years if this is done.

Another New Jersey Mystery.

Joseph Sasse, a cranberry picker, last week found the body of an Italian woman aged about 35 years, in a clump of bushes near Hammonton, N. J. Her throat and neck were terribly gashed and the clothing was torn from her body and scattered through the bushes. There were evidences of a struggle, and it is believed the woman, whose name is unknown, was murdered while defending herself from assault. The victim had been picking berries in this neighborhood for several weeks and is supposed to have come from Philadelphia. The deed was committed several days ago.

"Penury and Wretchedness" with £7,000.

While waiting for mass one Sunday morning in Bray Roman Catholic chapel, near Dublin, a tailor nearly 65 years of age, named Michael Keenan, was seized with a fit and died in a few minutes in the chapel yard. The old man's house was in a frightful condition of filth and gave evidence of the greatest penury and wretchedness, but a search revealed deposit receipts and other certificates to the value of nearly £7,000. Keenan had many distant relations.

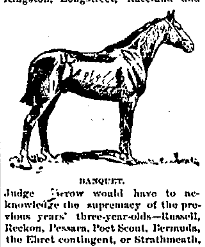
KINGS AND QUEENS.

HORSES THAT BECAME FAMOUS IN 1892.

Banquet, Lamplighter, Tammany and Others—The Two Latter May Meet on One of the Big Courses Next Year.

TURFMEN WILL long harbor feelings of admiration for the brilliant and gallant efforts of Banquet, Lamplighter, and, later, Nomad. Never were thoroughbreds more worthy of the name: never did horses strive more grimly or with greater pertinacity. The season may have been fruitless in presenting great horses, but it has not served its purpose in vain.

At the outset the aspect of the "all aged" division was a decidedly gloomy one. The same "stars" of the previous year seemed to hold all the new additions to their ranks perfectly safe. There seemed no likelihood that Kingston, Longstreet, Raceland and Judge Morrow would have to acknowledge the supremacy of the previous years' three-year-olds—Russell, Reckon, Pessara, Poet Scout, Bermuda, the Ehret contingent, or Strathmeath, and certainly Banquet never entered one's mind as a dangerous element. To resort to a hackney saw, "tempora mutantur," however, and from being a horse of second class pretensions Banquet, as the season advanced, became transformed into the crack of his division. Always a consistent horse—in fact one of the most consistent performers that ever put head through bridle—the unsexed brother to Tea Tray displayed such a marvellous improvement as compared with his previous essays that many shrewd turfmen declared it the result of lack of ability on the part of his opponents. That Raceland has never retained his 1889 form is highly probable. Furthermore, Kingston's contests were not in Banquet's province, and Longstreet's forelegs were in such a precarious condition that, as far as his three companions were concerned, Banquet had a clear field. Then again Judge Morrow is probably not within ten pounds of high class form, and of the four-year-old division only the uncertain Reckon and the none too robust Poet Scout have shown a genuine inclination to go over a mile and a quarter. Therefore, as far as the more matured division is concerned, those who declare Banquet has fallen into easy times are not speaking unreasonably, but to discount their unfavorable diagnosis are Banquet's struggles with the three year Lamplighter. No matter how much one may discredit the caliber of the all aged brigade, it is impossible not to recognize the sterling quality of the Rancocas colt. The latter, it is true, always proved too much for M. F. Dwyer's gelding, but only after bitter and hard fought struggles. For this reason Banquet's improvement must be accepted, but that it is of the phenomenal nature some admirers would have is taking too liberal a view of this game piece of horseflesh.



BANQUET.

St. Florian, who commenced the season in brilliant fashion, broke down badly just as he seemed likely to hold the aspirants of his age safe. So that of the three cracks as 2-year-olds not one remained to battle for the rich prizes.

In their absence, however, others have come forward to uphold the honor of the 3-year-old division, and Lamplighter, Tammany and Yorkville Belle cannot be considered unworthy of taking their place.

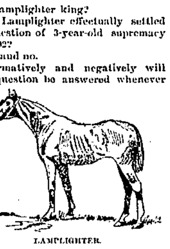
Under the circumstances the question arises:

Is Lamplighter king?

Has Lamplighter effectually settled the question of 3-year-old supremacy for 1892?

Yes and no.

Affirmatively and negatively will your question be answered whenever you may ask it. Those there are who are ready to assert unqualifiedly that not only is Lamplighter the greatest of the 3-year-olds of the season just ended, but that he is the peer of any colt that was ever foaled. Others are more than ready to quibble. He was beaten by St. Florian, with a difference of weight in his favor. He never disposed of Tammany or Yorkville Belle. Had such colts as His Highness and Victory stood up or even had The Pepper maintained his spring form the star of Lamplighter would never have attained such an ascendancy. What really high-class colt of his age has he beaten? He has been defeated by such common cattle as Pactolus, Fidalie, and Pickpocket, says the New York Herald.



LAMPLIGHTER.

There are a thousand and one objections as there have been against every colt that has forced its way to the front, and it seems the greatest pity that it has been impossible to get the best of the year together and have them fight it out.

Tammany's achievements were all made in his own domain. He never ventured outside of the 3-year-old class, and in it he defeated all that he met. Charade once beat him by a "fluke," and that was the only occasion on which he failed to finish in front. He defeated other 3-year-olds with the greatest ease, and his admirers on this account argue that he must be a great horse. Yet he never had a horse to take his measure, unless it was in the Jerome Stakes at Morris Park, when Yorkville Belle made him stretch his neck for a moment or two near the end.

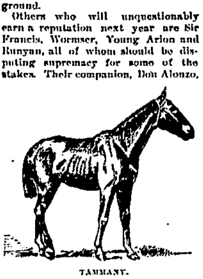
In stakes where both Tammany and Lamplighter were eligible—and they were few—the "peer of Salvator" invariably remained in his stable. Pierre Lorillard was not the man to decline a contest, even though defeat might hover before him, but "Matt" Byrnes never did accept a race unless he thought he had the best of it.

Thus it was that Lamplighter and Tammany never met, and it must be left to their 4-year-old form to decide which is the better. And then, whatever the decision may be, it can have no bearing on their careers as 3-year-olds. The whole thing must ever be unsatisfactory, except to those who believe that by invariably beating such cracking good horses as Banquet, Strathmeath, Kingston, Montana and others, Lamplighter is entitled to a higher rank than Tammany, who beat only such as Yorkville Belle, The Pepper, Azra and a lot of crippled or second class 3-year-olds.

The fall meeting at Morris Park inclined one to pin faith in some youngsters that have so far nothing of particular merit to their record. The colt by Prince Leopold—Carmen—is a fine strapping chestnut of beautiful length and smoothness of outline, whose size and late development would preclude him from being a smart 2-year-old. That he should improve with age, however, there seems every reason and if he only goes on in the right way he should certainly prove a good colt.

Two others in the same stable—Knight and the Annie F. colt—are likely to make great advancement before next season begins, more especially the last named, whose grand stride and beautiful action when in motion should do him in good stead over a distance ground.

Others who will unquestionably earn a reputation next year are Sir Francis, Wormser, Young Arion and Runyan, all of whom should be disputing supremacy for some of the stakes. Their companion, Don Alonzo, will probably find five furlongs more to his liking than a mile, while his rivals, Dr. Rice and Sir Walter, underwent such severe preparations during the first half of the season that they will, in all probability, be some time recovering from the effects.



TAMMANY.

Considering everything, it the year has been far from [illegible]n good 2-year-olds, it seems more than probable that their ability as 3-year-olds will show a marked improvement, and it is with no little amount of confidence that I look forward to a strong contingent of 3-year-olds for the season of 1893.

FOOTBALL.

The Harvard team will play the Manhattan A.C. at Cambridge, Nov. 12.

Wyllis Terry, the old Yale football player, is coaching this year's team.

Guy Richards, captain of Yale's '85 eleven, is a successful lawyer of New York City, with an office in Pine street.

Hinkey of Yale is regarded by experts as the best rusher in the country. He is a better player than Cumnock or "Kid" Wallace ever was.

Nobody seems to know whether Harvard will play Princeton this year or not. Such a game would round out the college championship series nicely, as Princeton has an excellent eleven.—Sporting Life.

An interstate football league has been formed by the Portsmouth High school and Hampden academy of New Hampshire, and the high schools of Newburyport and Amesbury, Mass.

Winter is the dangerous rusher on the Yale eleven this year, with Laurie Bliss in the same class. Graves and Butterworth are also fast. McCormick is a better quarter back than Barbour of last year's team.

Capt. Vance McCormick of the Yale football eleven, laid the foundation of his football knowledge at Andover preparatory school. He appeared on the Yale field for practice for the first time in his sophomore year. He is a 93 man.

Rumor has it that J. W. Spalding of the New York baseball club, is endeavoring to secure the Yale and Princeton Thanksgiving day game for the Polo ground. It is claimed that more people can be accommodated there than at Manhattan field, providing the necessary stands around the field are erected.

Pensions in Denmark.

The law of Denmark now gives to every Danish subject, man or woman, the right to a pension at 60 years of age, except in cases of convicted criminals, of those who have fraudulenty made over their property to relatives, of those who have brought themselves to distress by extravagance, or who have during the preceding ten years received relief from the parish, or who have been convicted of mendicity. The parish examines each case and reports the amount of relief to be granted. It may be withheld if the beneficiary becomes ineligible through misconduct or improper expenditure of his pension or if he marries. The state contributes half the expense of the parish in distributing relief provided the expenditure does not exceed $270,000 each year from '91 to '95 and $350,000 in subsequent years. There is no appeal from the decision of the parish authorities.

A Vanished Lake.

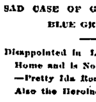
Salton lake, which so suddenly appeared a few month ago in the Colorado desert, has entirely disappeared, and its bed is now covered with luxuriant verdure.

THEY ARE MISSING.

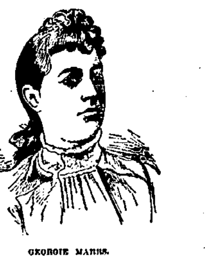
MYSTERY SURROUNDING RECENT DISAPPEARANCES.

SAD CASE OF GEORGIE MARRS, A BLUE GRASS BELLE.

Disappointed in Love She Leaves Her Home and is Not Heard from Again—Pretty Ida Roach, a New York Lass, Also the Heroine of a Deep Mystery.



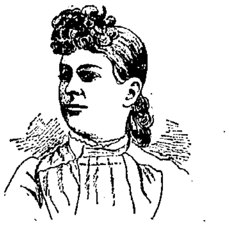
THE DISAPPEARANCE of Georgia Marrs, a pretty young girl of Louisville, Ky., reveals a romantic story of love and disappointment to which is added a tragic shade, for her family believe that she has met death by starvation and that her body is lying disfigured and neglected in some lonely spot among the hills around the city. She suddenly disappeared from the home of her sister, Mrs. Louise Oberle, the other day, between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening and has not been seen since. About two years ago she answered an advertisement in a newspaper for a correspondent. A reply came back signed by John Tuck of some town in Wisconsin. John had the art of love-making down to perfection and he wooed so sweetly that he fairly won the heart of Miss Marrs. But the sequel shows that he was only trifling with the affections of his fair correspondent. Miss Marrs' people objected to her corresponding with a man she had never seen and knew nothing about. But she persisted, and soon they became engaged, the time of marriage being set for May 10, when Tuck was to visit her and the wedding take place. The deluded girl made preparations for the wedding, but instead of her lover a letter came saying he was detained on business. New promises were made and again broken, until finally her parents insisted on her stopping the correspondence. The girl was madly in love, and this abrupt ending of her hopes seemed to unsettle her reason. She then acted very strangely and at last disappeared. Her home is on the outskirts of Louisville. Her friends have searched the river hills, and the police have exhausted every clew. Her family believe that she has wandered off and, becoming exhausted and helpless, has starved to death or has fallen into the river. She was 20 years of age, dark hair and eyes and was dressed in black when she disappeared.



GEORGIE MARRS.

From New York comes a story to the effect that pretty Ida Roach, aged 16, furnishes the latest case of mysterious disappearance. She left the home of her mother on the afternoon of Oct. 12 last, to visit relatives as she said. Last week her mother reported to the police that her daughter had not been seen by anybody, known to her, since the day of the Columbian celebration.

It turns out that Ida had been in the habit of visiting the residence of a wealthy banker, where she had formerly been employed as a domestic. On Oct. 12 she was seen to enter the office of the bank in Wall street. When the banker was asked about this he became greatly excited and said he knew no such person. Afterwards he admitted that she called, but said he knew her only by the name of Sadie Greenway. He paid her some money he owed her and she went away. The police are inclined to the belief that the banker knows what became of her. The detectives say she has undoubtedly been foully dealt with, as her disappearance would prevent an exposure of considerable magnitude and special interest in financial circles.



IDA ROACH.

Flowers by the Pound.

Immense flower plantations exist in almost every department of the south of France, but the Riviera is especially devoted to this type of dainty agriculture, writes Lady Hamilton Hooper in an extensive article on "The Perfumes of France" in the November Ladies' Home Journal. Grasse, Nice and Cannes and the neighboring villages provide the greater part of the perfumes of commerce. Each city has its special product. Nice supplies violets and orange blossoms, as does also Cannes, and the latter place is also famous for its roses and tuberoses and jessamine. Grasse supplies large quantites of the three last-named flowers. The quantity of orange blossoms gathered annually on the Riviera amounts to the astonishing weight of one million and a quarter pounds. After that one learns without surprise that the violet crop of Nice is 60,000 per pounds per annum.

A GREAT DETECTIVE.

A Man Whose Name is Known All Over the World.

An Important Matter that Ought to be Known and Understood.

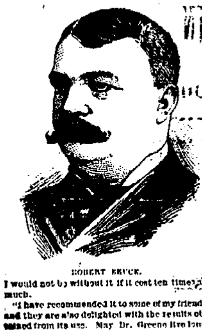
What He has to Say About It in His Usual Enthusiastic Way.

A man well known all over the world and whose name is a terror to criminals and evil doers everywhere, is Robert Bruce, head and general superintendent of the great Bruce's American Detective Agency, which has its headquarters at 123 La Salle street, Chicago.

Mr. Bruce is a great worker, nothing escapes his keen and active mind, and like most men who are enterprising and tireless of their business, he has overworked his brain, and kept his nerves upon such a strain and tension, that nervous difficulties resulted. In fact he felt that relaxed, weakened and enervated condition of mind and body which results in insomnia—that sleepless, restless, wakeful and disturbed condition which, unless arrested, so surely results in dire disaster of the mind, brain and body.

In chatting with the great detective, your reporter saw at a glance that it was with no invalid with whom he was talking. His bright eyes, fresh complexion and energetic manner showed at once that he was again in the best of health. Naturally the change in his condition became the subject of conversation.

"I suffered from insomnia for eight years," he said, "but three bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy completely restored me. This remedy is worth its weight in gold. I would not be without it if it cost ten times as much.



ROBERT BRUCE.

"I have recommended it to some of my friends and they are also delighted with the results obtained from its use. May Dr. Greene live long and continue to manufacture Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for suffering mankind."

We do not wonder at Mr. Bruce's enthusiasm. Lack of sleep kills. It racks brain and nerves. It unhinges and unstrings our nervous energies. It transforms a strong person into a weak one. If we can eat and sleep well we can maintain good health.

The writer well knows the wonderful power of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy to produce the most restful, invigorating and refreshing sleep, besides making our nerves strong and steady as steel. It does not act like an opiate, but rather by its strengthening and invigorating effects upon brain and nerves. It is perfectly harmless also, being made from pure health-giving vegetable medicines. It is safe to give infants and children of any age. All druggists keep it for $1.00, and it is indeed a God-send to sufferers from weak nerves and insomnia.

It is not one of the so called patent medicines but the discovery and prescription of Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th street, New York, a physician who has made his name famous as the most successful specialist in the treatment of nervous and chronic diseases, and who can be consulted free of charge, either by calling upon him or by writing him.

Burlington Route

BEST LINE

CHICAGO

TO

DENVER.

MOFFAT'S PILLS.

Established by one of our most eminent physicians and recommended by the medical profession and druggists who know their real merit, and are used with more pleasing results than any other medicine.

They act on the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys, purify and regulate the whole system, and are warranted a certain cure for all Malarious Diseases, Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Costiveness, Nervous and Sick Headache, Female Obstructions and General Weakness, and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, Colds and Fever and Ague. Price 25c per box, plain or sugar coated.

For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere, or sent by Mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

J. P. MILLS. 85 Liberty St., New York.

For Sale at wholesale by Meyer Bros. & Co., No. 9 West Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

GRATEFUL--COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists London, England.

For Old and Young.

Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

give tone to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder. To these organs their strengthening qualities are wonderful, causing them to perform their functions as in youth.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 140 to 144 Washington St., N. Y.

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society, by telephoning or writing such information to officer Mence Read, corner Wayne and [illegible] streets. Telephone, No. 230. 11-2mo

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1892.

A FINE SHOWING.

Our Circulation For the Month of October.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, ss:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jos. F. Ervin, business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to newsboys and news agents, during the month of October, 1892, was as follows:

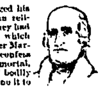
October 1	3,958
October 3	3,938
October 4	3,930
October 5	3,948
October 6	3,939
October 7	3,948
October 8	3,958
October 10	3,932
October 11	3,931
October 12	3,946
October 13	3,937
October 14	3,942
October 15	3,961
October 17	3,939
October 18	3,935
October 19	3,947
October 20	3,941
October 21	3,949
October 22	3,962
October 21	3,942
October 25	3,940
October 26	3,942
October 27	3,948
October 28	3,947
October 29	3,959
October 31	3,941
Grand total for the month	**102,561**
Daily average	**3,944**

JOS. F. ERVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of November, 1892.

D. W. SOUDER, Clerk.

THIS DAY IN THE PAST.



CLARKE.

1492—Columbus changed his views of the Indian religion, finding that they had a sort of faith, of which his companion, Peter Martyr, wrote: "They confess the soul to be immortal, and having put off bodily clothing they imagine it to go forth to the woods and the mountains: the voices which the Latines call echoes they suppose to come from the souls of the departed wandering through those places."

1752—George Rogers Clarke, soldier and explorer, born in Albemarle county, Va.; died 1818.

1811—John Ancrum Winslow, United States naval officer and hero of the Kearsarge-Alabama fight, born in Wilmington, N. C.; died in Boston, 1873.

1828—Schubert, pianist and composer, died.

1831—James Abram Garfield, twentieth president, born in Orange, Cuyahoga county, O.; died 1881.

1858—Robert Owen, socialist and philanthropist, father of the famous American Owens, died in Newtown, Wales; born 1771.

1867—Fitz Greene Halleck, poet, died at Guilford, Conn.; born 1790.

1868—The famous Santa Cruz earthquake.

1890—General Seliverskoff, Russian agent at Paris, assassinated at his hotel by nihilists.

TONIGHT.

MASONIC TEMPLE—"Zeb."

CARPENTERS' UNION—Regular meeting.

WORLD'S MUSEUM—A new play and curio hall attractions.

The Philadelphia mint yesterday commenced coining the 5,000,000 world's fair souvenir half dollars.

THE National Academy of Sciences is already planning another expedition to the north pole under Lieutenant Peary.

GEN. BENJAMIN J. SHIELDS died at his home near Clinton, Texas, yesterday morning, aged eighty-two years. He was a prominent general during the war.

THE Indiana supreme court will be composed of three democrats and two republicans after next January. All the appellate court judges will be democratic.

CARL SCHURZ is sufficiently a philosopher to think that if the senatorial lightning does not strike him there will be enough of him left over to be a constant reminder that he cannot be overlooked when politics is on the carpet.

OSCAR NEEBE, the Haymarket riot anarchist, is to be pardoned by Governor Fifer on November 24. He has been in prison six years. It is said that the testimony upon which Neebe was convicted was very weak and this has influenced the governor to pardon him.

A JURY has been secured to try Actor Curtis for murder at San Francisco and the trial will begin on Monday. It is thought that Mr. Curtis will get off with a ten or twelve years sentence to the penitentiary. It was a very expensive drunk for the great Hebrew imitator and should be a warning to others.

FIVE lives were lost by the cyclone which destroyed Red Bud, Ill. Mrs. Bob Koppe and her son, Willie, were killed at Red Bud. At Bremen, Mrs. Herman Oetting and her two children perished in the ruins of their home. Houses were also blown down at Fayetteville, New Memphis and Queen's Lake.

WOMEN are doing the greater work of mercy in the world. It is well that this is so, for they are by nature and ability adapted to it. Miss Kate Marsden is coming from England to the United States on a lecturing tour. Her object is to raise funds for the establishment and endowment of two leper colonies in Siberia.

SUPERINTENDENT BURKE was instructed by the city council of Kansas City to take a trip and make a thorough investigation as to the best kind of streets to put down in that city. He has returned and recommends the hard brick as the best material to use. Let our city take advantage of this report and forever throw away cedar blocks.

GEORGE T. KISLING, of Norwich, Vt., who was sentenced to sixty-seven years' imprisonment for selling liquor to Dartmouth students, does not seem to be suffering much from his incarceration; seeing that he is around the streets every day, only calling in at the jail every month or so to let them know how he is getting along and to swap cigars and stories.

CONGRESSMAN MARTIN, says the Indianapolis News, recommends the selection of postmasters in his district by a popular vote. This is a good plan and gives general satisfaction to all. Besides, it takes the responsibility away from the congressman and leaves it where it should be, with the democratic patrons of the postoffice. No one being allowed the privilege of voting who did not vote for the democratic presidential electors at the last election. Mr. McNagny would make many friends in Fort Wayne by adopting this rule. It is democratic doctrine. The majority rules.

GROVER CLEVELAND always shows his hand at the right time. He thinks there is something else in politics besides the terrible greed for party spoils and clamor for office, and in a speech in New York city Thursday evening, said: "If we see nothing in our victory but a license to revel in partisan spoils, we shall fail at every point. If we merely profess to enter upon our work and if we make apparent endeavor to do it, a cover for seeking partisan advantage, we shall invite contempt and disgrace. If we attempt to discharge our duty to the people without complete party harmony in patriotic action, we shall demonstrate our incompetency. I thank God that far above all doubts and misgivings and away beyond all difficulties, we may constantly see the light of hope and safety. The light we see is the illumination from the principles of true, honest and pure democracy—showing the way in all times of anger and leading us to the fulfillment of political duty and the redemption of all our pledges. This light is kindled in the love of justice and in devotion to the people's rights. It is bright in a constant patriotism and in a nation's promise. Let us not be misled to our undoing by other lights of false democracy which may be kindled in broken faith, and which shining in hypocrisy will, if followed, lure us to the rocks of failure and disgrace. If we see stern labor ahead of us, and if difficulties loom upon our horizon, let us remember that in the thickest weather the mariner watches most anxiously for his true light."

Educating Foreigners.

The statistics of the United States census bureau show that in eleven states and two territories, in 1890, there were more children between the ages of five and seventeen who were either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents than there were native white children of the same age. In several of these states and territories the disproportion was very great, so that in the public schools an American child of American parentage was almost an oddity. In the whole of the United States there are, according to the Youth's Companion, nearly five and a half million children between the ages of five and seventeen who were either born in foreign countries or have foreign parents. They are, in fact, more than one-third of all the children in the country between these ages. Every such foreign child may well be quite as good an "American" as a child whose ancestors came over in the English Mayflower, or the Dutch Goede Vrouwe. Indeed, American children of native race are often surpassed in stout "Americanism" by foreign-born children. Yet the child of foreign-born parents, who is generally without the home associations which go with long residence in the country, has much to learn at school in order to make him a thorough-going American. It is the problem of our schools to assimilate these children to an American standard of life and ideas. The number is enormous, and in any other country of the world the task might be impossible. Fortunately for us, the children of the foreign-born generally enter the doors of our public schools with the best possible disposition to become Americans.

An Expensive Fad.

The expense of collecting precious stones is great and yet fashionable women have developed a fashion for this sort of thing, and are said to make heroic sacrifices in order to gratify the new whim. Their fancy for turquoises has increased the former market value of those pretty blue stones, while no diminution in the price of pearls and brilliants seems possible until the present craze is abated. Not infrequently the idea is to possess diamonds of a particular tone, to the exclusion of all other colors—blue, rose, straw or pure white—and when that is the case the jewel box is emptied of every treasure to gratify this taste. One woman of most luxurious habits, whose heart has been ensnared by the rare beauty of yellow pearls, not only "put by her maid," as the English say, but denied herself tailor suits and imported bonnets for two seasons for the sake of these favorite gems. According to the Jewelers' Circular, a string of perfect pearls is the desire of most women's hearts, and the prettiest gift a godmother can bestow is a nucleus of such a necklet for her baptismal daughter. It is easy to add a jewel for every birthday and Christmas, so when lady baby is grown no one is the worse off for the spherical bijoux encircling her throat.

PARIS is the city of pleasure, and Paris is quite willing to pay for its pleasure. One of the Paris magazines recently contained an article on balls, and gave some interesting statistics of the average sums spent on gloves, fans and coiffures for those functions in the course of a season. The money expended on gloves is put down, counting each pair on an average of four francs, at six hundred thousand francs. Fans, of course, are articles on which any money may be spent, and in Paris especially it is considered necessary for a woman's fan to be of some actual value, historical or artistic. Fifteen million francs, therefore, is the amount put down for fans. As for the Parisian hair-dressers, they reckon their gains for the season to be about five millions of francs.

THE list of musical prodigies in Boston at present includes a young Cherokee Indian girl, who is said to be remarkably accomplished. She expects to return to the Indian territory when her education is completed as a teacher of her tribe.

A CURIOUS circumstance in connection with the recent epidemic of cholera is reported from Hamburg, Germany. It was the departure of all the birds from the city only a few days prior to the outbreak.

THE latest statistics show that of the entire number of school-teachers in the United States more than sixty-five per cent. are women.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII—NOV. 20—PAUL'S FIRST MISSIONARY SERMON.

Golden Text: To You Is the Word of This Salvation Sent—Acts XIII: 23-46.

Home Readings.

M.	The Sermon Begun	Acts xiii. 14-25
T.	The Sermon Continued	xiii. 26-37
W.	The Sermon Completed	xiii. 38-43
T.	Preaching at Lystra	xiv. 8-18
F.	Preaching at Athens	xvii. 16-31
S.	Preaching at Corinth	xviii. 1-11
S.	Justified by Faith	Rom. v. 1-11

Introductory—At the close of our last lesson we left Paul and Barnabas in Perga of Pamphylia. That they did not tarry there any great length of time is evident from various considerations. The distance from Perga to Antioch, which is to be distinguished from Antioch in Syria, was about one hundred miles. On the first Sunday after their arrival at the latter place, Paul and Barnabas went into the synagogue; and at a certain stage in the worship, in accordance with Jewish custom, they were called upon to speak any word of exhortation that they might have in their hearts.

I. The Crucified and Risen Saviour—Vers. 26-31.—26. "Men and brethren." Brother men. "Children of the stock of Abraham." Offspring of Abraham according to the flesh. "And whosoever among you feareth God." This refers to God-fearing Gentiles. "To you." Gentiles as well as Jews. "The word of this salvation." The proclamation and offer of this salvation which we preach.

27. "They that dwell at Jerusalem," etc. The apostle considerately frees the Pisidian Jews from personal participation in the guilt that had been incurred by the heads of the nation at Jerusalem. "Because they knew him not." Did not recognize him as the Messiah. "Nor yet the voices of the prophets." Which bore witness to him. See Luke xxiv. 25-27. "Which are read every Sabbath day." Since the time of Maccabees—that is, for about 150 years—the scripture selections for the synagogue services were taken out of the prophets as well as out of the books of Moses. "Fulfilled." It is one of the paradoxes of history that the ignorance of men should issue in the fulfillment of divine prophecy. "Condemning him." The rulers in the Sanhedrim, the people by their clamors before Pilate's judgment seat.

28. "Found no cause of death in him." That is, no just cause.

29. "Took him down." The soldiers concerned in the crucifixion.

30. "But God raised him from the dead." Thus attesting his claim to be the Messiah.

31. "He was seen many days." Off and on through forty days. "Of them which came up with him from Galilee." This evidently includes the apostles, the Galilean women, and some at least of the unnamed one hundred and twenty disciples.

II. Fulfilled Scriptures—Vers. 32-37—32, 33. "We declare unto you glad tidings." The word "we" is emphatic. Paul meant to say that in harmony with the testimony delivered by the "witnesses" mentioned in the preceding verse, he and Barnabas were engaged in publishing a glad message. The substance of the message was that "the promise" made in the days of the fathers had at last found a fulfillment in the days of their descendants; and this, too, not in any loose and general way, but specifically in the fact that Jesus Christ had been raised from the dead.

34. "Now no more to return to corruption." Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. "I will give you the sure mercies of David." Quoted from Isa. lv. 3. David had been promised a successor whose throne should be established forever. This promise was fulfilled in Christ.

35. "Another psalm." Psalm xvi. 10.

36, 37. The argument of these two verses is that the quotation made in verse 35 cannot apply to David, for the reason that he actually "saw corruption;" and must therefore, apply to Christ, who was raised up from the dead before the decay of his body set in.

III. The Forgiveness of Sins—Vers. 38-43.—38. "Therefore." Jesus has been shown to be the Messiah, and he is, therefore, the author of pardon and salvation. "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." That is, the forgiveness of sins having been procured through this man is preached to you as a blessed truth.

39. "All that believe." And thus comply with the one indispensable condition. "Are justified." That is, pardoned and accounted righteous.

40. "Beware." Did St. Paul at this point observe any symptoms of dissent or disapprobation in the countenance of any of his hearers? "In the prophets." The quotation that follows is from Habakkuk i. 5, with a probable reference also to Isaiah xxviii. 15.

42. "When the Jews were gone out, . . . the Gentiles besought," etc. Those of the people who were interested in what they had heard solicited further instruction.

43. "Many . . . followed Paul." Showing that his word had not been in vain. "Persuaded them." Urged them to go forward.

BREVITIES AND LEVITIES.

One of the jolliest clubs in Paris, it is stated, is one formed exclusively of deaf and dumb persons.

Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair restorer.

The Judge of the Court, questioning lady witness—Your age, madam? The Lady, in a low voice—Twenty-two. The Judge—Thirty-two, you say, madam? The Lady, quickly—No, sir; twenty-seven!

R. A. Lindsay, late of No. 3 Engine Company, Baltimore City Fire Department, says that the members of his company have used Salvation Oil in cases of sprains and soreness with most gratifying results. It is the best. Only 25c.

There is an epidemic of diphtheric croup among the children of Huntington. Ten deaths have occurred recently. Physicians are doing all in their power, but seem unable to check the disease when it is started.

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ON THE FRENCH TURF.

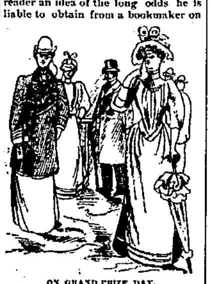
HORSE RACING IN THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.

Fine Pictures from the Great Derby Races—The Famous Grand Prize of Paris at Longchamps in the Bois de Boulogne.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS NOV. 1—"Which horse is favorite?" inquires a bettor in a whisper. "I don't know," retorts the bookmaker in a subdued tone. And as the client begins to move on the penciler will add: "Which do you want to back?" "Moulin-a-Vent!" is the reply. "Evens Moulin-a-Vent!" exclaims the bookmaker. "And Morille?" Evens also. Evens all of them, take your choice! and the client rushes off toward the ugly looking booths where the mutuals are established.

The above short dialogue will give the reader an idea of the long odds he is liable to obtain from a bookmaker on a French race track. And until the "talent" has selected an animal worthy of carrying a very considerable number of bluebacks, hundred and thousand franc bills, there is no chance of obtaining the long odds of 3 and 4 to 1 against other horses!



ON GRAND PRIZE DAY.

Is it therefore a matter of surprise to see Parisian public refraining from trading with greedy bookmakers, and are they not to be congratulated when they execute all their betting transactions at the mutuals? Indeed they are and for many reasons. Even those persons most opposed to horse racing and its inevitable accompanist, betting, look with a lenient eye nowadays on the institution of racing in France. For the general public having decided to plunge on the mutuals, the poor of all the cities of our great sister republic are the winners. The enormous amount of ten per cent deducted from all moneys taken in at the offices of the mutuals is devoted almost entirely to the hospitals, to the asylums, to the poor of France. Betting under such conditions is almost pardonable, and if at times it plays havoc with the purses of a few unfortunate gamblers, there is indeed a rosy page to each chapter of disaster and hundreds of happy ones are made every time a stake or purse is won.

To tell the truth, the pencilers have been almost driven from the French turf. They are not allowed either to "chalk up" their odds as on American tracks, or to cry them out at the top of their voices as is the custom on the English race-courses. In France the little betting that is done with the bookmakers is transacted almost in whispers, for should the penciler shout he is immediately placed under arrest, if he attempts to display his "evens" and his "odds" on a board he is hurried off to the police station and there is a station or room set aside for the authorities on every track. The bookmaker's lot is not a happy one since the recent Riotteau law has been enforced in all its vigor. The French ring has dwindled down to an assembly of a couple or score of men who are continually being hit by owners and trainers who are accustomed to "lay it on very thick" when they are confident they possess a good thing.

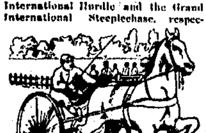
There are over one hundred race tracks in France. All the large cities and seaside spots claim at least one a piece. By far the most important tracks are to be found near Paris, quite a number of them are just without the fortifications of the gay capital, whilst the beautiful suburbs of the gay city can boast of many more. In a few words may be told the history of horse racing in France from the time of Louis XV., prior to whose reign no racing of any importance took place, down to the present day. There is a record of a big bet of ten thousand French pounds lost by a M. d'Entragues to a M. de Sallant when the latter rode from St Denis to Chantilly in less than six hours, changing his steed no fewer than twenty-seven times. But when horse racing did start in earnest betting got to be so high that nothing short of the great revolution of 1789 put an end to the scandals to which gambling gave rise. It was Napoleon I. who re-established the races by a new law in the beginning of the present century.

The French Jockey club, or Society of Encouragement for the Amelioration of Horse Racing, was founded in 1833. It was then an imitation of the English Newmarket club, Charles Zaffitte, Count Demidoff, Lord Henry Seymour, H. Delamarre (of the Delamarre family to whose credit was placed the Grand Prize of Paris in 1889 in the Vasistas at 100 to 1) were among the early members.

The French Derby is run at Chantilly on the Sunday following Ascension day during the spring meeting. The race is for 3-year-old colts over 2,100 meters, or about a mile and a half. The autumn meeting takes place in October and brings out the 2-year-olds who have made their debuts on the Normandy track at Trouville and Dieppe. The Chantilly Derby is to-day one of the principal events of the season, and although sport is no longer what it used to be in France, there are still a few "faithful," who think nothing of spending Derby week in the little city to see the early morning gallops and admire the finest French horses of the year. Chantilly preserves a stamp of elegance which is not to be met with on any other race track of France, the popular element being almost unknown in Chantilly.

The Grand Prize of Paris is run at Longchamps, in the Bois de Boulonge, just outside the fortifications, about the middle of June. It is now worth about forty thousand dollars to the winner. Between one hundred and one hundred and fifty thousand persons witness this international contest, and on the field there is space for about a couple of thousand vehicles and a hundred thousand visitors who can gain admittance by the payment of one franc, or twenty cents. Including the present year the Grand Prize of Paris has been fought out twenty-nine times! Seventeen years stand to the credit of French horses, nine times has victory gone to English, and once each to the American, Russian and Hungarian. Longchamps is a charming spot. The surrounding landscape seen from the grand stand with the Boulogne wood and the green and picturesque slopes of Bellevue, make the paddock and field of Longchamps a most elegant rendezvous. The Mount Valereien and its Roman hill and the ondulous zigzags of the River Seine complete a marvelous picture. On payment of a $1 admission fee anybody can roam about in what formerly might have been termed "sacred precincts." Workmen in their Sunday garments, employes from the banks and the Bourse, women of all classes and categories, touts and school boys, all risk their weekly earnings and sometimes more. Formerly the demi-mondaines could not gain admittance to the paddock, their friends were obliged to cross the track and stand by, or take a seat in their carriages, before the slightest proposgrivois (loose talk) could be indulged in. But now, how great the change! Longchamps has lost its aristocratic bearing. Society still continues going to the races, the crowd follows. The sight in the paddock on any important race day, be it during the spring, summer or autumn meeting, is nevertheless worth seeing. There are the representatives of society and the most elegant of women in the most expensive and extravagant of costumes. There are English lords and "foreign" Counts, Duchesses and Marquises and Barons by birth and barons of finance, aristocrats of fortune and aristocrats of talent. Bohemia and all that doubtful crowd of people who take part in everything that is "grand" but whose mode of existence would be a problem to a Balzac or a Zola.

After Chantilly and Longchamps comes Auteuil, the famous steeple chase track and the favorite one of the Parisian public. Here meetings are held almost every Sunday of the year excepting December and January, when most of the "jumpers" are sent down to the Riviera to do work at Nice and Cannes. The public, not the connoisseurs, appear to enjoy steeple chasing more than racing on the flat, not so much for the sport itself as for the surprises it occasions. In a steeple or hurdle race almost any horse has a chance to obtain a "show," and as the mutuals pay out money to the first three horses when there are eight or more starters, there is a chance of a rank outsider running third to two good jumpers and bringing in a pot of money for a small risk. The most important races at Auteuil, which is situated near Longchamps in the Bois de Boulogne, are the Grand International Hurdle and the Grand International Steeplechase, respectively, worth about $12,000 and $25,000 to successful owners. There are many other minor tracks round about the capital. Vincennes is noted for its trotting races, so is Zevallois Perrot. Maisons-Lafite is justly celebrated for wonderful straight-line track of close upon a couple of miles. St. Germain is remarked chiefly for its military races and gentlemen riders also by their skill here. It might also be mentioned that a certain number of contests are set aside at Auteuil for officers of the army, and the splendid riding and jumping of the ex-pupils of the government school of Saumur comes in for due admiration from the fair sex and a large amount of unfair critism from sporting reporters. Recently a duel was fought because a writer in one of the important Parisian dailies had somewhat harshly criticised an officer's riding, and the sword proved itself to be mightier than the pen.



BEFORE THE RACE.

FREDERICK MAYER.

IT CONQUERS ALL.

Love Laughs at Prejudices of Rank and Family in Russia.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaiewitch, of Russia, who has married, against the wishes of the Czar, his cousin, a "commoner," Mlle. Bourenine, the beautiful daughter of a tradesman at Tsarskoe Selo, the "Aldershot" of Russia, is the eldest son of the late Grand Duke Michael and the Princess Olga of Baden.

The Grand Duke is 31 years of age, and his bride 16. Naturally the Grand Duke forfeits all his rights through his marriage, according to the Czar's ukase of 1885, including his appanage of $40,000 a year; but he possesses private property.

His second brother, Michael, it may be remembered, followed a somewhat similar love course last year by marrying the Comtesse Merenberg (now the Comtesse de Torby of Luxemburg), whereby he, too, lost all his Imperial privileges, appanage, etc. The third brother, Alexander (there are six sons in all, and one daughter, Anastasia, married to the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin) is said to be betrothed to the Grand Duchess Xenia, elder daughter of the Czar.

Bombay's Water-Works.

Bombay, India, has opened magnificent new water-works, supplying the city by gravity with 31,000,000 gallons of water daily. The water is brought from a great artificial lake and passes through sixty-two miles of tunnels. The water-works, including the dam aqueducts, are among the famous engineering works of the time.

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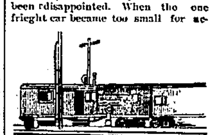
THE PEOPLE OBJECTED.

The Citizens of an Indiana Town Seek Justice from a Railroad Company.

In 1870 the people of Huntington and Fulton counties, Ind., began to be interested in a railroad from the east to the west. Promoters from abroad were assisted by public-spirited people at home in working up enthusiasm for the new line. Rochester at that time was served only by the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago, a north and south line of slender abilities, and a competing road, especially a line to Chicago, was much needed. Finally the Chicago & Atlantic was built from Lima, Ohio, to Chicago, through the counties named. It was aided in Fulton county alone to the extent of $40,599.15, and ground was donated to it for the purposes of a depot. The depot was built and the road began doing business about ten years ago. It did not thrive as it should and finally, some three years ago, passed into the Erie control. It is now called the Chicago & Erie. Rochester city is its best business point from Marion, Ohio, to Chicago. Early in the spring of 1890 the depot was burned and the company shunted a superannuated freight car upon the embers of their old station and made it the temporary depot. Citizens did not object, for they believed a new building would be erected as soon as possible. They have in that been disappointed. When the one frieght car became too small for accumulating business the company ran a second car on the grass-grown embers, and that is all the depot Rochester has had on the line since March, 1890. Repeated complaints have failed to moved the management and at the last session of the grand jury the company was indicted for maintaining a nuisance. The freight cars are shabby beyond description, are unspeakably dirty, gloomy and forbidding.



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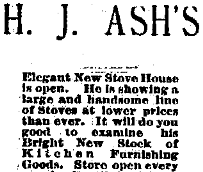

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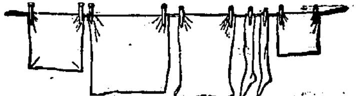

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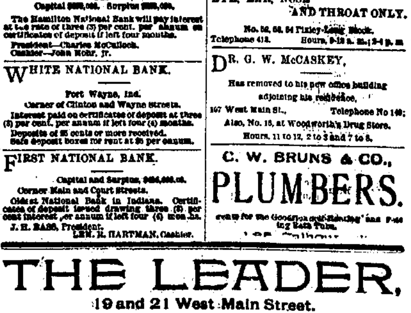

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PART SECOND. 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. PART SECOND.

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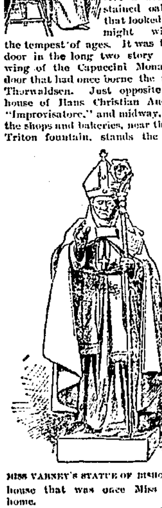
IN ROMAN STUDIOS.

TWO PICTURESQUE AMERICAN GIRL SCULPTORS.

Two Plucky Young Women Who Do Skillful Work in Marble—Miss Varney's High Art—The Long and Weary Struggle of Adelaide Johnson.

[Special Correspondence.]

ROME, NOV. 1.—One day last week, turning from the Piazza Berberini, just at the foot of that path of many artists, San Brasilio, I stopped before a heavy red stained oak door that looked as if it might withstand the tempest of ages. It was the first door in the long two story western wing of the Capuccini Monastery, a door that had once borne the name of Thorwaldsen. Just opposite is the house of Hans Christian Andersen's "Improvisatore," and midway, among the shops and bakeries, near the great Triton fountain, stands the modest house that was once Miss Alcott's home.



MISS VARNEY'S STATUE OF BISHOP RAPP.

The red oak door does not bear the name of Thorwaldsen now, but instead, very modestly written: "Luella Varney, Sculptore."

I pulled the little scarlet tasseled cord—the Roman studio latch string—that hung outside, and almost before the tinkle had died away the door was opened by such a willowy, sprite-like creature, all in silvery blue silk and old lace, her nutbrown hair clinging in tendrilly curls about her face, that I suppose I looked at her with a very inquiring and puzzled expression, for she burst into a ringing laugh. Nevertheless she was the American sculptor I had come to see.

The walls of her studio are stained a dull Pompeiian red, a color sculptors like, because it throws out the contours of their work, and have a frieze of saints and ancient inscriptions.

Through the door beyond I heard a busy click of hammers; on its other side there were working the stalwart men this American girl keeps always occupied chipping and clicking out in the rough the white and silent company her long slender fingers have fashioned.

Among the statues I noticed those of several well-known Americans—Mr. and Mrs. Paine, the father and mother of ex-Secretary Whitney's wife; a colossal full length figure of Bishop Rapp in full cononical robes and with crozier in hand (this has been cast in bronze for the cathedral in Cleveland); a bust of a New Jersey bishop, and one of Bishop Gilmore and Miss Anthony. All these were powerful portraits—not flattering or idealizing sketches. They showed that Miss Varney had a clear conception of the characteristics peculiar to each of her subjects and had fearlessly embodied them. Her courage in the line of truth was in some instances startling. There are few artists of the present day who do not soften this and accentuate that, that the result may be "artistic." But this young girl makes portraits "in veritas."

Miss Varney has been at work only seven years, but her marbles and bronzes have been placed widely, in beautiful homes, in cathedrals, in public halls and Campo Santos. Among the interesting things I saw in her studio that day was the model of a great monument which had been erected in one of the Campo Santos, the crowning figure being a strong, fearless, exquisitely refined statue of "Truth," symmetric and youthful. I saw, too, the drawing for a portrait bust of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and the "Inclination to Art," which Miss Varney is to duplicate for the Columbian exposition—a sturdy boy in artist's cap and with sculptor's tools sitting astride the shoulders of Mephistopheles (Jealousy), whose bent head he is pummeling most unmercifully with his sculptor's mallet, while he looks laughingly about with all the assurance of youthful and untried genius! Under a wet linen was Miss Varney's latest work—a marvelously strong life-sized bust of Mark Twain, which is also to be finished for the exposition. To this the young sculptor is giving unlimited time and study; it promises, even in the East, to be one of the most notable marbles. The careless toss of the mass of hair, that merry twinkle of the earnest eye, the listening, considering pose—all the characteristics of Mark Twain, will be the marble at the world's fair.

Miss Adelaide Johnson, the other of the two American girls on whom I called that day, is the very dear friend with whom Miss Varney opened her first Roman studio—the one on Via Palestro, near the Storys, who have been true friends to the pair of young artists.

Like Miss Varney, Miss Johnson was a country girl—I believe her birthplace was Plymouth, Ill. Her parents belonged among the invincibles, the "forty-niners," and the best wealth her father bequeathed her was his own working motto:

Be sure you are right, mean what you are about to do and measure it, and then don't let the whole world stop you.

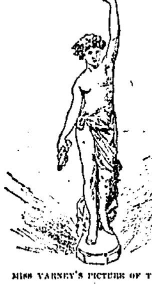
Miss Johnson was educated in St. Louis, where she entered the School of Design, and developed talent in decorative art and wood carving, winning the prizes. She enjoyed her work in wood, but wood, capable as it is of exquisite handling, was not the right medium for her strong hand. She was discontented; she knew she had energy and talent, and why waste them on wood when there was marble?

"I devoted myself to carving," she said to me, "and to the general study of interior decoration. My progress in this business was so satisfactory that I at last started for Chicago full of hope and with a sum in my pocket that was quite enough to suffice, with economy, until I could add to it from my earnings there. Just as I left the station at Chicago I found my pocket had been picked and that my savings had disappeared.

"What was I to do? Go back? Never! My way was to be made, and to be made by me alone! Still, it was not easy. Some little time before I had learned dressmaking, and had made the gowns of my mother and sister very satisfactorily for several years. So I traveled the streets of Chicago, and went to shop after shop and dressmaker after dressmaker, asking for employment. One dressmaker offered me 25 cents a day, working from 9 to 4. I kept on my way, plodding along in the dust and heat, until at last I found a sweet little person who offered me a dollar a day, with an 'afternoon off' now and then.

"At last I had saved enough to give myself entirely to my profession, so I opened a studio in Music hall. I had made some friends, and many orders came to me, and I had large classes of pupils in my studio. This was not what my heart was fixed upon, but it was a path to it. Later, with a friend, I took rooms at the Palmer house, and had just begun to really save money when fate once more rose against me. I fell down the elevator well at Music hall, a distance of fifteen feet, striking on the stone pavement of the corridor. I was bruised and battered and broken from head to foot, the wonder being that I was not instantly killed.

"I hardly realized the extent of my injuries, for I had a new class coming to me on the following Wednesday, and this class I instructed on meeting. I crawled from my bed, was carried down stairs to a hack and up stairs to my studio, where I was nearly fainting with pain. I met Dr. Pratt, who attended President Garfield so skillfully. He was surprised to see a human being in my plight attending to business. He ordered my removal to some quiet place under watchful care at once. Friends took me to their home in Hyde Park, where for months I lay stretched helpless upon my couch with heavy iron weights fastened to my broken and dislocated limbs and splints and bandages literally all over me.



MISS VARNEY'S PICTURE OF TRUTH.

"Long before I could move about on crutches my fund of 'art money' was exhausted. But my friends in Chicago rallied, and on a day in March of 1883 they gave me a splendid benefit concert that packed Music hall, and that helped substantially to care for me until the elevator law case was settled and a sum of money came into my possession that was indeed no equivalent for my pain and loss, but yet sufficient for me to start for Europe with.

"So, walking with a crutch and a cane, I purchased my steamer tickets and went to New York; but the boat had sailed, and on it my trunk containing all my clothing and my letter of credit. All boats were crowded that season, and the agents gave me little hope of an exchange. However, after awhile it was managed and I started, having with me only a few dollars. In London it was impossible for two months to get possession of my trunk and my letter of credit. There was I once again in a great, strange city, lame and nearly resourceless.

"But at last—ah, I shall never forget the day when I entered Rome, still a poor cripple who could not walk without a cane!"

When she reached Rome she took that tiny Via Palestro studio with Miss Varney.

THEO. TRACY.

Mind Your P's and Q's.

Along with the explanation that the expression mind your p's and q's originated in a printing office because of the resemblance in type of the respective letters, is another one which attributes the origin to another cause. In the early settlement of New York the old burghers had a habit of sitting around public houses "spinning yarns" and drinking ale. The score was kept on a blackboard, generally fastened to the door. On the left side of the board was marked p, on the right q, meaning pints and quarts. When one of the burghers drank a pint it was marked under the p, and when a quart under the q. When the landlord thought the account getting too long he would point to the blackboard with the remark: "You'd better mind your p's and q's."

The Electric Chair Awaits Him.

Central Office Detective John J. Carey was shot and killed by a thief in New York one night last week. The shooting occurred at a late hour. The assassin is a Chicago crook named James De Blanche, alias James Blanchard, alias David Wheeler. Blanche has been arrested and held for murder.

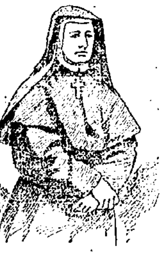
DEATH'S GRIM GATES.

AN IRISH PLACE OF REST BEFORE THE GRAVE.

Said to Be the Only Place of the Kind On Earth—In the Sweet Surroundings the Doomed Ones Wait Patiently for the Messenger.

[Special Correspondence.]

DUBLIN, NOV. 1.—The only home in all kind Christendom for the friendless dying is that established some twelve years ago by the Irish Sisters of Charity at Harold's Cross, a suburb of Dublin. "Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying" is the full title on the big brass plate at the gate. The hospices used to be the novitiate of the order. One goes up to it by an avenue overhung with chestnut trees, every one hanging out its drooping lamp of blossoms. There are green pastures on each side and a pond, where on a fine day some of the patients do some placid fishing, the men very contentedly sucking their pipes as they sit. Many of them do not show the death in their faces. Inside the hospice, though, one is now and again smitten by the sight of a dying face, pinched and livid. There are interested groups of patients discussing the newspapers in the sitting rooms, or seated about a long table eating a dinner of roast meat and vegetables like any common, robust folk. The old women are crouched by the fire watching one of their number blow up the kettle for a cup of tea and there is a heated political argument on among the men in the smoking pagoda out on the lawn.



ONE OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOSPICE.

It is hard to realize, entering the old house, that under this roof death's wings are constantly hovering. The house belonged to the Quakers, and it is brown and homely and kind, like the face of a Friend. Part of it is coated in heavy ivy, whence the windows look out—like shrewd, bright eyes—and against the glossy greenery and the old brick are brilliant window braces of scarlet and blue and yellow. The beds on the lawn are in like cheerful colors, but the old garden which used to be is mainly swept away by the long buildings which the nuns had to erect of late years, since they were thronged with creatures praying to be delivered from a lonely death.

The front rooms, kept as reception rooms, are old and sweet, with fine old-fashioned furniture and brown walls. Upstairs is a long, cheerful ward. The beds were all full last winter when I was here. Now many of the patients are able to be about, for the air is mild. Where is Judy, the very oldest inhabitant of the hospice, since she had been here nine months—poor Judy, who entertained us with a cheerful cackle as she boiled the kettle? Where is the girl who was sewing in a little antechamber, and who, till one looked closely at the hectic cheek, seemed as well as you or I? Alack, the grass is waving its green veils over them as well as over that child who lay asleep with her soft, flushed cheek in her hand, and that poor soul who panted out to us through the oppressed breathing of one dying of heart disease that she would remember us in heaven. The Inn of Strange Meetings and Partings we might call this hospice, where the guests are all birds of passage and homeward bound.

Wards and corridors are distempered in pretty blue gray with light wood panelings. The nuns look brisk and even merry when they are not tender and sympathetic. Over the fireplace of each ward is a great crucifix, and many dying faces are turned that way. There are flowers on the mantlepiece, and beside the beds there is now and again a cheerful nosegay amid the medicine bottles. The beds are snowy and soft; each has its coverlet of Italian silk in gay stripes; the bed curtains are of pink and white flowered chintz. The dying, when they are not in acute pain, lay and look at you contentedly. The Irish, perhaps, die more easily than other people. After the siege of Limerick there was one Geoffrey Barron, a gentleman of Clonmel, who was sentenced to death by Ireton. He craved a respite to visit his lodgings, and, it being granted, came again riding to the scaffold in a fine suit of white taffeta, on a splendidly comparisoned horse.

THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN COULDN'T SING SWEETER.

"If I should clothe myself finely," he said, "for an earthly bride, shall I not for my marriage with heaven?"

The Irish poor die with this firm faith; they even take a half comical interest in their own funerals.

"If I die later than Tuesday," said one I knew, "don't have the funeral till Sunday, so I'll have a big following," and another instructed her daughter to place the candles remaining from the wake on the altar of the church, that they might "light her into glory." At the hospice one felt ashamed confronting these meek sufferers, in full health and the joy of living. But they are only grateful to "the kind ladies" that come to visit them. One was a handsome, bearded, dark fellow, his profile melancholy against the pillow. He had been a sort of humble sculptor—on this very building had cut the ornamentation. "It gets into your lungs and cuts them all to pieces."

"Well, well," said the soft-voiced nun, "you are leaving no one behind, my poor boy. If you had lived longer there might have been a wife and children to make going to heaven the harder."

"True enough, sister," was the quiet reply.

Then there was the fireman who had got consumption from being wet with the fire engines, and the policeman who had taken cold on night duty. There was one terrible case of a poor woman with heart disease. "'Tis very bad indeed at times, sister," she said. "I do be askin' God to forgive me, for I've often no patience at all, at all." Then there was a boy from Wicklow sitting up in bed to hear the fluting of a bird in the big tree outside his window. "They sing that sweet sometimes," he said, "that I do be thinkin' the angels in heaven couldn't sing sweeter."

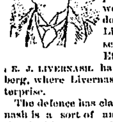
There are "paying patients" here, too, lodged in dainty and cheerful little rooms with a peaceful prospect toward the dove gray Dublin mountains. There is no limitation of creed, and side by side with an old Protestant gentleman whose wife and children were dead, there was an aged priest from the Rocky mountains who attributed his heart disease to strain in the days when he rode forty miles to the nearest of his flock. There seemed to be no pain in the presence of death, except for us who came in insolently well and happy. We could not help feeling, indeed, that they looked back at us with a happy and kindly pity from those gates beyond which lies the valley of the shadow, and for them in calm certainty the face of God. A most exquisite charity is indeed this charity to the dying. A better ante-chamber to death there might not be found than this hospital among fragrant fields full of the singing of birds, and with the mountains visible from many windows. And within the brightness and purity, and the many kind faces, and the great crucifix telling forever of a love past finding out and pointing forever to a day of resurrection.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

HYPNOTIZED IN COURT.

A Marvellous Experiment Made in the Santa Rosa Courts.

The trial of Edward J. Livernash at Santa Rosa, Cal., last week, was marked by a scene new to California courts and probably all courts. Livernash was called to the witness stand, duly sworn and then placed in the hypnotic state by an expert. Thus he told and acted again the emotions that preceded the commencement of his crime. Livernash is a young man, known as a brilliant writer and newspaper man. He has edited with success and credit several interior papers, and was once on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle. Some weeks ago, it is charged, he endeavored to make an old man named Darius Etheridge, himself slightly demented, drink a glass of wine so heavily loaded with prussic acid that it would have killed a dozen men. Then Livernash fired several shots at Etheridge. This happened at Healdsberg, where Livernash edited the Enterprise.



E. J. LIVERNASH.

The defence has claimed that Livernash is a sort of anti-hypnotist, and that in his somnambulistic condition he is pratically a lunatic, with a mania for killing people, or "reincarnating" them, as he calls it. Dr. Gardner was called by the defence to hypnotize Livernash, and the prosecution summoned Dr. Wachendorf, an expert on insanity, to watch the witness patient. The court-room was cleared.

A few passes produced hypnosis. Livernash's eyes were half shut and his face grew paler. Pins were driven into his hands, cheek and ear, but he did not wince. The prosecution's expert was incredulous, and aimed a blow at the patient's face. There was no sign.

Then Livernash rambled on like a half-drunken man. He told all about his movements before the shooting, and described the crime, saying he fired forty-three times at Etheridge because the latter refused to will him all his property. The prosecution asked questions and Livernash answered readily. He said that Etheridge was really a 'Frisco police justice, who had convicted Livernash of masquerading in women's clothes.

Then the hynoptist called Livernash back to his normal state. The patient winced as he pulled the pins out of his flesh. His manner changed and he became alert, keen and suspicious.

The Brabo Family.

Mrs. Cerelo Brabo, aged 60, and the mother of ten children, eloped from Cleveland, Ohio, five weeks ago with Charles Seilburg, aged 23. They were tracked to Buffalo, N. Y., recently, where, a few days since, Mr. Brabo found them living under the name of Mr. and Mrs. James Ford. Mrs. Ford positively declined to go back to Brabo, whom she claims made life very unpleasant for her. Brabo said he didn't care, but he wanted the children, but Mrs. Ford said she guessed she'd keep them.

A Veteran Sailor.

One who has seen fifty years' service in the navy or army ought to be permitted to retire. Boatswain John C. Thompson, United States navy, who has been attached to the Brooklyn navy yard for the past fifteen years, has been placed on the retired list. Boatswain Thompson is a veteran of the Mexican war and has seen fifty-two years of active service.

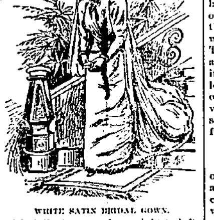
WOMAN AND HOME.

MANY HELPFUL HINTS FOR FAIR ONES.

The Prevailing Fashion Sketched in Pen and Ink—A Costume for a Bride—A Tiny Head Piece—Useful Recipes for the Home.

For a Bride.

Sweet simplicity is what is striven for by the bride of now. The dress is of white satin merveilleau; ruching of white silk round throat, sleeves and edge of train; sprays of orange blossom round front of skirt, and large bunch in place of a brooch. Bodice with full drapery from right to left, finished at the side with a spray of orange blossom. Long tulle veil over small wreath.



WHITE SATIN BRIDAL GOWN.

Some Special Points.

It must be remembered in an evening dress that while, of course, one wishes one's skirts to look well, the greatest attention to detail is paid to the bodice. A fancy exists for draping materials around the waist, especially when the figure is slender, in such a way that no fastening is visible. When this is done the home dressmaker will be wisest if she catches the folds here and there on the bodice lining; let the losing be with hooks and eyes at one side, well under the arm, where the folds lap over sufficiently to hide it. Of course, it will be necessary to fasten this lapping-over place with a pin or two, for although I do not advocate pins on walking costumes, still, it must be confessed that I see where their use comes in on an evening costume, when it would be impossible to place a permanent fastening. Old pictures are copied and original ideas sought for the evening bodice, and the result is that this season more than ever before, much individuality is seen among them. The woman who is a clever designer herself can do much to assist her friends, and the other woman who has an acquintance some well-known artist who will give her ideas for her gown, feels that she posses a greater jewel than even the most famous one owned by the Queen of England.

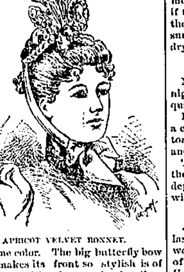
A Graceful Rose-Bud Costume.

The material used for this is a pale rose-colored delaine, the skirt, which fits rather smoothly in front, having just sufficient fulness in the back to make it graceful. At the lower edge is a kilted flounce of pink chiffon, and over this are arranged loops and knots of pink ribbon of a deeper shade. The bodice, is high, fits the figure gracefully, and has for its decoration a plaited frill of chiffon—each group of plaits being caught with a knot of ribbon, the whole strip being worn as a fichu might be, and draped in at the waist, where it is caught by the waist ribbon of pink. The full sleeves are of the chiffon, tied at the elbows with a band and knots of ribbon, long gloves of pale, rose-colored undressed kid coming up to meet them. The hair is parted in the center, drawn back in a low knot at the back, where it is fantastically tied with a pink ribbon. This is at once a simple, inexpensive and extremely dainty dress, being really just what I call it—a rose-bud gown.

A rosebud gown is one that in material and design suits a young girl, a combination that is necessary for her to be artistically, which means well dressed.

A Tiny Headpiece.

One of the prettiest bonnets seen in the shop windows this season is shown in the picture. Its body is apricot velvet and its satin ribbon strings are of the same color. The big butterfly bow that makes its front so stylish is of black lace. The aigrette is of yellow apricot.



APRICOT VELVET BONNET.

Materials in Vogue for Evening.

The various light gauzes, tulles, net and all the fairy-like looking stuffs are devoted to the young girl in society. In making a tulle gown, it must be remembered that its fullness is part of its beauty, and that after the two outer skirts of tulle, which should be rather fine, there is one of coarser tulle, then one of net and then the foundation, which may, by-the-by, be of silk, or if that expense is not cared for, a dull, somewhat stiff net lining may be chosen that will not show through the thin fabrics.

In wool materials the feshion of last season, that of using broadcloth, is likely to obtain even more than it did last year, though cashmere, Henrietta cloth and all of the soft wool fabrics will, of course, have a decided vogue. Velvet, unless it should be in the form of a bodice or a jacket, it is not considered in good taste for young women, and neither is brocade. The soft delaines, which have a little more body than nun's veiling, are noted and developed into exceedingly pretty toilets.

Tails of Animals for Winter Wear.

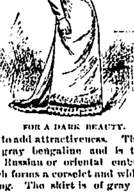
A good deal of uncertainty seems to prevail as to the likely supply of seal skins, but a recent feature in the fur trade, says an English paper, is the liberal resort to the use of tails of animals, which at one time were regarded as being of very second-rate importance. The most urgent demand for tails would appear to be in the instance of ermine. But the point only, being jet black, is inserted, after the well-known fact of their introduction, at intervals—in reality, the ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family not actually consisting of the tail of the ermine, but of the black Astrakhan lamb or other suitable black fur. Squirrel tails are, however, largely used, and one or two millions of these find their way annually into the market, as well as martens' tails, which really make a beautiful fur. The musquash tail is also a large article of commerce, the musquash tail itself being perhaps the best natural low-priced fur that finds its way into our market and far superior in point of wear to the dyed rabbit skins that are sold in black and brown lustered goods familiar to the trade.

A New Style Shoe.

A new style of shoe for women, and one bearing a fanciful trade name, is a high cut with a buttoned strap fastening. It is made of steel-gray suede, with low vamp and scanty back-piece of patent leather. Suede seems to be popular yet, and, like ooze calf, appears to best advantage in quite low foxings of patent leather, by which means less of the soft, dainty-colored material is concealed. The low, oval, back-piece is much used in fancy shoes, in place of the regular full-height quarter, and produces a pretty effect.

With an Oriental Cast.

The craze for things oriental still goes merrily on. It even appears in the fashioning of gowns. The dress shown in the picture has just enough of it to add attractiveness. The waist is of gray bengaline and is trimmed with Russian or oriental embroidery, which forms a corselet and wide band edging. The skirt is of gray velvet, with two rows of the embroidery at the bottom. The collarette is trimmed with braid to match the other adornments.



FOR A DARK BEAUTY.

When Washing Windows.

Always wash the inside first. Dust the panes carefully with a soft duster before using any water. Be sure that the pail you are using is clean, that the water is clean and that the cloth which you intend to use is clean and soft, and free from lint. To half a pail of water, which should be lukewarm, add a tablespoonful of ammonia. Dry each pane as soon as washed; to remove the dirt from the corners use a sharp pointed stick covered with a cloth. When the panes happen to have dashes of white paint upon them, try scraping them gently with a copper cent. When the panes are all thoroughly clean and dry polish them with a soft chamois skin. As soon as the windows are washed the sills should receive attention, and the shades and curtains should be arranged neatly.

Science in Cooking Beef.

If the correspondent who asks how she can have her roast beef brown on the outside and rare and juicy within will put her beef into a very hot oven at first, keeping the temperature as high as three hundred and fifty degrees or more for half an hour, then reducing the heat to about two hundred and fifty degrees for the remainder of the time of cooking, she will attain the desired result. Of course, the meat must be basted as often as every fiteen minutes.

The great heat at first hardens as well as browns the surface of the meat. This keeps in the juices. But if the high temperature be continued the hardening process goes beyond the surface, and the result will be a hard, dry and stringy piece of meat.

Useful Household Hints.

Milk is better for being kept over night in small tins than if a larger quantity is kept over in one vessel.

It is better to keep baked pastry in a cupboard rather than in a refrigerator, as it would be apt to get damp and heavy in the latter place.

To keep jellies from moulding cover them over with pulverized sugar to a depth of a quarter of an inch. They will keep for years if this is done.

Another New Jersey Mystery.

Joseph Sasse, a cranberry picker, last week found the body of an Italian woman aged about 35 years, in a clump of bushes near Hammonton, N. J. Her throat and neck were terribly gashed and the clothing was torn from her body and scattered through the bushes. There were evidences of a struggle, and it is believed the woman, whose name is unknown, was murdered while defending herself from assault. The victim had been picking berries in this neighborhood for several weeks and is supposed to have come from Philadelphia. The deed was committed several days ago.

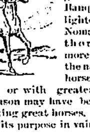
"Penury and Wretchedness" with £7,000.

While waiting for mass one Sunday morning in Bray Roman Catholic chapel, near Dublin, a tailor nearly 65 years of age, named Michael Keenan, was seized with a fit and died in a few minutes in the chapel yard. The old man's house was in a frightful condition of filth and gave evidence of the greatest penury and wretchedness, but a search revealed deposit receipts and other certificates to the value of nearly £7,000. Keenan had many distant relations.

KINGS AND QUEENS.

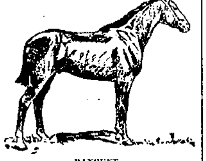
HORSES THAT BECAME FAMOUS IN 1892.

Banquet, Lamplighter, Tammany and Others—The Two Latter May Meet on One of the Big Courses Next Year.



TURFMEN WILL long harbor feelings of admiration for the brilliant and gallant efforts of Banquet, Lamplighter, and, later, Nomad. Never were thoroughbreds more worthy of the name; never did horses strive more grimly or with greater pertinacity. The season may have been fruitless in presenting great horses, but it has not served its purpose in vain.

At the outset the aspect of the "all aged" division was a decidedly gloomy one. The same "stars" of the previous year seemed to hold all the new additions to their ranks perfectly safe. There seemed no likelihood that Kingston, Longstreet, Raceland and Judge Morrow would have to acknowledge the supremacy of the previous years' three-year-olds—Russell, Reckon, Pessara, Poet Scout, Bermuda, the Ehret contingent, or Strathmeath, and certainly Banquet never entered one's mind as a dangerous element. To resort to a hackney saw, "tempora mutantur," however, and from being a horse of second class pretensions Banquet, as the season advanced, became transformed into the crack of his division. Always a consistent horse—in fact one of the most consistent performers that ever put head through bridle—the unsexed brother to Tea Tray displayed such a marvellous improvement as compared with his previous essays that many shrewd turfmen declared it the result of lack of ability on the part of his opponents. That Raceland has never retained his 1889 form is highly probable. Furthermore, Kingston's contests were not in Banquet's province, and Longstreet's forelegs were in such a precarious condition that, as far as his three companions were concerned, Banquet had a clear field. Then again Judge Morrow is probably not within ten pounds of high class form, and of the four-year-old division only the uncertain Reckon and the none too robust Poet Scout have shown a genuine inclination to go over a mile and a quarter. Therefore, as far as the more matured division is concerned, those who declare Banquet has fallen into easy times are not speaking unreasonably, but to discount their unfavorable diagnosis are Banquet's struggles with the three year Lamplighter. No matter how much one may discredit the caliber of the all aged brigade, it is impossible not to recognize the sterling quality of the Rancocas colt. The latter, it is true, always proved too much for M. F. Dwyer's gelding, but only after bitter and hard fought struggles. For this reason Banquet's improvement must be accepted, but that it is of the phenomenal nature some admirers would have is taking too liberal a view of this game piece of horseflesh.



BANQUET.

St. Florian, who commenced the season in brilliant fashion, broke down badly just as he seemed likely to hold the aspirants of his age safe. So that of the three cracks as 2-year-olds not one remained to battle for the rich prizes.

In their absence, however, others have come forward to uphold the honor of the 3-year-old division, and Lamplighter, Tammany and Yorkville Belle cannot be considered unworthy of taking their place.

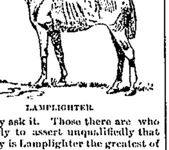
Under the circumstances the question arises:

Is Lamplighter king?

Has Lamplighter effectually settled the question of 3-year-old supremacy for 1892?

Yes and no.

Affirmatively and negatively will your question be answered whenever you may ask it. Those there are who are ready to assert unqualifiedly that not only is Lamplighter the greatest of the 3-year-olds of the season just ended, but that he is the peer of any colt that was ever foaled. Others are more than ready to quibble. He was beaten by St. Florian, with a difference of weight in his favor. He never disposed of Tammany or Yorkville Belle. Had such colts as His Highness and Victory stood up or even had The Pepper maintained his spring form the star of Lamplighter would never have attained such an ascendancy. What really high-class colt of his age has he beaten? He has been defeated by such common cattle as Pactolus, Fidelio, and Pickpocket, says the New York Herald.



LAMPLIGHTER.

There are a thousand and one objections as there have been against every colt that has forced its way to the front, and it seems the greatest pity that it has been impossible to get the best of the year together and have them fight it out.

Tammany's achievements were all made in his own domain. He never ventured outside of the 3-year-old class, and in it he defeated all that he met. Charada once beat him by a "fluke," and that was the only occasion on which he failed to finish in front. He defeated other 3-year-olds with the greatest ease, and his admirers on this account argue that he must be a great horse. Yet he never had a horse to take his measure, unless it was in the Jerome Stakes at Morris Park, when Yorkville Belle made him stretch his neck for a moment or two near the end.

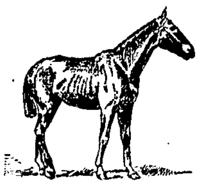
In stakes where both Tammany and Lamplighter were eligible—and they were few—the "peer of Salvator" invariably remained in his stable. Pierre Lorillard was not the man to decline a contest, even though defeat might hover before him, but "Matt" Byrnes never did accept a race unless he thought he had the best of it.

Thus it was that Lamplighter and Tammany never met, and it must be left to their 4-year-old form to decide which is the better. And then, whatever the decision may be, it can have no bearing on their careers as 3-year-olds. The whole thing must ever be unsatisfactory, except to those who believe that by invariably beating such cracking good horses as Banquet, Strathmeath, Kingston, Montana and others, Lamplighter is entitled to a higher rank than Tammany, who beat only such as Yorkville Belle, The Pepper, Azra and a lot of crippled or second class 3-year-olds.

The fall meeting at Morris Park inclined one to pin faith in some youngsters that have so far nothing of particular merit to their record. The colt by Prince Leopold—Carmen—is a fine strapping chestnut of beautiful length and smoothness of outline, whose size and late development would preclude him from being a smart 2-year-old. That he should improve with age, however, there seems every reason and if he only goes on in the right way he should certainly prove a good colt.

Two others in the same stable—Knight and the Annie F. colt—are likely to make great advancement before next season begins, more especially the last named, whose grand stride and beautiful action when in motion should do him in good stead over a distance ground.

Others who will unquestionably earn a reputation next year are Sir Francis, Wornser, Young Arion and Runyan, all of whom should be disputing supremacy for some of the stakes. Their companion, Don Alonzo, will probably find five furlongs more to his liking than a mile, while his rivals, Dr. Rice and Sir Walter, underwent such severe preparations during the first half of the season that they will, in all probability, be some time recovering from the effects.



TAMMANY.

Considering everything, [illegible]h the year has been far from [illegible]n good 2-year-olds, it seems more than probable that their ability as 3-year-olds will show a marked improvement, and it is with no little amount of confidence that I look forward to a strong contingent of 3-year-olds for the season of 1893.

FOOTBALL.

The Harvard team will play the Manhattan A.C. at Cambridge, Nov. 12.

Wyllis Terry, the old Yale football player, is coaching this year's team.

Guy Richards, captain of Yale's '85 eleven, is a successful lawyer of New York City, with an office in Pine street.

Hinkey of Yale is regarded by experts as the best rusher in the country. He is a better player than Cunnock or "Kid" Wallace ever was.

Nobody seems to know whether Harvard will play Princeton this year or not. Such a game would round out the college championship series nicely, as Princeton has an excellent eleven.—Sporting Life.

An interstate football league has been formed by the Portsmouth High school and Hampden academy of New Hampshire, and the high schools of Newburyport and Amesbury, Mass.

Winter is the dangerous rusher on the Yale eleven this year, with Laurie Bliss in the same class. Graves and Butterworth are also fast. McCormick is a better quarter back than Barbour of last year's team.

Capt. Vance McCormick of the Yale football eleven, laid the foundation of his football knowledge at Andover preparatory school. He appeared on the Yale field for practice for the first time in his sophomore year. He is a 93 man.

Rumor has it that J. W. Spalding of the New York baseball club, is endeavoring to secure the Yale and Princeton Thanksgiving day game for the Polo ground. It is claimed that more people can be accommodated there than at Manhattan field, providing the necessary stands around the field are erected.

Pensions in Denmark.

The law of Denmark now gives to every Danish subject, man or woman, the right to a pension at 60 years of age, except in cases of convicted criminals, of those who have fraudulenty made over their property to relatives, of those who have brought themselves to distress by extravagance, or who have during the preceding ten years received relief from the parish, or who have been convicted of mendicity. The parish examines each case and reports the amount of relief to be granted. It may be withheld if the beneficiary becomes ineligible through misconduct or improper expenditure of his pension or if he marries. The state contributes half the expense of the parish in distributing relief provided the expenditure does not exceed $270,000 each year from '91 to '95 and $550,000 in subsequent years. There is no appeal from the decision of the parish authorities.

A Vanished Lake.

Salton lake, which so suddenly appeared a few month ago in the Colorado desert, has entirely disappeared, and its bed is now covered with luxuriant verdure.

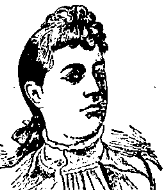
THEY ARE MISSING.

MYSTERY SURROUNDING RECENT DISAPPEARANCES.

SAD CASE OF GEORGIE MARRS, A BLUE GRASS BELLE.

Disappointed in Love She Leaves Her Home and is Not Heard from Again—Pretty Ida Roach, a New York Lass, Also the Heroine of a Deep Mystery.

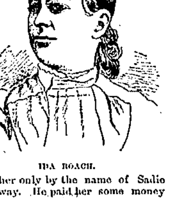
THE DISAPPEARANCE of Georgia Marrs, a pretty young girl of Louisville, Ky., reveals a romantic story of love and disappointment to which is added a tragic shade, for her family believe that she has met death by starvation and that her body is lying disfigured and neglected in some lonely spot among the hills around the city. She suddenly disappeared from the home of her sister, Mrs. Louise Oberle, the other day, between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening and has not been seen since. About two years ago she answered an advertisement in a newspaper for a correspondent. A reply came back signed by John Tuck of some town in Wisconsin. John had the art of love-making down to perfection and he wooed so sweetly that he fairly won the heart of Miss Marrs. But the sequel shows that he was only trifling with the affections of his fair correspondent. Miss Marrs' people objected to her corresponding with a man she had never seen and knew nothing about. But she persisted, and soon they became engaged, the time of marriage being set for May 10, when Tuck was to visit her and the wedding take place. The deluded girl made preparations for the wedding, but instead of her lover a letter came saying he was detained on business. New promises were made and again broken, until finally her parents insisted on her stopping the correspondence. The girl was madly in love, and this abrupt ending of her hopes seemed to unsettle her reason. She then acted very strangely and at last disappeared. Her home is on the outskirts of Louisville. Her friends have searched the river hills, and the police have exhausted every clew. Her family believe that she has wandered off and, becoming exhausted and helpless, has starved to death or has fallen into the river. She was 20 years of age, dark hair and eyes and was dressed in black when she disappeared.



GEORGIE MARRS.

From New York comes a story to the effect that pretty Ida Roach, aged 16, furnishes the latest case of mysterious disappearance. She left the home of her mother on the afternoon of Oct. 12 last, to visit relatives as she said. Last week her mother reported to the police that her daughter had not been seen by anybody, known to her, since the day of the Columbian celebration.

It turns out that Ida had been in the habit of visiting the residence of a wealthy banker, where she had formerly been employed as a domestic. On Oct. 12 she was seen to enter the office of the bank in Wall street. When the banker was asked about this he became greatly excited and said he knew no such person. Afterwards he admitted that she called, but said he knew her only by the name of Sadie Greenway. He paid her some money he owed her and she went away. The police are inclined to the belief that the banker knows what became of her. The detectives say she has undoubtedly been foully dealt with, as her disappearance would prevent an exposure of considerable magnitude and special interest in financial circles.



IDA ROACH.

Flowers by the Pound.

Immense flower plantations exist in almost every department of the south of France, but the Riviera is especially devoted to this type of dainty agriculture, writes Lady Hamilton Hooper in an extensive article on "The Perfumes of France" in the November Ladies' Home Journal. Grasse, Nice and Cannes and the neighboring villages provide the greater part of the perfumes of commerce. Each city has its special product. Nice supplies violets and orange blossoms, as does also Cannes, and the latter place is also famous for its roses and tuberoses and jessamine. Grasse supplies large quantites of the three last-named flowers. The quantity of orange blossoms gathered annually on the Riviera amounts to the astonishing weight of one million and a quarter pounds. After that one learns without surprise that the violet crop of Nice is 60,000 per pounds per annum.

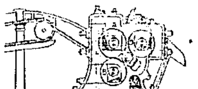
THINGS SCIENTIFIC.

NEW INVENTIONS OF RECENT ORIGIN.

A Sugar Cane Mill That Is Said to Be a Great Improvement—A New Hydraulic Ram—A Various Assortment of Wonders.

An Improved Sugar Cane Mill.

The cane mill shown in the illustration is designed to use the crushing power to the greatest advantage, without injuring the headstocks, the mill also proving very economical of power in comparison with the work done. It is said that one of these mills recently erected in the Island of Barbadoes has proved a complete success, extracting 71 per cent out of 100 pounds of cane, or very nearly equal to that ordinarily obtained by double crushing with two mills of three rollers each. The mill forms the subject of a patent recently granted. The two top rollers, A and D, are secured by horizontal bolts, which may be tightened up by means of nuts on their ends, and vertical bolts secure the lower roller, B, these bolts having collars on their lower ends and tightening nuts on their upper ends. In the headstock, opposite roller B, is a tongued and jointed removable piece, to facilitate removing the latter roller when desired without taking down the mill. The cane, after passing between the front or entrance rollers, A B, is passed up between the two top rollers, A D, the juice pressed out passing down by its own gravity and being conducted to a suitable receptacle. To guide the cane from the entrance rollers upward between the top rollers, A D, a corrugated roller, C, is driven by suitable gearing to travel at the same velocity as the other rollers, pushing the cane upward to undergo the final crushing. By means of a screw bolt with a nut on its outer end the corrugated rollers may be adjusted to give the friction required to pass the partially crushed cane upward. Suitably arranged guides prevent the passing of the cane to the bearings of the rollers, and to prevent the bagasse from being carried over to the feeding side of roller A, a hinged hood is held in contact with the surface of the latter roller by a weighted lever. All parts of the mill are easy of removal, and the bearings may be conveniently lubricated, while the liability of any breakage of the headstock is reduced to a minimum.



SUGAR CANE MILL.

Welding Brass and Other Metals.

The welding and spinning of brass and other metals by what is known as the Bevington process has been endorsed by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, to the extent of granting one of the only three medals issued by the society during the last thirty years. This method consists, briefly, in the welding of the metals by forcing them into rapidly revolving dies, where they are softened by frictional heat and united end to end as in ordinary welding, or forced into one homogeneous mass, as solid as if cast into one piece. Brass and copper may thus be welded, which has heretofore been considered impossible. In this manner tubes of all kinds and of any length or thickness can be readily formed, and the ends of short tubes be as neatly joined as if they had been made in one piece.

A Furnace Improvement.

An improvement in the construction of annealing furnaces has been introduced by some of the London metallurgists, and by means of which, as it appears, a prompt action and considerable saving are insured, the method being applicable alike to sheet annealing, hollow ware, malleable iron, and sheet tin or steel—in the case of the first named the time being shortened by some 50 per cent.—besides other advantages. In order to secure such results the furnace is made to consist of four outer walls, within which, by the erection of two side walls and one end wall, is a second furnace, or annealing oven. The flames and heated gases from the outer space pass through numerous perforations in the two side walls into the middle chamber, and after traveling through all this space, escape by bottom flues, furnished with dampers, to the chimney stack. Only one fire is used, and the pot containing the articles to be annealed by this arrangement subjected to a uniformly distributed heat, as the result of which the pot does not suffer from undue strains of buckling and in consequence it lasts no longer time. The uniform distribution of the heat obtained by this means insures annealing in a shorter time, and likewise causes a reduced consumption of fuel, both of which are important considerations.

Chlorine in Wool.

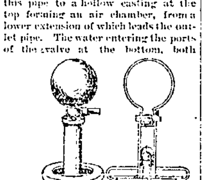
Attention is called by a writer in the Textile Mercury to the fact that wool which has been treated with chlorine acquires a stronger affinity for mordants and dyestuffs, and, in consequence, is dyed much deeper shades than untreated wool. This being the case, care should be taken in so treating wool that too much bleaching powder be not used, from two to one-half per cent of the weight of the wool being quite sufficient, this to be made into a clear solution, acidified with sulphuric acid, the wool being worked in this for thirty minutes, rinsed in water, and then dyed in the usual manner. It is also remarked that, for dyeing mordant-dyeing coloring matter, a preliminary treatment with chlorine is a great improvement; that is, much deeper shades can by this means be obtained, due to the simple fact that the wool takes up the mordant very much better than untreated wool—with the exception of those dyestuffs which require copperas for a mordant, as is the case with the gambines, when, instead of green, a brown is obtained, and the same may be said of logwood.

For Stilling Waves.

The latest device, probably, for the stilling of waves by artificial methods, is one to which the attention of the French salvage society, Paris, has recently been directed by M. Allesandro, and which consists in covering the proximate surface of the sea with a peculiar description of non-submergible and imputrescible thin netting. According to the account given the material in question is a reticular fabric which does not rise sensibly above the surface, nor does it offer resistance to the winds—its action, as claimed, being simply playing the part of a bed of oil, in that it has the effect of subduing the waves and thus rendering navigation safer as well as less difficult. This idea, it seems, originated in the frequently observed calm produced by the floating seaweed, technically known as filum, which is met with in such quantities in various parts of the North sea. The netting referred to is said to imitate exactly the nature and characteristic of that marine plant of the algæ class, and experiments with it have been made on an extensive scale. In one instance a surface of this netting 1,000 yards square, with a mesh of five centimetres, and edged with a strong bolt rope, was used, the results being extremely satisfactory.

An Improved Hydraulic Ram.

A simple and compact ram, by which water may be elevated to a considerable height by a stream having but a small fall, the water being discharged in a continuous flow, is shown in the accompanying illustration. In the lower end of the inlet pipe is a valve with a central hub screwed on the lower end of the piston rod extending upward within a hollow interior piston rod or pipe, the lower end of latter being screwed or otherwise secured to the top of a piston reciprocating in the large lower cylinder, around the bottom edge of which are the outlet valves. The interior pipe piston working in the central smaller pipe, or pump barrel, has at its upper end a check valve, and a ball valve rests in the passage from this pipe to a hollow casting at the top forming an air chamber, from a lower extension of which leads the outlet pipe. The water entering the ports of the valve at the bottom, both pistons being imperforate, flows up through the piston of the large lower cylinder, and into and through the interior pipe piston, entering also the smaller central pipe, or pump barrel, the water raising the large piston, and its upward movement carrying with it the interior pipe piston, forcing the water past the ball valve and into the discharge chamber. As the large piston reaches a point near the top of its cylinder the central valve rod is raised, closing the inlet and opening the outlet ports, until the dropping of the large piston again opens the inlet and closes the outlet ports. Around the central valve rod is a spiral rod to prevent excessive shock in the working of the ram. The combined pressure from beneath and the air pressure from above are designed to cause the water to flow from the discharge pipe in a steady stream.



HYDRAULIC RAM.

India Rubber Pavements.

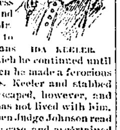
Some new ideas have lately attracted attention in the matter of pavements. Among these is the paving of a bridge by a German engineer with India rubber, the result having been so satisfactory as to induce its application on a much larger scale, a point in its favor being that it is more durable than asphalt, and not slippery. In London a section of roadway under the gate leading to the departure platform of the St. Pancras terminus has for some time past been paved with this material, with the effect of deadening the sound made when being pressed over on wheels, besides the comfortable elasticity afforded to foot passengers. Another material which is being satisfactorily introduced for this purpose is composed of granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks, and which are laid like bricks or wood paving, the special advantage secured in this case being that of elasticity: in roadways it furnishes a fine foothold for horses, and at the same time does away, to a great degree, with the noise which commonly accompanies city traffic. In Australia this method has been resorted to with excellent results.

SHE IS ONLY FOURTEEN.

And Is the Complainant in a Sensational Divorce Suit.

Pretty little Ida Keeler of Milwaukee at the age of 14 years had had so much experience with matrimony that she applied to Judge Johnson, in the Circuit court there, for a divorce. The defendant, Ida's husband, was a soldier thirty years ago, and is now nearly 70 years of age. He wooed and won Ida in the fall of 1891, and on Nov. 18 of that year they were married.

They had not been married long when the veteran began to show signs of intense jealousy. He objected because Mrs. Keeler did not comport herself with the dignity of amature married woman, and occasionally showed a fondness for dolls and blind man's buff. Mr. Keeler resorted to spanking as a means of discipline, which he continued until Jan. 6, 1892, when he made a ferocious attack upon Mrs. Keeler and stabbed her. The girl escaped, however, and since that time has not lived with him. The other day when Judge Johnson read the papers in the case and ascertained the ages of the parties to the suit he paused and looked at the complainant. He thought the matter over a few moments and then announced that Mrs. Keeler wasn't old enough to get a divorce in his court, even if she was a matron by law. As a minor, she was incompetent to bring suit. He accordingly dismissed the complaint, and ordered the infant matrimonial prodigy to engage a guardian, through whom she might secure a divorce.



IDA KEELER.

A Stitch in Time Saves Nine

Is true of old coats and mouths. When the former shows the first defect take a "stitch," and always keep the mouth right by using SOZODONT. It costs less for a new coat than a set of teeth. False teeth are not as pleasant as natural ones.

Thanksgiving Day.

The Nickel Plate will sell excursion tickets on November 23 and 24 at special rates. Liberal return limits.

12-15-19-21-22-w16-23

Etchings, 20x30, Artist Proof, 65c.

15-17-19 **SIEMON & BRO.**

Neptune's Steeds.

Hark to the wild nor'easter!
That long, long booming roar,
When the Storm King breathes his thunder
Along the shuddering shore,
The shivering air re-echoes
The ocean's weird refrain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

No hand nor voice can check them,
These stern steeds of the sea,
They were not born for bondage,
They are forever free,
With arched crests proudly waving,
Too strong for human rein,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

With rolling emerald chariots
They charge the stalwart strand,
They gallop o'er the ledges
And leap along the land;
With deep chests breathing thunder
Across the quivering plain
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

Not with the thrill of bugles,
But roar of muffled drums
And shrouded sea weed banners
That mighty army comes.
O, the harbor bars are moaning
A wail of death and pain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

Well may the sailor women
Look out to see the lee,
And long for absent lovers,
Their lovers on the sea.
Well may the harbored seamen
Neglect the sails and seine
When the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

How sad their mournful neighing,
That wailing, haunting sound;
It is the song of sorrow,
A dirge for dead men drowned.
Though we must all go seaward,
Though our watchers wait in vain,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Will homeward come again.

Manners in the Dance.

Conspicuous mannerisms in dancing are offensive to good form, writes Mrs. Burton Harrison. I refer to certain tricks of holding the left arm and hand, of carrying the train of the dress (which should be of what is called "dancing length," and then be forgotten utterly), of dipping the knees when waltzing, etc. These habits, contracted through heedlessness, perhaps, have been seen to mar the otherwise charming grace of maidens whose youth and beauty called attention to their movements on the floor. A dancing master in New York, whose pupils are known throughout Europe for their admirable form, would never tolerate an approach to either affectation or hoydenism among the young ladies of his classes. Most of these girls had afterward occasion to discover that what he first taught them was of the first importance in shaping the verdict of the jury of chaperones, who, sitting on the benches around ball-room walls, make or mar a maiden's claim to place in the front ranks of good society.

One can touch here with but the dip of a swallow upon the matter of gowns worn unduly low-cut in dancing. So obvious is the offense of this fashion against a woman's finest feelings of propriety that it would seem hardly requisite to lay down laws by which to control it. A girl so equipped in dancing, appears, more than at any other time, to the eye of the casual looker-on, to challenge criticism that, could she read minds, would dye her cheek with maidenly blushes. The dressmakers, often to blame in sending home at the last moment bodices so tightened in the seams as to make the wearers miserable with the consciousness of unintended display, should be controlled in this respect more stringently by their customers. It is quite possible, by a judicious management of darts and seams, to obviate this most inartistic as well as offensive cut of decollete gowns.

Emma Thursby's First Song.

One evening Mr. Thursby invited me to come and spend the evening with him and a member of the church to talk over the possibilities of a church concert, in order to raise a fund for a new church organ, says Miss Thursby's first teacher. After some talk it was finally agreed that I should undertake the management of the concert, and would use my best endeavors to secure voluntary talent. I had about completed my list when the thought occurred to give Emma a place on the program, notwithstanding all the other performers were adults. I immediately called on her father and mother and suggested the idea. It was met with all sorts of objections about her extreme youth, her lack of musical education, etc. Her father said she knew nothing to sing, and there would be no time to teach her anything. Then all the performers were adults, and the idea of a mere child, no matter how precocious, appearing in a program with singers of experience and ability was preposterous. I then proposed if her father and mother consented I would take Emma under instruction and teach her to sing two songs properly before the time of the concert. After much urging their consent was given, and the next day I began my duty as Emma's instructor. She was not only very tractable and attentive, but enthusiastic. Her memory was very acute, so that I scarcely had occasion to repeat the instruction of the day previous. She went at her study with energy and determination to succeed. She committed the words to memory of the song I selected for her, as well as the melodies before the expiration of the first week, and by the time the concert took place she was perfect in word and melody.

Practical Home Training.

When manual training with its domestic economy department of cooking and sewing was being urged as a necessary part of public school training, teachers and wise men brought forward the argument, "That it is not needful for mothers to teach these things," writes Miss Grace Dodge. From every city came the answer, 'Mothers do not teach these branches, and our girls are being brought up without practical household training.' One summer a lady had 250 girls from offices, stores and factories to board during two weeks' vacation. At the end of the summer she found that but nine of the number knew how to make a bed, and many of them made it a boast that they "never had made a bed in their lives." Some did not even know whether sheet or blanket should be put on first. And these were not destitute girls, but such as represent our self-respecting wage-earners—girls who were boarders, paying a fair price, and yet who were expected to make their own beds. Mothers had not trained them. There are hundreds of bright, intelligent girls of fifteen, sixteen and eighteen, and even older, who have never sewed, and do not know whether a thimble should go on her thumb or forefinger. What kind of wives and mothers are they to make?

Thanksgiving Decorations.

As Thanksgiving day is really a sort of harvest festival, vases filled with wheat, oats and graceful grasses are quite appropriate, and can be made very effective if tastefully arranged, writes Eben E. Rexford in the November Ladies Home Journal. Never crowd them; allow each kind used to display its individuality. Scarlet rose-haws, or the crimson clusters of the berry, can be mixed with the yellow grain, and made to heighten the effect. Fruit can be made to take the place of flowers as a decoration for the table with charming color-effects. Great clusters of mountain-ash berries can be made to serve as a foundation. Work in among them heads of bearded wheat and yellow rye or oats. Upon these foundation colors display your purple and white grapes and ruddy apples and pears. Oranges can be added for the sake of color, but they will hardly be considered worth eating on Thanksgiving day.

One Thanksgiving dinner table, last year, held as a center piece a great pumpkin nestling among autumn leaves. After the substantial dishes of the feast had had justice done them, the upper half of the pumpkin was removed, showing a "heart" of luscious fruits and dainty candies.

Bag and Baggage.

Bags for holding soiled lingerie are made of colored linen and worked in flax threads or cotton, writes Eliza Craven. They may also be very simply arranged by sewing together two towels which have effective borders and deep fringe. The tops of the towels are turned over and a stitching forms a casing in which a ribbon is run to draw up the bag. A stitching must run across the lower part of the bag just above the ornamented border; thus the bag is formed. The word "Lingerie" may be worked across in Russian stitch. A traveling case for a sea voyage is made of dark blue linen, bound with a red or white braid. There are six packets, in which brush, comb, slipper, etc., may be placed. One pocket lined with oil-silk is necessary for a sponge, and has a flap with a button. A border is left across the top, on which the words "Bon Voyage" are embroidered. A useful case for ordinary travel is made of blue linen, bordered with white braid.

The Fascinating House Gown.

Your gown may be the simplest of cashmere or the most magnificent of brocade and velvet, and all minglings of stuffs are permitted because the house gown is counted as unique in the wardrobe, and upon it is possible what would be called eccentricities in other toilets, writes Mrs. Mallon. The soft, clinging Henrietta cloths, especially in black—for black is very popular this year, the suiting that has in it a mixture of silk and wool, silk, satins or velveteen, not to mention real velvet (if one has the wealth of Crœsus) may be used. Frequently the black tea-gowns have a dash of some color on them, again they are all black, or they are trimmed with a coarse lace that may be either white or black. One can have the white lace put on at first, and when one tires of it the black can be assumed, producing the always refined and most fashionable all-black effect.

The Dainty Petticoat.

A very pretty silk skirt is made of soft black silk, American silk, by the way, with a pinked flounce of yellow overlaid with a drapery of black lace, caught here and there with a rosette of black ribbon, writes Mrs. Mallon in the November Ladies' Home Journal. Women who like white petticoats, and who realize the damage done lace when it visits the laundry, are adopting the English fashion of trimming them with a frill of dotted muslin that is not hemmed, but has tiny points buttonholed about the lower edge.

Bulbs for Winter Use.

In planting bulbs for winter use, be sure to pot them in a rich, mellow soil, to water well at time of planting, but not after that until they begin to grow, and to put the pots away in some cool dark place for roots to form before the plants are subjected to the influence of light and heat.

New Words in Our Language.

Few persons realize how slang has worked its way into our language. The words "bosh," "gibberish" and "bamboozle" have almost a recognized place in our vocabulary, while "sturdon" (a prison,) "chive" (a shout) and "coafer" (a sovereign,) which were brought in at the same time by Persian and Danubian gypsies, seem most barbarous expressions. This is only another example of the influence that may be exerted by the whim of a few. It is the same sort of a whim that dropped the words "gallivant," "flabbergast," "gab," etc., from elegant words and regulated them to the realms of slang. These words have a strange appearance to-day, and yet they can be found in the very best company among the most careful old English writers. The rule works both ways. What is slang today may be thoroughly proper tomorrow, and vice-versa.—Globe-Democrat.

For the Cause of Temperance.

If a few more people mistake carbolic acid for whisky, the temperance ranks will receive large enlistments from those who abstain from stimulants for fear of getting hold of the wrong bottle.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Salt, for table use, should have mixed with it a small quantity of corn starch before putting it into either salt seller or salt shaker. This will prevent the tendency to form solid lumps.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Low Rates Again

On the Nickel Plate November 23 and 24. Spend Thanksgiving day with your friends, or invite them to visit you. 12-15-19-21-22-w16-23

Do not forget to attend the Q. & O. Ball, at Princess Rink, on Thanksgiving Eve. Music furnished by Reinecke's full orchestra. 15 17 19 21 22 24

Visit Your Friends

And take advantage of the low rates on the Nickel Plate November 23 and 24, which are authorized on account of Thanksgiving day. Tickets will be good returning until November 28.

12-15-19-21-22-w16-23

FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Evolution.

The stars are but fragments of light,
Lost out of the heart of the sun;
Your eyes were once stars of the night,
Ere your body and soul were made one.
The moon is a planet long dead
You have stolen her face, who knows?
And silence is music unsaid,
And Jane was evolved from a rose.

The nightingale once was a maid;
The whip-poor-will but a poor lad;
He crieth of penance afraid,
She of innocence holy and glad.
The brook was a wave of the sea,
The rain a white cloud in the sky;
The lily a youth fair to see,
But what under heaven was I?

The will-o'-the-wisp was a brave,
Gone mad with a lover's despair;
With a lantern he comes from the grave,
To seek for the dead maiden fair.
O, hate is but love gone astray;
The wind was a Wandering Jew,
From night is born glorious day,
But what in the wide world were you?

A flower, a flame, wind, or sun?
Something beautiful, blessed and free;
Two souls were we woven in one
Whatever a soul may be,
O, what were we there, who can say,
During ages we each have forgot?
We only may guess it to-day,
But separate we can be not.

The butterfly once was a soul,
If the one that went by me were you,
In a silken cocoon would I roll,
Till my soul grew a butterfly, too.
The vapors go back to the sea;
The sea into vapors shall lift:
One atom of all life are we;
All life in one atom may drift.

From winter the spring doth unfold;
From sleeping we wake to rejoice;
Immortality cannot grow old,
Though nothing be lost but a voice.
So the grasshopper chirps in the grass,
And the West golden-gated we see;
Through its arches some day we may pass,
God knows what we after may be.

Restless.

It is often said that Americans lack repose. Although there are undoubtedly exceptions to this rule, it is a painful fact that repose, either of body or speech, is not a strong characteristic of the American nation. An elderly gentleman was obliged to wait over an hour in a railway station for a certain train. The day was warm, and the people sat about the room in various attitudes, suggestive of great exhaustion and discomfort.

"I'm so tired it seems as if I should die!" said one woman to another, as they sank each into a rocking-chair, and deposited their bundles on the floor. They began to rock violently; each flushed face grew redder and redder. They had not strength enough to talk, but they rocked steadily on, until, "Cars ready for Squantum and Way Stations!" smote the air.

At this cheering announcement the two women suspended their exercise, gathered up their bundles, and walked lifelessly out to the train.

There was a middle aged man, who came in with his wife and two boys. "Sophy," he said, as he sat down heavily on one of the benches, "let's all keep still, and get rested before we have to go into that smothering car." And Sophy agreed it would be wise to do so.

In the twenty minutes that the group sat in the station, the man who was going to "keep still" crossed and recrossed his legs fourteen times according to the elderly gentleman's count. His wife buttoned and unbuttoned her jacket four times, and made five thorough examinations of the contents of her bag. The children made a dozen excursions to the door.

Among all the tired people who came and went, during the elderly gentleman's sojourn in that waiting-room, there was not one who kept perfectly still.

As, in a philosophical and pitying mood, he recounted his observations at supper, his wife said smiling, "Poor things. They didn't know the first principle of rest. And you were tired, too, my dear; I can see that from your forehead."

The elderly gentleman rose hastily from the table; one glance at the telltale mirror convinced him that, while sitting in judgment over that railway assemblage, he had been vigorously employed at his old-time trick of rubbing his forehead the wrong way.

Honesty Appreciated.

In Persia truthfulness is at a premium, as the English resident soon discovers. For some time after his arrival he is the victim of his servants, of the tradesmen, and, indeed, of the natives in general. As Dr. Willis says, he buys experience more or less dearly, but having bought it, he is able to correct his mistakes, one by one.

Gradually he takes root in the country. He "hits it off" with the Persians. The solitary makes friends—real friends, not mere acquaintances—and strange to say, these friends are often from the priesthood, the most fanatical among the Moslems. And these Oriental friends always confess that what originally attracted them to their new ally is the strange fact that an Englishman doesn't lie.

In Persia, the great hot-bed of lies and intrigue, a man who does not lie is indeed a phenomenon. Very soon the Englishman is invited to dinners, to marriage feasts, even to picnics; for he is a lion, and the Leo-hunter exists, even in Persia.

Little by little the influence of "the man who tells the truth" begins to spread; disputes are referred to him; for is he not the only judge in the place who does not hunger for a bribe. An unpaid arbitrator, he "embodies the law" in many a knotty dispute. There are no fees in his court, and the reference being by mutual consent and purely unofficial, there can be no appeal.

His Friend.

In his "Souvenirs d'un Voyage," M. Spoll describes a visit to Arabia, and the attempt of an English friend to buy an Arabian horse. The Englishman was at great pains to induce the Arab who owned the horse to agree to sell him. He persuaded the man to make an appointment to conclude the sale, after employing "as much diplomacy as would be used in a year in making or breaking the balance of power in Europe."

On the eventful day the Englishman, with M. Spoll and M. Lascaris, rode to the rendezvous and found the Arab sitting by his horse, which was browsing quietly.

"Las salam aleik!" (I salute you,) began the Englishman, cautiously. "What shall I pay you for your horse?"

"Who knows?" said the Arab. "Throw on my cloak here whatever you offer."

Three thousand piasters fell at the feet of the impassive Arab; then ten thousand; then ten thousand more. The Arab's eyes shone. Ten thousand piasters more won him. "Ah!" he said, going up to his magnificent animal, "we must part."

The Englishman began to bridle the horse. The Arab sobbed. Suddenly the intelligent animal, perceiving his new owner, sprang away, and neighed mournfully. No one could doubt that he knew what was going on.

With one bound the child of the desert was in the saddle. "Adieu!" he said. "Your money could never replace my friend!" and he vanished in a cloud of dust.

"Stupid!" cried my English friend, and then we rode home in silence.

Count De Montrond.

A person who was supposed to be the French General Mouton, Count de Lobau, was once captured by an English vessel; but after a time the Captain discovered that his prisoner was the Count de Montrond.

"Why did you deceive me?" he demanded angrily of the Count.

"I did not deceive you," replied Montrond; "not at all. You thought I was Gen. Mouton. You told me so. You have a fifty-gun frigate. Was it for me, who have only a pocket-pistol, to contradict you?"

The Captain did not forgive Montrond, and took every opportunity to treat him rudely. One evening at dinner someone proposed the health of the French. As Montrond rose to acknowledge it, the Captain cried:

"They are all cowards! I make no exceptions."

When Montrond's turn came, he gave this sentiment:

"The English. They are all gentlemen, but I make exceptions."

M. Garat relates other instances of Montrond's originality and wit in his "Lettres D'un Inconnu." It was the Count who said to Alexandre de Girardin of a young man who was beginning to make a brilliant reputation, and whom Girardin did not appreciate:

"Hasten to recognize him, or he will not recognize you."

His valet waited on him one morning most unsuccessfully. He could find none of the toilet articles. Montrond handed them to him, remarking, "You must admit that you are lucky to have me here. Without me, you certainly could not wait upon me."

Contradictory.

A year or two after our late war Jefferson Davis held a reception at the house of one of his Maryland friends. Here he met many friends who not only sympathized with him in his grief over the fortunes of the South, but had also a warm personal feeling for him.

Through the kindness of Horace Greeley and others he had just been released from Fortress Monroe, where he had suffered so long and intensely. Among those who flocked to see him was one old man who had evidently a good deal more depth of feeling than orderliness of thought and speech.

When, after quite a long stay, he was about to depart for home, this old gentleman grasped Mr. Davis warmly by the hand and exclaimed, fervently, "Good-by, Mr. Davis! May you live forever; and when you die, may you die happy!"

Rebuked.

Dr. Plummer was riding on the box of a coach, says the Common People, and fell into conversation with the driver, who was loud in his praise of his team, and especially of his leader.

His remarks were racy and interesting, but were interlarded with oaths. Finally Dr. Plummer said:

"You have omitted one of your leader's good points, haven't you?"

"What is that, sir?" answered the driver.

"Why, we have ridden several miles behind him, and I haven't heard a profane word out of his mouth."

The driver looked at his passenger.

"Thank you!" said he; "thank you! That was very well said. I will try to be as good as my horse."

Sympathetic.

How much depends upon the point of view is shown anew by the Boston Transcript.

A charming lady of the old school, who is a member of one of the historical families of Massachusetts, says that she never goes by a statue of her most distinguished kinsman without wishing it did not stand there in the sun and in the storms.

"Other people may like statues," she says, "but I do not. I don't like to see my cousin rained on, and I always feel it when the snow falls."

Inferior Goods.

The only safe way for purchasers is to insist on having the genuine article, and not allow themselves to be swindled by having plasters said to be "just as good," or "containing superior ingredients," imposed upon them. These are only tricks to sell inferior goods that no more compare with ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS than copper does with gold. One trial of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS will convince the most skeptical of their merits.

The eminent Henry A. Mott, jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., late Government Chemist, certifies:

"My investigation of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Special Notice.

The best facilities for acquiring a complete knowledge of telegraphy in a short time is found at Walters' Institute, No. 31 Arcade. 2eod 2w

A Misuse of Terms.

Bilton—It is a great misuse of terms to say a man is the architect of his own fortune.

Chilton—How so?

Bilton—When an architect plans a $5,000 house it costs $10,000; but when a man plans to get a $100,000 fortune he usually lands somewhere in the neighborhood of $1,500.

SALVATION OIL

Kills all pain!
Unexcelled as
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Buy the genuine
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CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all dealers.

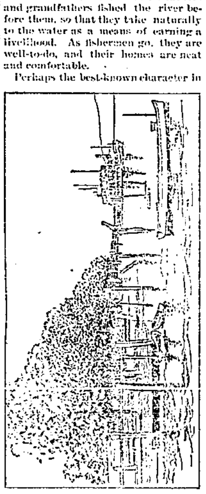
SAGES OF THE HUDSON.

FISHERMEN WHO LIVE TO VENERABLE AGES.

Sketch of a Famous Little Community That Thrives at the Foot of the Palisades—The Quinns and the Campbells.

ONE OF THE OLDest fishing hamlets on the Hudson river is "Cape Flyaway," situated on a point of land at the base of the Palisades, just opposite Yonkers. The dwellers in its picturesque cottages are all fishermen and their families. Their fathers and grandfathers fished the river before them, so that they take naturally to the water as a means of earning a livelihood. As fishermen go, they are well-to-do, and their homes are neat and comfortable.

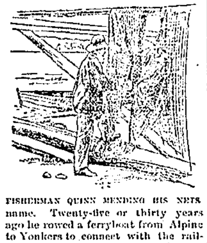
Perhaps the best-known character in the community is "Sandy" Campbell. He is far past the prime of life, yet is as active and hardy as the youngest of his sons. He lives in a cosey little cottage that fronts on the narrow lane, which serves as a street for the hamlet, and enjoys more comforts than usually fall to a fisherman's lot. "Sandy" comes of a long lived race. His father lived to the age of 98, and was actively engaged in fishing until nearly 90. "Old Dave," as he was familiarly called, occupied a little cottage south of "Sandy's" house. He was born there over 100 years ago. The cottage was built by "Old Dave's" father, who fished on the Hudson prior to the Revolutionary war, and its ruins stand upon the lane, just where it enters "Cape Flyaway."



CAPE FLYAWAY.

It would be difficult to find a community of fishermen more happily situated than that at "Cape Flyaway," says the New York Sun. They find a ready market for their fish in Yonkers and New York, and, taking one season with another, manage to make a fair living. The spot they inhabit is one of the loveliest on earth, especially when the Palisades are robed in the glory of autumnal foliage, and a dreamy haze hangs over the Hudson.

Beside the Campbell's cottage, there are others occupied by the Dutchers, the Quinns, the Fersons, and the Simses. Every family keeps two or more dogs that bark and snarl furiously whenever a stranger passes along the lane. But the people themselves are most hospitable. They accord a hearty welcome to every visitor, and put themselves to considerable pains to entertain him. But you must not mention the name "Cape Flyaway" in their presence if you would wish to stand high in their good graces. "Cape Flyaway," indeed! That was the title applied to their hamlet fifty years ago, when the inhabitants of the place were little better than barbarians; but now it is East Alpine. It is a part and parcel of the town of Alpine, which has furnished more river pilots and steamboat captains to the Hudson than any other place along its banks. Here lived Dave Sims, the father of the well-known pilots of that name. Twenty-five or thirty years ago he rowed a ferryboat from Alpine to Yonkers to connect with the railroads and steamboats. He made considerable money at the business, especially when picnic barges stopped at Alpine Grove and the young people of Yonkers wished to cross the river to enjoy the dancing. His boat was a long heavy barge, such as is used by fishermen, and one of his sons helped him row it.



FISHERMAN QUINN MENDING HIS NETS.

The most enterprising man in Cape Flyaway is John Quinn, more familiarly known as "Fisherman Quinn." He has built himself a dock just under the promontory, and upon it stands his cottage, a neat two-story frame building, covered with vines. Here he lives with his wife and daughters. He has fished the Hudson for forty years, and judging from his appearance, will fish it for forty years more.

Fisherman Quinn is a well-known figure in the streets of Yonders. His tall, gaunt frame is familiar to every street urchin, and he is frequently accosted by some youngster, with such questions as: "Say, Mr. Quinn, is tomcods runnin' yet?" or "Will yer take me out next time yer go to the nets?" During the run of shad he fishes in company with "Dad" Dutcher, who is also an inhabitant of Cape Flyaway. In summer he devotes himself to eel fishing. He has from fifty to sixty ingeniously made traps, which he sinks in deep water, frequently catching as many as two or three barrels full of eels. In the fall and winter he sets his nets for striped bass. These are about the only profitable kind of fish that the Hudson river affords.

Berlin's New Music Hall.

A new music hall was opened in Berlin on the 7th of October. It will be an attraction for its roominess and the simple elegance of its decoration—mostly of pure white and gold. The lighting by electricity is novel on account of the effective way in which the lights are divided from each other and dispersed over the hall so as not to leave any one part more illumined than another. The ventilation is simple; different escapes being provided for the exit of the exhausted hot air, to the ports by which fresh air enters. On the whole the place may claim to be the embodiment of elegant simplicity. It is called The Bechstein. The attraction of the first night was Dr. Von Bulow.

High Speed Bobbins.

A new invention in the line of high speed bobbins is reported by the Boston Commercial Bulletin. It consists of an ingenious method of seating frame bobbins upon a spindle, so that, at high speed, all slipping shall be avoided. This is accomplished by the use of washers of cloth—roller cloth being found best adapted for the purpose—one of which is firmly attached to the disc on the spindle and the other to the other side of the bobbin. The friction between these rough, and, at the same time, elastic, surfaces is found to be highly efficacious in holding the bobbin firmly.

Anglo-Indian Justice.

A delightful state of affairs prevails in India, according to a story published in a native newspaper at Calcutta. Three Englishmen on an excursion in a steam launch, reaching a place where they desired to anchor, found certain native craft moored there and called upon them to move. The natives did not comply with sufficient celerity or respectfulness. One excursionist, a magistrate, went ashore and had two of the boatmen arrested and taken to the launch, where they were sentenced by the magistrate to ten stripes each, administered then and there by the police.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Dreier & Bro.'s drug store. Large size 50c and $1.00.

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys. It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by Dreier & Bro.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

Emery powder will remove ordinary stains from ivory knife handles.

It Wont Do.

You may bridle the appetite but you cannot bribe the liver to do its work well. You must be honest with it, help it along a little now and then with a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator. The liver becomes sluggish sometimes and needs some stimulation to keep off those attacks of Indigestion and Biliousness. A good active liver promotes digestion and prevents Malaria.

Rushing of two rows of tiny ribbon loops put on every fluffy.

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Every Four Weeks

Next visit Monday, Dec. 12.
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Treats all Curable Medical and Surgical Diseases.

Acute And Chronic Catarrh,

Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, Chronic, and Female and Sexual Diseases, Epilepsy or Fits cured. A positive guarantee.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from youthful excesses and other causes, producing some of the following effects: blotches, debility, nervousness, dizziness, confusion of ideas, aversion to society, defective memory, and which unfit a person for business or marriage, are permanently cured by remedies not injurious.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

and complications, such as sore throat, falling of hair, pain in the bones, eruptions, etc., are perfectly eradicated without using mercury or other injurious drugs. All Urinary and Kidney Troubles are speedily cured by treatment that has never failed. He undertakes no incurable cases, but cures thousands given up to die.

REMEMBER THE DATE.

Come early, as his rooms are always crowded wherever he stops. Consultation free. Correspondence solicited, and confidential. Address,
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Mme. M. Yale, the celebrated beauty and complexion specialist, said in one of her famous lectures on "Beauty and the Complexion": Young ladies, remember a pretty face will win for you love, and love will win for you a husband. Married ladies, remember with the decline of youth and beauty your husband's love will grow cold. Youth and beauty is woman's power. Be on your guard against wrinkles, old age and ugliness; they have broken up many happy homes.

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LA FRECKLA is the name of Madame Yale's famous discovery. It is the only Freckle cure in existence—3 days is sufficient in most cases to effect a cure, and one week where the case is of long standing. There are no Freckles on record that La Freckla will not cure—guaranteed in every instance. For Tan and Sunburn it is instantaneous, removing it instantly upon the first application. The most perfect complexion in the world was obtained by the use of La Freckla—$1 per bottle. Sold at all Druggists', shipped from Chicago in plain wrappers. Mme. Yale's Famous Book, "Beauty and the Complexion," will be sent free to any address upon receipt of 6 cents postage. Ladies may consult Mme. Yale free of charge by mail or at the Temple of Beauty in person. All correspondence strictly confidential.

Send for a free List of Mme. M. Yale's Remedies for removing Wrinkles, Developing the Bust, turning gray hair back to its original color and on all matters pertaining to Beauty. Mme. Yale is the only recognized Beauty Scientist. She can make an old face young again and all women beautiful.

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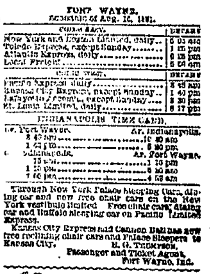
* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.

From Ft. Wayne to	Leave	Arrive
Valparaiso and Chicago	* 1.40 a m	* 6.00 a m
New York and Washington	* 5.15 a m	* 1.35 a m
Youngstown & Pittsburg	* 5.10 a m	* 1.25 a m
Lima and Crestline	† 7.10 a m	† 6.45 p m
Valparaiso and Chicago	† 7.00 a m	†12.20 p m
Plymouth and Chicago	*10.50 a m	* 2.45 p m
Valparaiso and Chicago	†12.10 p m	†10.30 p m
Canton and Pittsburg	†12.40 p m	†11.55 a m
New York & Washington	* 2.20 p m	†10.25 a m
Pittsburg & Philadelphia	* 2.00 p m	*10.55 a m
Warsaw and Plymouth	† 4.20 p m	† 8.40 a m
Valparaiso and Chicago	* 5.05 p m	* 7.45 p m
New York & Washington	* 7.35 p m	* 5.00 p m
Pittsburg & Philadelphia	* 7.35 p m	* 5.00 p m
New York & Washington	* 8.05 p m	* 5.55 a m
Pittsburg & Philadelphia	* 9.00 p m	* 5.45 a m
Valparaiso & Chicago, arr. except Mon.		1.56 p m

CINCINNATI, WABASH & MICHIGAN RY.
(The Elkhart Line).

Trains leave Warsaw going north.	Trains leave Wabash going south.
No. 1, 5.25 p m	No. 2, 11.00 p m
No. 3, 11.50 a m	No. 4, 7.30 p m
	No. 6, 6.05 a m

W. R. BALDWIN, G. P. and T. A.
*Sunday only. Elkhart, Ind.



FORT WAYNE.
Schedule of Aug. 16, 1891.

Going East.	Depart
New York and Boston Limited, daily	6 03 am
Toledo Express, except Sunday	1 15 pm
Atlantic Express, daily	6 15 pm
Local Freight	5 50 am

Going West.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	8 45 am
Kansas City Express, except Sunday	1 40 pm
Lafayette Accom'n, except Sunday	3 20 pm
St. Louis Limited, daily	8 17 pm

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv. Fort Wayne.	Ar. Indianapolis.
8 40 am	10 40 am
1 45 pm	5 30 pm

Lv. Indianapolis.	Ar. Fort Wayne.
7 35 am	1 10 pm
1 20 pm	5 10 pm
7 00 pm	4 58 am

Through New York Palace Sleeping Cars, dining car and new free chair cars on the New York vestibule limited. Free chair cars, dining car and Buffalo sleeping car on Pacific Limited Express.

Kansas City Express and Cannon Ball has new free reclining chair cars and Palace Sleepers to Kansas City.
H. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

NICKEL PLATE.
The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

Effective Oct. 23rd, 1892.	Arrive.	Depart.
Cleveland & Buffalo Pass., east	1 30 pm	1 45 pm
Cleveland & Buffalo Ex east	3 35 am	3 41 am
Local Freight, east	6 05 pm	6 10 am
Chicago Passenger, west	1 45 pm	2 00 pm
Chicago Express, west	2 28 am	2 40 am
Local Freight, west	6 20 pm	6 43 am

Chicago Express daily except Monday. Other trains daily except Sunday. Buffet Sleeping Cars on Express Trains.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Ft. Wayne, in Effect Sept. 25, '92.

GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 3 10 a m
" " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 35 p m
From Richmond	Ar 2 00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 45 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 7 15 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN Railway.—Fort Wayne Branch.

Southward.	Arrive.
No. 102, Way Freight	5 25 pm
No. 156, Cin. Express & Mail	10 25 am
No. 158, Detroit & Ind'pls Ex	3 55 pm

Northward.	Depart.
No. 5, Way Freight	6 40 pm
No. 7, Through Ex. & Mail	11 50 am
No. 55, Detroit & Ind'pls Ex	4 40 pm

FT. W. C. & L. R. R.
—and—
LOCAL TIME TABLE.
In Effect July 27, 1890.
Solid Trains between
Ft. Wayne & Connersville
—and—
New Castle & Rushville
DIRECT Connections to and from All points in the United States & Canada.

NORTH BOUND—ARRIVE FORT WAYNE.

No. *2 Passenger	Arrives	11 45 am
No. 4 Passenger	"	10 15 pm
No. 110 Local	"	3 00 pm

SOUTH BOUND LEAVE FORT WAYNE.

No. 1 Passenger	Leaves	7 30 am
No. *3 Passenger	"	3 50 pm
No. 19 Local	"	6 30 pm

†Daily except Sunday. *Daily.

For tickets, rates and general information call on
E. S. PHILLEY,
Ticket Agent Ft. W., C. & L. Railroad,
Or address,
M. C. PARKER, Traffic Manager,
C. F. DALY, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MIDY

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A Discourse on the Evils of American Politics.

In the Graveyard of Expired Governments Will Go That of the United States Unless Some Purifying Action Sets In.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage prepared the following discourse, on the eve of the national election, but it was not delivered by reason of Mr. Talmage being called from Brooklyn. The text is:

> Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come—Revelations, xviii., 10.

Modern scientists are doing a splendid work in excavating the tomb of a dead empire holding in its dead arms a dead city, mother and child of the same name—Babylon. The ancient mound invites the spade and shovels and crowbars while the unwashed natives look on in surprise. These scientists find yellow bricks still impressed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and they go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than two thousand years ago. May the explorations of Rawlinson and Layard and Chevalier and Opperto and Loftus and Chesney be eclipsed by the present archaeological uncovering.

But is it possible that is all that remains of Babylon? a city once five times larger than London and twelve times larger than New York. Walls three hundred and seventy feet high and ninety-three feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in five modern cities combined. A city of palaces and temples. A city having within it a garden on an artificial hill four hundred feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced. All this built to keep the king's wife, Amytis, from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she had spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude into fruits and flowers and arborescence unimaginable. A great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

A city of bazaars and of market places, unrivaled for aromatic and unguents, and high-mettled horses with grooms by their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreen, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabric, and rarest purples extracted from shellfish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephant hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a repartee to the sun. Fortress to fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great capital of the ages. But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of saturnalia were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling and guffawing and hiccoughing around the state table were the rulers of the land, Gen. Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and spades, and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieged army entered. When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen, and hence the sublime threnody of the text: "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come." But do nations die? Oh, yes, there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born, they have a middle life, they have a decease, they have a cradle and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some destroyed by their own hand. Let me call the roll of some of the dead civilizations and some of the dead cities, and let some one answer for them.

Egyptian civilization, stand up. "Dead!" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes up a great chorus, crying: "Dead, dead!" Assyrian empire, stand up and answer. "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Nineveh. After six hundred years of magnificent opportunity, dead. Israelitish kingdom, stand up. After two hundred and fifty years of Divine interposition and of miraculous vicissitude and of heroic behavior and of appalling depravity, dead. Phoenicia, stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to Central Asia, and sending out navigators to the Atlantic ocean in another direction, dead. Pillars of Hercules and rocks on which the Tyrian fishermen dried their nets, all answer: "Dead Phoenicia." Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades; dead. Sparta, after Leonidas, after Eurybiades, after Salamis, after Thermopylæ; dead. Roman empire, stand up and answer. Empire once bounded by the British channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic ocean on the west. Home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world that was worth owning, Roman empire answer. Gibbon, in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," says "Dead!" and the forsaken seats of the ruined Coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the miasma of the Campagna, and the fragments of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the Bridge Triumphalis, and the Mamertine prison, holding no more apostolic prisoners, and the silent Forum, and Basilica of Constantine, and the arch of Titus, and the Pantheon come in with great chorus, crying: "Dead, dead!" After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero, dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after Constantine, after Cæsar, dead. The war eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken eyrie. Mexican empire, dead. French empire, dead.

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead nations and in the same graveyard of expired government will go to the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt, and unless God in His mercy interferes and through a purified ballot-box and a widespread public Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. This nation is about to go to the ballot-box to exercise the right of suffrage, and I propose to set before you the evils that threaten to destroy the American government and to annihilate American institutions, and if God will help me I will show you before I get through the mode in which each and everyone may do something to arrest that appalling calamity. And I shall plow the whole field.

The first evil that threatens the annihilation of our American institutions is the fact that political bribery which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable virtue. There is a legitimate use of money in elections, in the printing of political tracts, and in the hiring of public halls, and in the obtaining of campaign oratory; but is there any homonculus who supposes that this vast amount of money now being raised by the political parties is going in a legitimate direction? The vast majority of it will go to buy votes. Hundreds and thousands of men will have set before them so much money for a republican vote, and so much money for a democratic vote, and the superior financial inducement will decide the action. You want to know which party will carry the doubtful states day after to-morrow? I will tell you. The party that spends the most money. This moment, while I speak, the peddlers carrying gold from Wall street, gold from Third street, gold from State street, and gold from the Brewers' association, are in all the political headquarters of the doubtful states, dealing out the infamous inducement.

There used to be bribery, but it held its head in shame. It was under the utmost secrecy that many years ago a railroad company bought up the Wisconsin legislature and many other public officials in that state. The governor of the state at that time received fifty thousand dollars for his signature. His private secretary received five thousand dollars. Thirteen members of the senate received seventy-five thousand dollars among them in bonds. Sixty members of the other house received from five thousand to ten thousand dollars each. The lieutenant governor received ten thousand dollars. The clerks of the house received from five thousand to ten thousand dollars each. The bank comptroller received ten thousand dollars. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobbyists. You see, the railroad company was very generous. But all that was hidden, and only through the severest scrutiny on the part of a legislative committee was this iniquity displayed. Now, political bribery defies you, dares you, is arrogant, and will probably decide the election next Tuesday.

Unless this diabolism ceases in this country, Bartholdi's statue on Bedloe's island, with uplifted torch to light other nations into our harbor, had better be changed, and the torch dropped as a symbol of universal incendiarism.

Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease, the American government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead nation, and let my text inscribe upon it these words: "Alas! alas! for Babylon, that great city, that mighty cry, for one hour is thy judgment come." My friends, if you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

Another evil threatening the destruction of American institutions is the solidifying of the sections against other. A solid north. A solid south. If this goes on we shall have, after a while, have a solid east against a solid west, we shall have solid middle states against solid northern states, we shall have a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky. It is twenty-seven years since the war-cloud, and yet at every presidential election the old antagonism is aroused. When Garfield died and all the states gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of condolence came from New Orleans and from Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself: "I think sectionalism is dead." But alas! no. The difficulty will never be ended until each state of the nation is split up into two or three great political parties. This country can not exist unless it exists as one body, the national capital the heart, sending out through all the arteries of communication warmth and life to the very extremities. This nation can not exist unless it exists as one family, and you might as well have solid brothers against solid sisters, and a solid bread-tray against a solid cradle, and a solid nursery against a solid dining room; and you might as well have solid eyes, and solid head against solid foot. What is the interest of Georgia is the interest of Massachusetts; what is the interest of New York is the interest of South Carolina. Does the Ohio river change its politics when it gets below Louisville? It is not possible for these sectional antagonisms to continue for a great many years without permanent compound fracture.

Another evil threatening the destruction as our American institutions is the low state of public morals.

What killed Babylon of my text? What killed Phoenicia? What killed Rome? Their own depravity; and the fraud and the drunkenness and the lechery which have destroyed other nations will destroy ours unless a merciful God prevent. To show you the low state of public morals, I have to call your attention to the fact that many men nominated for office in different states at different times are entirely unfit for the positions for which they have been nominated.

They have no more qualification for them than the wolf has qualification to be professor of pastoral theology in a flock of sheep, or a blind mole has qualification to lecture a class of eagles on optics, or than a vulture has qualification to chaperon a dove. The mere pronunciation of some of their names makes a demand for carbolic acid and fumigation! Yet Christian men will follow right on under the political standards.

I have to tell you what you know already, that politics have sunken to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath it. What we see in some directions we see in all directions. The peculation and the knavery hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxis and Strombolis of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath, but have not yet regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven-descended democratic party enacted the Tweed rascality it seemed to eclipse everything; but after a while the heaven-descended republican party outwitted pandemonium with the star route infamy.

My friends, we have in this country people who say the marriage institution amounts to nothing. They scoff at it. We have people walking in polite parlors in our day who are not good enough to be scavengers in Sodom! I went over to San Francisco ten or fifteen years ago—that beautiful city, that queen of the Pacific. May the blessings of God come down upon her great churches and her noble men and women! When I got into the city of San Francisco the mayor of the city and the president of the board of health called on me and insisted that I go and see the Chinese quarter, no doubt so that on my return to the Atlantic coast I might tell what dreadful people the Chinese are. But on the last night of my stay in San Francisco, before thousands of people in their great opera house, I said: "Would you like me to tell you just what I think, plainly and honestly?" They said: "Yes, yes, yes!" I said: "Do you think you can stand it all?" They said: "Yes, yes, yes!" "Then," I said, "my opinion is that the curse of San Francisco is not your Chinese quarter, but your millionaire libertines!"

And two of them sat right before me. And so it is in all the cities. I never swear, but when I see a man go unwhipt of justice, laughing over his shame and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl red-hot anathema and to conclude that if, according to some people's theology, there is no hell, there ought to be.

There is enough out-and-out licentiousness in American cities to-day to bring down upon them the wrath of that God who, on the 24th of August, 79, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in ashes that the eighteen hundred and thirteen subsequent years have not been able to complete the exhumation. There are in some of the American cities to-day whole blocks of houses which the authorities know to be infamous, and yet by purchase they are silenced by hush money, so that such places are as much under the defense of government as public libraries and asylums of mercy. These ulcers on the body politic bleed and gangrene away the life of the nation, and public authority in many of the cities looks the other way. You can not cure such wounds as these with a silken bandage. You will have to cure them by putting deep in the lancet of moral surgery, and burning them out with the caustic of holy wrath, and with most decisive amputation cutting off the scabrous and putrefying abominations. As the Romans were after the Celts, and as the Normans were after the Britons, so there are evils after this nation which will attend its obsequies unless we first attend theirs.

Superstition tells of a marine reptile, the cephaloptera, which enfolded and crushed a man of war, but it is no superstition when I tell you that the history of many of the dead nations proclaims to us the fact that our ship of state is in danger of being crushed by the cephaloptera of national depravity. Where is the Hercules to slay this hydra? Is it not time to speak by pen, by tongue, by ballot-box, by the rolling of the prison door, by hangman's halter, by earnest prayer, by Sinaitic detonation?

The son of King Crœsus is said to have been dumb and to have never uttered a word until he saw his father being put to death. Then he broke the shackles of silence and cried out: "Kill not my father, Crœsus!" When I see the cheatery and the wantonness and the manifold crime of this country attempting to commit patricide—yea, matricide upon our institutions, it seems to me that lips that heretofore have been dumb ought to break the silence with cancerous tones of fiery protest.

I want to put all of the matter before you, so that every honest man and woman will know just how matters stand and what they ought to do if they vote, and what they ought to do if they pray. This nation is not going to perish. Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among the soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself, and he replied: "I am keeping hope." And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender. Hope thou in God. He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation. Do you know what is the prize for which contention is made today. It is the prize of this continent. Never since, according to John Milton, when "Satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent ten thousand and five hundred miles long, seventeen millions square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals, and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien, the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, He shall at last set up His throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere? Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring strait to Cape Horn—and all the moral, and temporal and spiritual, and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond a computation save by Him with whom a thousand years are as one day? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious and national movements.

Ah! it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon, the youngest of us. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulchre, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden. By that time this country will be all Paradise, or all Dry Tortugas. Eternal God, to Thee we commit the destiny of this people!

God's Whetstones.

Everyone needs to avoid, as far as possible, obvious dangers. But we ought not to forget that such avoidance simply means, in many cases, the running into dangers just as great, though less obvious. There is a point, therefore, at which we must accept dangers, as well as a point at which we must shun them. To place too great a stress upon their presence is to paralyze all effort; to place too little stress upon them is to ignore a divinely-appointed agency for keeping us wise, alert and sensible of responsibilities. Indeed, as an eminent preacher said: "The world would not be fit to live in if there were not dangers in it. Dangers are God's whetstones with which to keep men sharp."—S. S. Times.

—When a man acknowledges that he was in the wrong he but avows that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. —Pope.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

A PERFECT REST.

(Psalm xxxvii.)

Oh, rest thee in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him;
Though heart seems like to break,
And star of hope grows dim,
Till words of wondrous sweetness
Float o'er the clouds that roll,
"Oh, rest thee in the Lord,
The anchor of thy soul."

Oh, rest thee in the Lord,
When weary of life's care;
Oh, rest thee in the Lord,
When loads are hard to bear.
That refuge fails us never,
And e'en though tears may start,
Think not that He forgets
The longings of thy heart.

Thy dearest heart's desire
Shall in due season cheer;
Gold must be tried by fire
Before 'tis pure and clear;
Then when in loving wisdom
Our Father sees 'tis best,
Unnumbered blessings come
To those that in Him rest.

—Emily Emerson Lantz, in N. Y. Observer.

SONGS OF THEIR YOUTH.

They Have Comforted Many an Aged Pilgrim With Foreshadowed Glimpses of Canaan.

One dear old friend who lived almost continually in the past used to take great delight in living over again scenes of a pleasant nature in which she had once mingled, traveling often in imagination to distant cities, performing journeys again taken fully half a century before, often diverting those of younger generations with spirited reminiscences of occurrences and customs interesting from their old-time flavor and strangeness when compared with customs of the present day. But once in awhile the recollections of dark experiences, days of trial and deep affliction, days when she was subjected to treatment unjust and unmerited, would come over her spirit like a depressing cloud. It was always easy to tell when "Auntie" was encompassed and depressed by these forbidding memories. But her trusting Christian spirit would not long remain under this spell. First, someone would hear her say: "There! I'm not going to think of those things any longer. It's no use; they're past, and I will not allow myself to dwell on them." Then, kindling with a resolution worthy of imitation on the part of many a younger and stronger disciple, the dear old voice would rise in quavery measures, and for perhaps an hour we would hear her singing the songs of her youth—songs which, not pertaining to the passing fashions of the world, and being applicable to all times, can never outlive their day, and in one sense can never grow old. Sweet old songs of Zion! How many and many an aged pilgrim humming in weak uncertain tones those helpful, inspiring songs, which, learned in youth, have followed them with their strong assurances of never being forsaken, have foreshadowed glimpses of fair Canaan, have heralded eternal life and promised a starry crown, until their blessed strains have merged in the unbroken chorus around the throne of God! Sing on, beloved, aged pilgrims. Or, if the time has come when voice for song has entirely failed you, repeat the familiar verse reminding you of the firm foundation laid for the faith of the saints of the Lord; of the Rock of Ages cleft for you; of the blessed fountain filled with blood, of which the child of God shall some day sing in a clearer, sweeter song, and of the closer walk with God, which leads up to the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. Sing away all gloomy reminders of the past. For even the most earthworn pilgrim can look back and see how through all life's devious ways the Lord has been, as He ever will be, the kind shepherd whose rod and staff yield comfort and support, until the willing feet enter the fair house of the Lord, to go no more out forever.

O if the soul grows strong as years unfold
The gleaming harvest 'neath the sunset's gold,
Gathering, through gain or loss,
The triumphs of the cross,
Jubilant will then be chimes
Which long years echo back to fearless climes.

—Christian at Work.

MISGUIDED AMBITION.

The Noble Heritage Sold for a Mess of Pottage.

Twenty years ago a young farmer, whom we shall call John Potter, sold the land which his father had left to him, and with his wife moved into the city of New York.

In a farm, he told his friends his money brought him only four per cent. He could make double that in trade in town.

At first he ventured cautiously into business; he rented a cheap house, and he and his wife lived as simply as they had done in the country; but as the children began to grow up, he was anxious that they should dress fashionably, go to schools where they would meet the children of rich men—in a word, push their way into what he considered "good society."

In business, he said, he was making only six per cent. But by speculating in stocks he could easily turn his money over twenty times a year. He became a speculator, and was fairly successful. The Potters bought a showy house, and began the frantic struggle for place in the fashionable world. Every dollar which was made was spent to attain this end. To obtain an invitation to the C—'s ball, to visit with the R—'s—these were the objects of life with father, mother and daughters.

But John Potter, when he began this work of earning fortune and position, forgot that he had invested in the business not only his money, but his mental and physical strength. In a few years his health began to fail. No percentage could pay for that failure. He had been in youth a strong, hardy fellow, with high courage and a sweet temper. At forty years he was a gray, bent, bilious and irritable. Then came attacks of nervous prostration; then partial paralysis.

"If I could go back to farm life, and give my brain rest, I should recover," he said.

But what could his delicate city-bred daughters do on a farm? How could he, used now to luxuries, bear the rough, simple country life?

The bargain he had made was irrevocable. He won his percentage; he paid his life, dying suddenly of one of those mysterious brain diseases, to which so many overtasked Americans fall victims.

He bequeathed to his daughters costly tastes and habits, a sum of money insufficient to gratify them, and nervous, enfeebled bodies.

If he had chosen in his health and youth a simple life, apart from the struggle for money and fashion, he would in all probability now be a strong, helpful, happy man, surrounded by healthy, vigorous children, ready to undertake whatever good work God had set them.

There is a story in the Bible of a young man, the heir to a destiny which would have set him and his children apart from all others throughout the history of the world, who, in a momentary fit of hunger, sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Few young people think of the story now, perhaps, or attach any significance to it in their own lives. But every boy who is crowding into the city, willing to sacrifice health, nervous strength, moral principle and quiet happiness in the effort to gain money and a place in the fashionable world, is selling for a mess of pottage a heritage as noble as Esau's. —Youth's Companion.

CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

The Proofs We Have That Our World Is Governed by a Moral God.

A prominent characteristic of the state of mind produced by Christian faith is confidence in the ultimate victory of good over evil. Here again is a truth over which much in the world at large, and in the lives of single men, may well cast a shadow. "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart;" the "ungodly are in no peril of death, but are lusty and strong; they come in no misfortune like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men." This is the appearance which human life wears from age to age. Here and there we see notorious exceptions to the rule. But, upon the whole, evil seems to be in possession, and, as far as experience goes, it is likely to hold its own. When a Christian is haunted by this impression, which strikes at persistent faith in the moral supremacy of God, he turns his thoughts to the resurrection. Never did evil obtain such a triumph over pure goodness as when it nailed Jesus Christ, our Lord, to the cross of shame. Never was the ultimate victory of goodness so clearly vindicated as on the morning of the resurrection. Of this supreme event, Joseph's exaltation to be the ruler of Egypt, David's triumph over Saul, Israel's deliverance, in one age from Egyptian bondage, in another from that of Babylon, were but faint adumbrations. The greatest proof that ever was given that the world is governed by a moral God was given when Jesus, the sinless victim of triumphant evil, was rescued by the resurrection from the clutches of death.—H. P. Liddon, Canon of St. Paul's.

THE PRECIOUS BIBLE.

The Part It Takes in the Happiness of Our Lives.

You can not be holy, my friends, unless you in secret live upon the blessed Word of God, and you will not live upon it unless it comes to you as the sacred word of His mouth. It is very sweet to get a letter from home when you are far away. It is like a bunch of fresh flowers in winter time. A letter from the dear ones at home is as music heard over the water, but half a dozen words from that dear mouth are better than a score of pages of manuscript, for there is a sweetness about the look and tone that paper can not carry. The Bible should be to you, not a book only, but a speaking-trumpet, through which God speaks from afar to you, so that you may catch the very tones of His voice. We must read the Word of God to this end, for it is while reading, meditating and studying, and seeking to dip yourself into its spirit, that it comes suddenly to be transformed from a written book into a talking book or phonograph. It whispers to you or thunders at you as though God had hidden Himself among its pages and spoken to your condition—as though Jesus, who feedeth among the lilies, had made the chapter to be lily beds, and had come to feed there. Ask Jesus to cause His Word to come fresh from His own mouth to your soul, and if it be so, and you thus live in daily communion with a personal Christ, you will make good speed on your pilgrim way to the eternal city.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Poor in God's Sight.

The man who keeps two dogs, but is too poor to take a newspaper.

The smoker who can't afford to give more than twenty-five cents toward missions.

The Christian who has not found out that there is a luxury in giving.

People never put much in the basket, for fear God will get out of debt to them.

People who would live in a cellar and go without the light of Heaven, if they had to pay anything for it.

People who have to take all their money to the devil's blacksmith shop and have it made into chains with which to bind themselves.

Men who have to take their own manhood, the happiness of their wives and children, and the good of the country, all to the saloon-keeper, and get back nothing but dust and ashes in the place of it.—Ram's Horn.

At the Helm.

A little boy sat in front of his father and held the reins that controled a restive horse. Unknown to the boy, the reins passed around him and were also in his father's hands. He saw an occasion to pull them. With artless simplicity the child looked around, saying: "Father, I thought I was driving; but I am not, am I?" Thus it is often with men who think they are shaping a destiny which a higher hand than theirs is really directing. They do their own will because it is also the will of God. A stronger hand guides them; a mightier power holds the helm of their vessel, and saves from rock and wreck. Happy are they who yield to the guidance of the Almighty hand.—Golden Words.

Always Snowdrops.

There are some Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there. But they are snowdrops.—Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—This world is not large enough for the covetous.—Chicago Standard.

—Duty and place are inseparably connected. It is not enough to earnestly desire to do right; we must be in the right place to do it.—Chicago Standard.

—Look upon the success and sweetness of thy duties as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart closely with God in them.—Flavel.

—It is cruel to withhold our sympathy from those who fail in a good work; it is laudable to attempt a good deed, even if unsuccessful.—United Presbyterian.

—Patience is a prominent Christian grace. An eminent Scotch pastor in a late sermon on patience urged the importance of its manifestation in the family, with the stupid, with the bad, with ourselves and with God. These are points on which all may preach a sermon to themselves.—Christian Inquirer.

—The janitor of the church is not a wealthy man, and probably not a healthy man, and yet he manages in some way to be present at the church services with greater regularity than a wealthier and healthier man. Why is it?—United Presbyterian.

—A Presbyterian minister in a note to the editor of the Canadian Baptist mentions a characteristic of Mr. Spurgeon, which is worthy of note. It is that "notwithstanding his deep spirituality and his firmness in holding fast the faith, he was bubbling over with cheerfulness. He was a striking proof that Godliness is not another name for glumness."

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

FETTERED WINGS.

An Imperiled Life Saved by a Child's Prattle.

The front door of a long, low farm house stood wide open, and, though the sun shone with unusual fervency this hot summer morning, there, on the shady western side of the house the air was still comparatively cool, and, oh, so sweet.

The yard was full of old fashioned flowers. Ragged robins gayly flaunted their red tatters; spicy pinks and southernwood, sweet Williams and balm perfumed the air for rods around. At each end of the high steps grew huge bunches of dark blue larkspur covered with great, buzzing, pollen-coated bees.

Two little girls came tripping through the hall and out at the door. Brown-haired Bessie's cheeks glowed pinker than ever with the heat and pleasure of a whole day's visit with Libbie, who lived at grandpa's all the time. A great contrast these little cousins presented; but they were devoted friends, and Libbie's somewhat reckless spirits were often tempered by Bessie's more quiet thoughtfulness. Just now they were brimful of delightful plans for the day. Each had a wide-mouthed bottle and an old iron spoon.

"You stay at one end of the steps and I'll go to the other," whispered Libbie, "and we'll soon catch one."

What could they be after! The bees? Yes; each little girl was intent upon capturing one of those big, yellow-banded honey seekers. First, they put a few flowers in their bottles, then, watching until, in his hunt for honey, a big fellow had disappeared within a flower, they held the mouth of the bottle ready, and the spoon deftly applied sent him into his prison where he set up a tremendous buzzing in futile efforts to get out.

Holding the spoons snugly over the bottles, the little girls sat down on the steps to enjoy a good look at their prisoners, and discover, if possible, "how they got honey." But the bees were very perverse and seemed to have but the one idea of how to get away.

"Why," said Libbie, "he acts just like a drunken man stumbling along and falling over; his wings don't seem to do him a mite of good."

"Oh!" said Bessie, with a frightened look coming into her face, "that reminds me of something to tell you—something awful! Dan Becket hung himself last night in his mother's barn!"

Libbie uttered a little scream, and the two children edged nearer together as the awfulness of that act took form in their quick imaginations. Bees and bottles were forgotten as Bessie tried to tell what she knew of the dreadful story.

"Papa said it happened just before he came by the house on his way home from market, and that Dan's poor old mother was crying and telling the people how good her boy always was to her. And papa said if Dan could have let the drink alone he would have been a good man. I suppose he got 'scouraged trying," continued Bessie, stumbling a little over the long word.

"He was ever so good to poor folks and little children, and was real funny and pleasant. Sometimes I've heard him singing nice songs when he went by our house on his way to work. My papa said the poor fellow couldn't get past a saloon, noway, and that Dan said once he should be a happy man if there wasn't a saloon to be found. Oh! I wish there wasn't one in the whole world!"

"I wish that God would send His lightning right out of the sky and tear 'em all to pieces!" burst forth the excited Libbie.

"And that every bit of money the saloonkeepers get for their whisky would turn into great bumble bees and sting 'em just awful!" added Bess, with tears falling over her hot cheeks.

Then, reminded of their happy occupation, the little girls turned to the forgotten bottles and found that the prisoners had escaped and were using their wings again to some purpose.

Somehow the children dimly realized the incongruity of the brightness of the sweet old garden with the dark story just related, and could not continue their play just then, so, with one accord, they sought the loving arms of dear grandma, who would be sure to soothe and cheer the troubled little hearts. Gleeful laughs from the cool back kitchen soon showed how well she had succeeded.

Sadness or gloom abide but momentarily in the heart of a child. Not so with those of mature years, and a young man, resting on a lounge in the dark upper hall, found it impossible for many days to shake off the depression caused by Bessie's sad story. At first he had listened in quiet enjoyment of the children's unique play and talk—they never dreaming that jolly Uncle Ray was so near—but the shocking story had reached his ear with startling distinctness and power.

He sprang to his feet, horror-stricken. Through his mind swept swift memories of Dan Becket's careless, idle boyhood, when he had known him well; the weak-willed young man; his love for liquor and spasmodic efforts to combat it for the old mother's sake; the fitful gleams of a nobler nature—all these passed in review through Ray's mind.

With a groan he realized the utter ruin of another's life and the desolated heart of a feeble old mother. Then visions of his own life-path came before his eyes. He had to confess that it was a downward one, and growing more dangerous. Few as yet suspected it—least of all, his honored parents. But it was true that their sailor son had learned to love the social glass, and more than once, when in some distant port, had drunk until almost overcome.

"His wings don't seem to do him a mite of good," echoed in his ears. God was using an innocent child's playful words to bring an imperiled soul to a sense of its danger. Ensnared by a bottle! But the bees had escaped and so would he. The struggle with himself had begun and must go on.

Pacing back and forth in the dim silence Raymond Lane vowed, then and there, with God's help, never to touch the accursed drink again.

Right here we will say that he never did. The wings of purpose, enfeebled by desire, grew strong and uplifting once more, and as the years went on the young man mounted, with unfailing vigor, higher and higher in the path of purity and noble endeavor.

As tired little Bess said good-night to her mamma, she added: "Oh! I forgot to tell you that Uncle Ray has just come home, and he's splendider than ever, though I didn't see him much. He hugged me ever so tight and told me I was a precious little girl, and that my wings had begun to grow already. What did he mean by that, mamma?" But sleepy Bess was too near delightful Dreamland to wait for an answer. —Helen A. Butler, in Union Signal.

MODERATE DRINKING.

The Perils of Tampering with Alcoholic Stimulants.

That the immoderate use of intoxicants and stimulants is injurious to health, says Rev. Jesse Gilbert, and unfavorable to longevity, admits of no debate. That moderate drinking has a like tendency many will question, and yet we believe such to be the case. In the first place it is not easy to decide where moderate drinking begins. The one insensibly glides into the other. There are ten million drunkards in the United States, and of these one million die off every year. If their ranks were not recruited, in ten years the race of drunkards would be extinct. But the ranks are filled up. Whence come the new recruits? Certainly not from the total abstainers; from the moderate drinkers every time. The peril of what is called moderate drinking lies in its tendency to cross the line and become drunkenness. If, however, this peril is escaped, we still believe that even the moderate use of strong drink is a physical evil ever tending to impair the vital forces and to diminish the expectation of long life. Alcohol is a poison, and poison in small doses may not be fatal, but certainly cannot be wholesome. Alcohol injures and disfigures the blood globules and prevents the proper elimination of carbon. In hot climates the most moderate use of alcoholic stimulants has been found to be decidedly injurious. Dr. Moseley, in his work upon tropical diseases, says: "I have ever found from my own knowledge and custom, as well as from the custom and observation of others, that those who drink nothing but water, or make it their principal drink, are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience."—Christian at Work.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

Strong Tobacco and Cigars Cause an Affection of the Eyes.

The "warning to smokers" recently published in the New York World, embodying the report of the British Royal society's committee on color vision, which declares that "though alcohol rarely if ever causes color blindness it results very frequently from the smoking of strong tobacco," is made the subject of interviews with leading oculists by a Philadelphia newspaper. One physician was found who has three patients, each an excessive smoker, suffering from this defect of vision—amblyopia, as the doctors technically term it. Another physician, a professor at the Wills eye hospital, said: "Beyond any question the toxic effect of nicotine poisoning produces optic neuritis. And this is so very largely with those who smoke tobacco in pipes; it is more injurious than the use of cigars, and if those so affected do not abstain from the use of tobacco they are apt to lose their sight entirely or at least for a time, and the first symptom that indicates the total color blindness and subsequent atrophy in smokers of tobacco is the failure to quickly distinguish the color of red in the center of the field of vision. In tobacco amblyopia the excessive pipe smoker is affected first, next the cigar smoker, while the chewer of tobacco is affected last and not frequently. Middle-aged people are usually the victims, and to show you how virulent the nicotine poison is a case is reported of a woman who became affected with optic neuritis while attending her husband who smoked inveterately."—Chicago Herald.

A DANGEROUS FACTOR.

Notions Set at Variance by Drunken Subjects.

A drunken brawl that may end in international complications, occurred recently at Madrid. It appears that some of the crew of a German ship at that port had been allowed to go on shore and took advantage of their opportunity to visit the various sailors' resorts in the town and get drunk. When they returned to their ship they were in a quarrelsome mood and became involved in a fight in which a local watchman interfered to restore peace, but was in turn stabbed in the head by the drunken sailors. Spanish friends of the watchman, when they saw the murderous attack by the German sailors, entered into the fray and the account says the quay was covered with the blood of the wounded men. Then the civil guard was called upon to quell the disturbance, but when they appeared the Germans fled and managed to get aboard their ship without being captured, and then continued a fight from her deck, throwing all sorts of missiles at the crowd on the quay. The German consul and the port authorities after a time succeeded in quieting the rioters, but the end is not yet, and serious difficulty may possibly ensue between the two countries. Alcohol is a dangerous factor which has many times been the cause of national and international conflicts.—National Temperance Advocate.

Catarrh in the Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

Wants to Get a Divorce.

The personal column of a New York daily contains this golden opportunity: "A well educated young man of good social position will marry any lady of means who will provide funds for him to procure a divorce from his present wife, whom he cannot get along with."

DREADFUL SKIN DISEASE

Afflicts a Well-Known Merchant. Itching and Burning Terrible. Doctors and All Remedies Fail.

Tries Cuticura. Relieved by the First Application and Entirely Cured in Five Weeks.

About eighteen months ago a small speck appeared on my ankle; it resembled a fish scale; it became larger, and I consulted a physician who pronounced it psoriasis or mooled disease, because it resembled money. I applied an ointment, but it spread until at last it covered almost my entire body. My suffering was something terrible, burning and itching sensation continually until it became almost unendurable. I suffered tortures especially at night, and for two months I was compelled to sleep with gloves on. I became desperate. I would have given anything to be relieved of the itching sensation. I tried a number of remedies without any relief. I was requested to try CUTICURA; this I did, and to my great surprise, I was relieved after the first application. I used the CUTICURA, CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA RESOLVENT according to directions for about four or five weeks when I was entirely cured. But what a relief it was to me after the suffering I went through. I cannot speak with too much favor for the "CUTICURA REMEDIES," and I would recommend it to all those who are suffering from the same disease that I have suffered.

JOHN T. MELODY,
of MELODY BROTHERS, Wyandotte, Mich.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, internally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities, and thus remove the cause), and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair), cure every species of agonizing, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

I CAN'T BREATHE.

Chest Pains, Soreness, Weakness, Hacking Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy and Inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it for Weak Lungs.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTYN, D. D.,
New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion,
Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D.,
"The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave.,
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AMERICA'S FOREMOST FURRIERS
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We show more styles in

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than all other fur houses in Chicago combined.

Our SOUVENIR CATALOGUE, showing our exclusive styles, mailed on application.

THE LAEMMERMAN CASE.

How It Puzzled the Doctors for Six Years and How It Happily Terminated.

Who are the successful specialists?

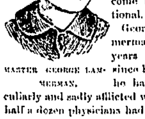
The physicians who, having first secured the best medical education and training that the colleges and great hospitals of the country afford, choose a special line of practice and devote themselves to it entirely and absolutely.

The treatment and cure of that particular disease or class of diseases becomes their life work. They gain a mastery over their specialties. If a cure is possible, a cure is effected.

Doctor Stackhouse and his associates are the successful specialists in the treatment of catarrh and all other chronic diseases.

The Laemmerman Case.

We present herewith a splendid likeness of Master George Laemmerman, whose name is quite familiar to newspaper readers by reason of the wide publication a few weeks ago of what has become generally known as the "Laemmerman Case." The case is not of merely local interest, for through the medium of the Associated Press dispatches, its fame has become almost national.



MASTER GEORGE LAEMMERMAN.

George Laemmerman is now 9 years old. Ever since his 4th year he has been peculiarly and sadly afflicted with what a half a dozen physicians had diagnosed as nasal catarrh. During all this time the boy's parents had been untiring in their efforts to find some treatment that would benefit the case. In vain they went from one physician to another. The wise men, one and all, pronounced the boy's trouble to be catarrh and treated the case as such. The rest of the story is best told by George's father. He says:

"After treating with five doctors, two at Huntington and three at Fort Wayne and finding that George's case was growing worse instead of better, I decided to take him to a specialist in the treatment of catarrhal diseases. Determined to secure the best medical service obtainable, I took him direct to the Stackhouse Medical Institute. I told the specialists that the boy had a bad case of catarrh. Before beginning treatment, however, they insisted upon a thorough examination of the case. The examining physician had not progressed far with the examination until he announced that George did not have catarrh but that there were evidences of the existence of some foreign body in his nose. Then, before any of us were fully aware of his intention, he had taken up an instrument and removed from the nostril something that very much resembled a shoe button, although it was so heavily encrusted that it was difficult to determine just what it was. I now remember that several years ago it was supposed that George had pushed a button up his nose and we had a doctor examine him. He assured us that there was nothing there. The next year appeared the symptoms of what the doctors told us was catarrh and we have ever since treated him for that malady, until the specialists of the Stackhouse Medical Institute discovered and removed the real cause of all the trouble. George is now doing very well, and is quite a different boy."

N. B.—Successful Specialists are able to distinguish the difference between a shoe button and nasal Catarrh.

Stackhouse Medical Institute.
Permanently located in White' New Bank Building.
Corner of Wayne and Clinton Streets,
(Entrance Opposite Masonic Temple.)
Fort Wayne, Ind.

SPECIALTIES—Catarrh and diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat and Lungs, Nervous Diseased, Blood and Skin Diseases, Chronic Diseases. Successful treatment by mail. Write for symptom blank. Consultation and examination, $1.00. Office hours—9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m.; Sunday, 3 to 5 p. m.

DRS. ERLICK AND TURPIN

Formerly of Berlin, Germany, the eminent Surgeons and Specialists, by the request of many friends and patients have decided to visit

FORT WAYNE,

Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25 and 26.

AT THE

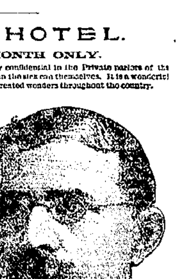
RANDALL HOTEL.

ONE DAY EVERY MONTH ONLY.

Consultation and Examination FREE and strictly confidential in the Private parlors of the Hotel. The doctors describe the different diseases better than the sick can themselves. It is a wonderful gift for any one to possess. Their diagnostic powers have created wonders throughout the country.

DR. TURPIN, the Celebrated Surgeon and Specialist of Diseases of Women and Men, formerly of the Imperial Hospital, Vienna, Austria, and Berlin, treats successfully all diseases of Women, as Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhea, Bearing Down Pains, Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings, General Weakness, and all Disorders of Menses, by new and improved methods.

Diseases of Men.—Blood Poisoning, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Loss of Manhood, Vital Drain in Urine, Nocturnal Emission, Impaired Memory, Weak Back, Impotency, etc., all diseases arising from Self-Abuse, Loss of Memory, are successfully treated by our method.



DR. ERLICK, the Celebrated Eye and Ear Surgeon and Specialist on all Chronic Diseases, formerly of Charity Hospital and Prof. V. Graefe's Eye Clinic at Berlin, Germany, having 20 years' experience in the treatment of chronic disease, cures all curable cases of the Stomach, Liver, Heart, Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Brain, Nerves, Rheumatism, Fits, Neuralgia, Diabetes, Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhoea, Dropsy, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Eczema, Scrofula, Consumption, Deafness and noises in the ear, discharging from the ears, cured when others failed. All Eye Troubles, Cataract and Cross Eyes successfully operated. Errors in the vision restored by proper glasses. All forms of Sores, Blood and Wasting Diseases.

All operations are performed in modern surgery at the patient's home or at our private hospital in Chicago.

PILES cured without Pain, Knife or hindrance from business.

CANCER positively cured without pain or use of knife by our new method.

MARRIAGE. Those contemplating marriage who are aware of physical defects or weakness which would render marriage a disappointment, would do well to call on us.

DEFORMITIES. We are prepared to treat all kinds of deformities, as Flat Feet, Curvature of the Spine, Weak Ankles, etc.

FREE EXAMINATION OF THE URINE.—Each person applying for medical treatment should send or bring about 4 ounces of urine (that passed first in the morning preferred), which will receive a careful chemical and microscopic examination and if requested a written analysis will be given.

We have studied and successfully cured by the latest and best methods known to medical science, such as Homeopathy and Tissue Cure and Electric Cure. Call early, as our parlors are always crowded.

Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders, who keep trifling with them month after month, giving poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately. Delays are dangerous.

WONDERFUL CURES Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. Parties treated by mail or express, but where possible, personal consultation is preferred. Curable cases guaranteed. No risks incurred.

Cases and correspondence confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of U. S. List of 130 questions free. Address, with postage,

DRS. ERLICK & TURPIN,
642 Lincoln Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

said, "but these revenue meddlers might find better employment themselves than going about to destroy the property of free men."

"But a man of Frank Ellis' standing and family—I should think he'd scorn so vulgar a business."

"There's a smack of daring and danger in it, and then, too, there is a great deal of money to be made," said Colonel Chenier, puffing rapidly at his pipe. "The Yankees ought to be willing for us to have at least one way of getting back what we've lost."

The sound of a horse's feet was now heard, and in a moment a cavalier of the true mountain type came up at a gallop and drew rein in front of the mill.

He lifted his broad brimmed felt hat and bowed to his horse's mane. He was a tall, round limbed, compactly built young fellow, dark haired, with olive complexion and keen black eyes, regular features and a superbly poised head. A suit of well fitting gray clothes, with heavy top boots, brass spurs and buckskin gauntlets, to which were added a leather waist belt and three heavy pistols, gave strong emphasis to his rather brigandish bearing. At his right side swung a light Maynard rifle.

"Good morning, Miss Chenier; good morning, colonel," he said; then, as if for the first time noting the younger girl's presence, he bowed low again, and with a peculiarly pleasant smile added: "Miss Rosalie, good morning."

"Lovely morning, isn't it?" said the colonel, the ring of southern cordiality in his heavy voice.

"Lovely, lovely," was the answer, in a rich, sweet tone. "I have had a charming ride over the mountain. The air is exceedingly fine and I have never seen vegetation so rich and rank. Why, the leaves on the hickory sprouts are as large as the skirts of my saddle."

"Those leaves will be immense when they are quite grown, Mr. Ellis," said Rosalie, striking a chord upon the old banjo.

The young man bowed and laughed lightly.

"I fear you are trying to spoil the effect of my comparison," he said, ending with a peculiar compression of the lips, which caused his heavy mustache to droop below his well turned chin.

"But your saddle skirts are so enormously large," Rosalie added. He looked down and seemed for the first time aware that he was riding one of those skirtless "trees," thousands of which had been left scattered through the hill country by Sherman's troopers. He laughed outright.

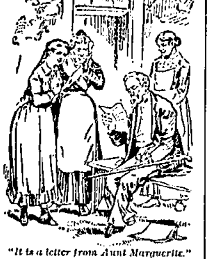
"I had forgotten that I changed saddles this morning," he exclaimed; "it wasn't a very happy comparison, after all, but the hickory leaves are just as large, all the same."

"I have a letter for you, sir," said the cavalier, searching in a side pocket as he spoke. He let the envelope fall in getting it out. Lightly swinging himself downward, he recovered it without dismounting. Although the horse was tall, the feat was performed with as much apparent ease as if he had stooped from a standing posture. He recovered his seat in the saddle with a romantic clang of spurs and pistols. The noble horse arched its neck and struck the ground impatiently with its left forefoot, scattering around a shower of sand and gravel.

The young man tossed the letter to Colonel Chenier, lifted his hat again, and with another low bow loosed the bridle rein and sped away up the valley at a slow gallop. Just around the first turn of the road they heard him begin to sing in a strong mellow voice a familiar old ballad. He left behind him, lingering in the air, a suggestion of mediæval days.

CHAPTER II.

A LETTER FROM AUNT MARGUERITE.



"It is a letter from Aunt Marguerite."

What is called the hill country of north Georgia consists of a network of mountain chains running in every direction, with fertile valleys between. Formerly it was the home of the Cherokee tribe of Indians, and for that reason is sometimes designated as Cherokee Georgia. Some great travelers, among them Bayard Taylor, have compared this region to the most picturesque parts of Italy as regards both climate and scenery. In many places the landscape is broken into the grandest alpine masses. Notably this is so in the more mountainous parts lying west of the Western and Atlantic railroad.

The little "pocket," in which for the present we linger with the slender beginnings of our history, lies in the very thickest of the hilly network, many hundred feet above the sea level, protected from great storms—a dreamy little eden of quietude and peace. The people of the region are, for the most part, simple, ignorant mountaineers, fifty years behind the age, independent, hardy, reticent, peculiar in dress and manner, but brave, honest and true to their traditions; in many respects not unlike the peasantry of the south of France. The men are great hunters, and you may see them stalking through the woods with the long flintlock rifles of a century past flung across their bony shoulders. They take to nothing new. With them progress is an unknown word. A few families here and there are cultured folk whom adversity or the pursuit of health has thrown into these primitive valleys. The lives of these cultured exiles is dry, lonely and eventless. The Chenier family is a good example. From month's end to month's end their existence is merely negative—that is, they are not dead. The old mill is not more humdrum in its rumbling and creaking than is the daily round through which they turn. The elder members have the sad satisfaction of remembering some days of glory, and they often talk over that happy time. Rosalie hears them; but it is like reading a romance. It charms her without rendering her discontented. She is imaginative, and often nurses that roseate dream, indefinite though it be, of one day roaming away, beyond the circling mountains, into the great outside, the strong, joyous, rushing world.

If a letter is fascinating of itself, independent of anything it may contain, to us who live in the full tide of modern progress, what must it be to one in the deep seclusion of a place like the "pocket?" It is, until the seal is broken, a mysterious messenger from an unknown country.

Rosalie came down from her perch upon the broken wall, and approached her father as he began to tear open the envelope which had been thrown to him by the young horseman. It was as if she expected great tidings, a message of charming import from some benign and powerful personage far away somewhere, anywhere, in that romantic world beyond the mountains. The stir in her blood was of that obscurely tender sort which barely tinges contentment with longing or hope or indefinite desire.

"It is from Marguerite," said Colonel Chenier, as he slowly unfolded the heavy white unruled sheet covered over with small, cramped writing.

"Aunt Marguerite?" quickly inquired Adelaide, her face taking on a look of immediate rest.

Colonel Chenier's hand trembled as he adjusted his spectacles. A sort of ashen gravity momentarily deepened in his cheeks.

"Read it aloud, papa," cried Rosalie; "but wait, I'll call mamma," she added; and without a second's pause she ran into the mill and soon returned leading a pale, thin, fair faced woman, whose air was that of an energetic invalid.

"It is a letter from Aunt Marguerite," exclaimed Adelaide, as her mother sat down beside her. Rosalie remained standing, still holding the banjo in her left hand, her sweet lips slightly parted, her eyes beaming with all a child's sincere curiosity.

"She is coming to see us," said Colonel Chenier, lifting his eyes from the letter and looking into his wife's pale face, as if asking what she thought of the startling announcement.

"Oh, oh!" cried Rosalie, "coming here! Is she really coming here?"

"Coming here!" echoed Adelaide.

A little color rose into the transparent cheeks of Mrs. Chenier, but she remained silent.

"What can we ever do with her papa?" said Adelaide almost petulantly.

"Oh, I'm so very glad," exclaimed Rosalie, her face emphasizing the statement with a quick flush. "Read it aloud to us."

Colonel Chenier looked over his glasses at the radiant girl, and then, turning back to the letter, began reading as follows:

SAVANNAH, GA., May 2.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have at last determined to write to you again. Of course, I cannot imagine why you have not answered any of my letters. Certainly I filled each one of them with sisterly affection. Lately I have been nursing a fear that, since I sent a small remittance in the first one, five years ago, it may have been stolen, and the same thief may have purloined the valueless ones with the hope of obtaining further booty. Be this true or no, I write to you now to say that I am coming to look for you, and to see for myself how you are getting along. General Forbes, your old commander, was here with us for a day or two, three years ago, and he told us that he had heard that you were ruined, financially, by the armies, but he could not tell us what you were doing. I have tried, in every way, to find out something about you, all in vain. Of course, I cannot rest content. You are my own dear, only brother, and I must not, I cannot, let you get entirely away from me, never to see you or hear from you any more. I hope this will reach you all right. I shall follow it in the course of a week or two. So you may expect me. Mr. Roosevelt will come with me. He will be the better for the mountain air, poor man. Lately his railroad schemes have caused him a world of vexation. Some English and Dutch capitalists have combined to try to thwart his Florida plans; but at last he has formed an alliance with some Chicago and New York men, and the worst seems over. His health is poor, however, and I have made him promise to come with me into your delightful mountain region.

As I write, I grow childishly impatient to see you and Sue and Adelaide. What is your youngest daughter's name? You know I have never seen her. If she is at all like Adelaide, I shall love her dearly. I hope Sue's health is good. I used to fear it would entirely fail.

You need not answer this letter, as we shall go at once to Augusta, where Mr. Roosevelt has some affairs to arrange, thence to Atlanta for a few days, and then to you. Mr. Roosevelt will go to Catoosa Springs, but I shall remain with you for some weeks. I anticipate a happy time, and hope some good may come of my visit.

As ever, your affectionate sister,
MARGUERITE CHENIER ROOSEVELT.

Colonel Chenier lifted his head as he finished reading, and for a space he turned the letter idly in his fingers, gazing at the distant mountain tops as if trying to see beyond them into the "low country" where, in the heart of lovely old Savannah, his only sister lived, rich, childless, exclusive—an aristocrat of the most ultra southern type. He was looking in his memory at the grand mansion, the shady streets, the fanciful clumps of old palmetto trees, the spacious halls and parlors, the heavy old time furniture, the lace, the damask, the tapestry, the curious bric-a-brac treasures, the paintings, the statuettes.

Mrs. Chenier and Adelaide looked at each other mutely, despairingly, as women do when suddenly overtaken by some extreme exigency. Then with a common thought they turned inquiringly toward the old mill as if to say to it, "What can be done with Marguerite Chenier Roosevelt?"

"Where can we put her to sleep?" exclaimed Adelaide.

Mrs. Chenier made an impatient gesture as her only response.

"A small remittance," said the colonel, glancing back over a part of the letter. There was just the slightest ring of disdain in his voice.

"For several years we never so much as inquired at the postoffice or dreamed of a letter," he presently added in a softer tone, "and the mail service has been quite as demoralized in the south as politics and finances."

"Well, we must begin to prepare at once," said Mrs. Chenier, lacing the fingers of both her hands together, and glancing from her husband to Adelaide; "we shall have no time to lose."

"But, mamma, what can we do? How can we prepare?" cried Adelaide emphatically.

"Oh, Marguerite is a plain, sensible woman, after all," said Colonel Chenier, trying to speak lightly, "and I don't doubt that we shall get along all right."

"But, Wilton," interposed Mrs. Chenier, "you know we have no room, and not even a spare bed for her."

"I'll give Aunt Marguerite my room and bed," said Rosalie quickly. The women looked at each other.

"Bless my little girl," cried the father, pulling Rosalie down upon his knee and kissing her cheek. She seemed a mere child to him.

Colonel Chenier, for the moment, had forgotten all his troubles in a sudden realization of Rosalie's beauty and sweetness. His wooden leg had vanished. He had not lost his fortune. The old mill was a castle in Spain.

Mrs. Chenier and Adelaide began at once to plan certain rearrangements of the household furniture and to talk over possible additions to the pitifully scant supply of necessary comforts.

Rosalie was entirely free from the embarrassments of the situation. She had never known a better state and her surroundings had never distressed her. The birds of those fragrant mountain groves were not more free and happy than she in the ignorance and innocence of her healthy and fervid youth. The simple food, the pure water, the mountain air and the variegated scenery had made her growth perfect. She had come up as a flower. She had developed, as do the wild things of the forests, to the symmetry of nature's model.

While the family was thus grouped and intently busied with the matter in hand, a tall, angular youth came shambling up the road, bearing to the mill a heavy bag of corn.

Rosalie went into the mill to make it ready for grinding the corn.

Inside the mill the boy set the bag down, untied the string at its mouth, then lifted it and poured the bright golden grain into the hopper, smoothly grooved by the friction of long usage.

Rosalie took out the toll in a little cedar measure, pouring it into the mill's treasure box. Then she pressed the lever which raised the flood gate, and immediately the music of the flume and the creaking of the gudgeons began. The old building trembled throughout its frame from roof to foundation.

When the grinding was done, and the mill had been stopped, Rosalie held open the bag while the lad, with a small wooden scoop, shoveled the meal into it.

The meal was now all in, and Rosalie stooped to tie up the mouth of the bag.

"There," said Rosalie, drawing herself lightly up and touching the bag with her dainty foot, "it's ready for you now."

As he took up his load and went away, the young girl followed as far as the door. Her mother and sister were earnestly discussing the dreaded visit of Marguerite Chenier Roosevelt. Colonel Chenier had resumed his pipe and novel.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

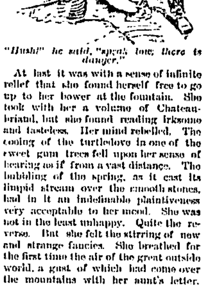
The mill stream was a slender brook, tumbling down a wild gorge from its fountain a few hundred yards away. Rosalie had worn a slender path from the mill up to the stream's source, a lonely spot, darkly shaded, where the water rose with a mellow gush from a deep fissure in a rock. Some smooth barked maples grew in a clump on one side of the spring, on the other side two luxuriant liquid amber trees rustled their tenderly rich foliage.

A vast escarpment of rock, dripping with moisture and tapestried with green moss and variegated lichens, towered above the tree tops like the wall of some ruined fortress of Titian days.

Rosalie would bring her books up here and would rest so still in the deep shade that even the most timid creature in the wood did not suspect her.

This cool twilight place by the fountain became her study during the long Georgian summers, and she seemed to take into her physique, and into her mental nature as well, the freshness of the atmosphere and the riant health of the vegetation.

In the course of the week following the arrival of Aunt Marguerite's letter, there was so much to do at the mill that Rosalie had little time for outdoor rambles or study. This letter had produced a great effect. It was like a waft from magic land. The changes that it wrought about and within the mill were wonderful. Everything was, by one means or another, brightened and put into order, with especial reference to the accommodating of Marguerite Chenier Roosevelt, whose name daily grew more fascinating to the fancy of Rosalie. In picturing this great visitor, the young girl's mind outlined a stately dame, such as those in the romances she had read, dressed in silks and lace and stiff brocades, carrying herself grandly and haughtily, with a pale patrician face and cold gray eyes. This fancy weighed upon her; it came into her dreams at night; it followed her through her routine of daily work.



"Hush!" he said, "speak low; there is danger."

At last it was with a sense of infinite relief that she found herself free to go up to her bower at the fountain. She took with her a volume of Chateaubriand, but she found reading irksome and tasteless. Her mind rebelled. The cooing of the turtledove in one of the sweet gum trees fell upon her sense of hearing as if from a vast distance. The bubbling of the spring, as it cast its limpid stream over the smooth stones, had in it an indefinable plaintiveness very acceptable to her mood. She was not in the least unhappy. Quite the reverse. But she felt the stirring of new and strange fancies. She breathed for the first time the air of the great outside world, a gust of which had come over the mountains with her aunt's letter. During the last two or three days she had heard much said about the stately Roosevelt mansion and its costly furniture, its curious articles of virtu and all the semitropical strangeness and luxuriance of the trees and plants in which it was embowered. She had never seen a city, nor a mansion, nor costly furniture. She never before had especially cared to see any of these things, but now the leaven of ambition was beginning, no matter how subtly and obscurely, to work itself into the tissue of her nature.

She sat there, gazing at her open book, but not reading, deep in the mystery of her new fancies, when suddenly Frank Ellis stood before her. She started and uttered a sharp note of alarm.

"How you scared me, sir!" she exclaimed.

"Hush!" he said, "speak low; there is danger."

She grew quite pale, and glanced furtively around.

"What is it?" she murmured, her lips quivering and her eyes growing strangely liquid and brilliant.

"A government dog on my track," he hissed, "and I am running from him to avoid killing him."

"A dog?" she inquired.

"Yes, a sleuthhound, a man hunter, a government detective."

"Oh, a Yankee?"

"Yes, a miserable revenue sneak."

"But what—why does he follow you?" she demanded.

"Speak lower," he said, sitting down upon a stone near her and laying his rifle across his knees. He looked flushed and excited.

His lips shut themselves together with a quiet, writhing motion, and there was a dangerous light in his eyes. He reached back a hand and loosed the heavy pistols in his belt, as if to have them ready at a second's notice. "I have led him a long chase and a futile one," he added; "much good may it do him!"

Rosalie did not understand all this. She had a vague impression that it meant something connected with that terrible war of which she had heard so much and in which her father had been so horribly maimed.

"I don't want to kill him, but if I can't get rid of him"——

"Oh, Mr. Ellis, don't kill any one!" she half whispered, spreading out one of her slender white hands toward him deprecatingly.

He looked intently at her, and as he did so a curious change crept over his bold, swarthy, handsome face. It was as if a surprising revelation had suddenly flashed into his mind—a revelation which thrilled through him like some rare and charming strain of music. His pulse seemed to quicken, and the silence grew intense before he again spoke.

"I have given him the slip, I think," he said at last, "and if he will let me and my property alone I shall not hurt him. But I can't bear much more. I won't be dogged in this way by a villainous Yankee emissary. He is trying to find my location in order to fetch troops to destroy my business."

Rosalie did not understand. She did not know Ellis' business. As for him, she had known him as an occasional visitor of her father's for several years. She had always heard him spoken of as Frank Ellis, and as a young man of excellent family and character; but still there seemed to be a reserve of secrecy about his goings and comings, and an air of watchfulness and restlessness ever present with him, which had not failed to impress her with some shadowy notion of the life he was leading. Now as she looked at him sitting there, alert, half expectant, resolute, a feeling of mingled admiration and awe crept over her. No doubt there is to a young, innocent girl something unmistakably fascinating in a dark, strong semioutlaw armed to the teeth and ready for dangerous adventure. The love of romance is one of the fundamental elements of woman's nature.

Frank Ellis was quick in seeing the influence he was just then exerting, and his shadowy impressions of Rosalie Chenier's beauty and purity drew themselves together, all at once, blending into the first state of love.

"I must go back," said Rosalie rising and adjusting, with trembling fingers, her straw hat. She glanced down the little path and hesitated.

"I will go with you till the mill comes in sight," said Ellis, getting up and resting his gun in the hollow of his left arm. His manner was grace itself, and yet there was in it that peculiar reserve and courtliness which in antebellum days distinguished the southern man from the northern one at all our great social centers.

"I believe I am a little afraid to go alone," she said, with a sweet, faltering smile; "you startled me so. I never was so scared."

He immediately stepped ahead of her and led the way down the zigzag path, turning now and then to offer her assistance when stones or logs came in the way.

She could not help noting how tall and lithe and well proportioned he was, and with what a self confident air he bore himself. No doubt the heavy pistols in his belt and the ivory hilted bowieknife and the gun added much to the effect of his appearance. The war had left a few such men as he scattered through the mountains. They became chiefs, so to speak—leaders of the mountaineers in all their enterprises, lawful or otherwise.

When the mill was in sight Ellis stepped to one side to let Rosalie pass. As she was going he said:

"Miss Chenier, I may not see you again soon, possibly never." His voice was tender and rich with suppressed emotion. "If these Yankees destroy my business over here I shall have to go away."

Her clear, deep eyes met his with childlike frankness, but there was a hot flush in her cheeks. She did not know why her heart jumped so. She felt a great pity for him. It would be too bad, she thought, if he should be compelled to go off to some very distant place.

"I hope it will not come to the worst, sir," she said; "you must keep in good spirits. Papa says no one can be successful if he cannot be cheerful."

Ellis smiled and held out his hand. "May I be cheerful for your sake?" he demanded in a tone of voice never heard in the north, a tone of gentle persuasiveness mingled with infinite deference, which nevertheless had in it an artificiality not wholly pleasing.

"Yes," she replied, quite promptly, taking his hand. "Won't you go down to the mill?"

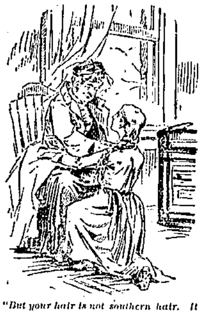
He held her hand and gazed inquiringly at her. She was entirely at her ease, and met his look so frankly that he actually laughed. "No, I cannot go any farther," he said. "Goodby; don't ever forget me, Miss Chenier."

He stooped and kissed her hand, then turned and walked away, soon losing himself in the tangles of the wood.

Rosalie went down to the mill with a strange feeling, as of some indefinite loss or some sweet imponderable gain pervading her consciousness. She went about all the rest of the day humming a simple tune, half aware that she was hovering on the threshold of a great and beautiful mystery.

CHAPTER IV.

AUNT MARGUERITE.



"But your hair is not southern hair. It is fine northern gold."

La-bas, la-bas, ma belle petite,
Qu'ils etaient beaux, les jours,
Les jours, l-e-s j-o-u-r-s!

Rosalie loved a little French song taught her by her father when she was a child, a mere jingling ditty with a simple air, such as often takes hold of one's memory and haunts it for days. Its short, crisp words and tripping rhythm suited well the banjo accompaniment which she had arranged for it.

She was sitting on the old bench under the mulberry tree singing this song when the carriage which brought Marguerite Chenier Roosevelt to the mill came in sight, a little way down the "pocket" road.

Ma belle petite,
Qu'ils etaient beaux, les jours—

She trilled with her rich but rather slender and childlike soprano voice, the chords of the banjo blending well with it. The mill gate was down, but the water had not yet filled the raceway, and only a trickling sound came from the mossy forebay. Colonel Chenier, as it chanced, was not in his accustomed seat under the mulberry tree, and Mrs. Chenier and Adelaide were in the mill.

When the carriage, a rather seedy cab from the neighboring railroad village, stopped, Rosalie caught her breath excitedly, quitting short in the midst of her song.

A little sharpfaced, blackeyed old lady got briskly out through the door of the vehicle and looked about her inquiringly. The cabman deposited a heavy trunk and two large traveling bags on the ground near by. Rosalie stood gazing as one scarcely able to credit her vision. Could this wrinkled, sallow, thin little old person be her aunt, Marguerite Chenier Roosevelt?

Colonel Chenier came hobbling up and set the matter at rest.

"Dear sister," he cried, gathering the newcomer into his strong arms and kissing her withered cheek again and again.

Rosalie was disenchanted. This was not the cold stately dame of which she had been dreaming.

Mrs. Chenier and Adelaide came forth from the mill and the guest was given a warm welcome.

When Rosalie was presented the old lady ran her sharp black eyes over the girl's lissome form, from head to foot.

"You are very pretty, my dear," she said, in a soft, quavering tone, taking both of Rosalie's hands between her own. "You are the prettiest Chenier I ever saw."

Rosalie smiled radiantly. She was too unsophisticated to doubt her aunt's sincerity.

"So she is," exclaimed Colonel Chenier; "my little girl is a real beauty."

"Little girl," said Aunt Marguerite, emphasizing the second word; "little girl, indeed! She's a young lady. She ought to wear her dresses longer. Come, my dear," taking Rosalie's arm, "show me to my room, please, I am very tired."

Aunt Marguerite was immediately taken up into the cozy but scantily furnished room prepared for her. The cabman followed with her baggage. She sank into a chair by the window, whence she could have a fine view of the valley, the foothills and the deeply notched chains of blue mountains, lying one beyond another in almost parallel lines. She leaned back and tipped her vinaigrette against her nose, half closing her eyes as she slowly inhaled the sharp contents.

"You don't look at all like your father or your mother, my dear," she said to Rosalie. "I wonder where you got those eyes."

"Papa calls them 'feu de la Vendee,'" responded Rosalie; "and sometimes when I get a little excited he cries out, 'Flammes du Midi!' or 'Eclair de la Provence!'"

"But your hair is not southern hair. It is fine northern gold." The old lady, as she spoke, reached forth a thin hand and toyed with the girl's long, pale braids. Her manner, her voice and the touch of her fingers had in them that caressing tenderness peculiar to the south. "You must be a strange sheep in the Chenier flock," she continued.

"But not a black sheep," Rosalie quickly responded, laughing lightly.

Aunt Marguerite smiled. Her kindly old heart warmed to the sweet girl. They at once became far more than friends. The childless woman had found just what she had all her later years been looking for. She felt as if she must take Rosalie in her arms and cover her face with kisses. What a sunbeam to take to the Roosevelt mansion, she thought. What a ripple she would make in Savannah social circles, this lovely mountain niece!

Marguerite Chenier Roosevelt had for many years nursed a desire to find some beautiful girl to adopt as her own. Why would not this gold haired Chenier, this clear eyed, pink lipped, sweet voiced maid of the mill serve her turn? Although this thought arose in her mind at once, Aunt Marguerite, being wise, did not let fall even a hint of it for several days. She studied Rosalie with great care, and found some new grace, some fresh element of loveliness or some rare phase of innocence developing in her nature every day.

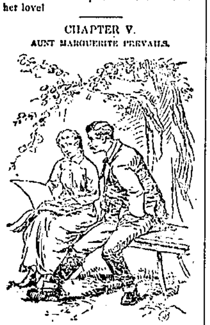
One thing, however, grated harshly upon her sense of the fitness of things—the banjo. It was unclassic. It belonged to the negro. She had never before heard of a young lady who played the banjo, or, if she had, the questionable environments of the stage were connected with the thought, but the tone of this instrument was so pure, and there was something so insinuating in its short, runic notes, that Aunt Marguerite hesitated and finally was captivated. No doubt the influence of Rosalie's personal loveliness had the greatest part to do with this conquest.

"It has something just a grain wicked in it, I fear," Aunt Marguerite would say, speaking of the banjo. "Something I cannot tell what, of la sauvagerie du pays, as if it refused to immediately connect itself with our gentility—our culture."

To this fine old lady of the "low country," life at the mill presented a thousand savage aspects. Its limitations seemed so strange and narrow, its influences so subtle and irresistible, its social setting so crude and valueless. But despite the dull, dry and cramped situation, Aunt Marguerite discovered that a new strength and elasticity were coming into her physique, and that her mind was taking on a most unusual clearness and serenity. Was it in the water she was drinking, the food, the air, the variegated landscape views, the matchless beauty? Was it in the bird songs that [illegible] from sleep in the cool sweet [illegible] Was it in the dreamy hum of [illegible] lulled her to sleep at night? [illegible] what influence worked [illegible] felt something akin to [illegible] stealing into her life. Ah, the cold woman had found a sweet, sincere and innocent nature upon which to exhaust her love!

CHAPTER V.

AUNT MARGUERITE PREVAILS.



"You are very beautiful, Miss Rosalie."

About two weeks after the arrival of Aunt Marguerite at the mill a thing came to pass which caused her to begin fearing lest the seed of trouble had already been sown in Rosalie's life. It was a visit from that magnetic young cavalier Frank Ellis, who, thinking he had thoroughly outwitted the government detectives, had once more begun his riding into and out of the valley on his mysterious business. He brought some papers and magazines for the members of the mill household, among them a recent number of The Revue des Deux Mondes for Colonel Chenier, who, from natural bent, distaste for everything American since the downfall of the south, and from long habit, turned toward France for all his reading. A gay fashion periodical pleased Rosalie with its colored plates representing stylish women and children at a northern summer resort. With all a young girl's curiosity touching them, she yet seemed not to think of these lovely and costly dresses, bonnets and things in connection with herself.

She mastered with quick glances the minutest details of their construction and arrangement, admired the exquisite blending of colors, the graceful lines of waist and skirt, the jaunty elegance of this hat or the quiet charm of that bonnet. Her taste was not at fault. She chose the simpler things. But she chose them in the abstract and with no personal view, not with any immediate sense of their appropriateness to a purpose or need of her own. Ellis sat on a bench beside her and helped her turn the leaves of the periodical, now and then offering some light comment on the plates.

Aunt Marguerite noticed with the practiced eye of one old in the ways of society that this young man was no boorish mountaineer. He was a keen, thoroughly sophisticated, self poised man of the world—a narrow world, maybe, but the world all the same. She did not like his restless eye, his startled glances, as of a hunted man, and she recoiled from his big pistols, his gun and his bowie knife. He looked to her like a bad man, who could nearly hide his badness under a veneering of suave politeness. His voice had false notes. And yet she could see how easily he might have been a good and perhaps even a great man. His large head, his strong, dark face, his air of imperiousness, his firmly rounded jaws, were the exponents of a high order of ability.

"How well such a dress as that would become you!" he said to Rosalie, pointing out a blue silk robe ruffled and flounced in the then prevailing style; "your complexion and your pale, bright hair would blend so sweetly with that color."

This seemed to Marguerite Chenier Roosevelt a piece of cool, devilish wickedness. She saw Rosalie glance down at her own coarse white dress, dusty with flour, a shadow of self consciousness flitting across her pure face. Ellis bent closer to her ear, and added in a very sweet soft tone:

"Blue and gold; your hair would fall over that rich silk like fleeces of sunset cloud over a blue sky. How I should like to see you in that sort of attire! You are very beautiful, Miss Rosalie—Miss Chenier," his voice dropping almost to a whisper.

But Aunt Marguerite overheard every word. She could not help it.

A rich blush leaped into Rosalie's cheeks, and then a pallor followed, which affected Aunt Marguerite deeply.

Ah, this serpent in Eden! The good woman felt as if she would like to bruise his head with her heel.

"Come, Rosalie dear," she said, "I want you to go with me to my room, please. You know you haven't read to me any today."

The young girl rose promptly, with a quick responsive smile, as her aunt's voice called her wholly back to herself.

"Oh, madam," exclaimed Ellis deprecatingly, "I have but a few moments to stay, can't you let Miss Chenier show me the rest of those pictures? I'm a genuine child about looking at pictures of any sort."

Aunt Marguerite affected not to hear him.

"Come on, dear," she added; and Rosalie obeyed.

"Goodby," he said, holding out his hand, which the girl took.

"Goodby," she responded.

As their eyes met he said: "I, too, should like to hear you read. Won't you read some for me one of these days?"

"Oh, yes, sir, if you would care to listen," she replied.

"Come on, child," persisted Aunt Marguerite.

The cavalier darted a quick, intense look into the old lady's eyes, then lifting his hat and bowing very low, turned mounted his horse and rode away up the valley.

Aunt Marguerite was wise. She did not venture a word to Rosalie about this young man just then, much as she felt like saying, what she suspected. It was too often the case, she reflected, that a young girl would develop a sudden and mysterious perverseness when too directly approached in a matter of this sort. She preferred to bide her time and compass her duty in the surest way. She became gradually

"Is this young Mr. Ellis a very nice young man?" she demanded of Rosalie, some time after he had gone. The question was put in the most careless way, and in a tone indicative of no special desire for an answer.

"Oh, yes, very nice, indeed," responded Rosalie, looking straight into Aunt Marguerite's little eyes. "He's the best young man I know. He's so brave too. He will fight any one."

Mrs. Roosevelt attacked her smelling bottle in a way so vigorous that it made Rosalie laugh. The old lady was beginning to think that these up country folk must set a high value on fighting. She had heard much said on this subject within the last few days.

"What good is there in fighting?" said she; "the war is over. It would be much better if young men would think of nobler things."

"Oh, they don't fight much," responded Rosalie, "except when Yankee detectives come in here to interfere with their business. Mr. Ellis told me he should not want to hurt any one, 'if he could have his rights without.'"

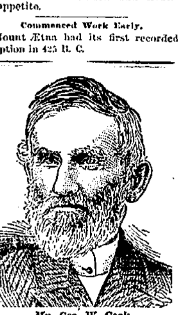
"What is his business, dear?" asked Aunt Marguerite.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dyspepsia's victims find prompt and permanent relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla which tones the stomach and creates an appetite.

Commenced Work Early.

Mount Ætna had its first recorded eruption in 425 B. C.



Mr. Geo. W. Cook
Of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Like a Waterfall

Great Suffering

After the Grip

Tremendous Roaring in the Head —Pain in the Stomach.

"To C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Two years ago I had a severe attack of the Grip, which left me in a terribly weak and debilitated condition. Last winter I had another attack and was again very badly off, my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength, felt tired all the time, had disagreeable roaring noises in my head, like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and

Severe Sinking Pains

in my stomach. I took medicines without benefit, until, having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it, and the result is very gratifying. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is surely curing my catarrh. I recommend it to all." GEO. W. COOK, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

In Paint
the best is cheapest—

Strictly Pure White Lead

is best; properly applied it will not scale, chip, chalk, or rub off; it firmly adheres to the wood and forms a permanent base for repainting. Paints which peel or scale have to be removed by scraping or burning before satisfactory repainting can be done.

Be sure that you have only strictly pure White Lead. The following brands have a reputation established, they are standard, and well known.

ANCHOR (Cincinnati)
ARMSTRONG & McKELVY (Pittsburgh)
BEYMER-BAUMAN (Pittsburgh)
COLLIER (St. Louis)
CORNELL (Buffalo)
DAVIS-CHAMBERS (Pittsburgh)
ECKSTEIN (Cincinnati)
FAHNESTOCK (Pittsburgh)
MORLEY (Cleveland)
RED SEAL (St. Louis)
SHIPMAN (Chicago)
SOUTHERN (St. Louis and Chicago)

If a color other than white is wanted, tint the Lead with the National Lead Co.'s

Pure White Lead Tinting Colors

They are sold in small cans, one pound being sufficient to tint twenty-five pounds of strictly pure White Lead the desired shade.

In combination with strictly pure White Lead these colors make the best paint that it is possible to put on a building.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
Cincinnati Branch,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BUY
Hutchinson's Kid Gloves

They last longer and wear better than any other make. They are stylish, and made from selected skins only.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED
PERFECT FITTING
LATEST STYLES
MOST DURABLE
AND THEY NEVER RIP

If your dealer does not have them and you want to know something about the BEST GLOVES MADE write to the manufacturer for his illustrated book about gloves.

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON,
MANUFACTURER,
JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

JAPANESE
PILE CURE

A new and Complete Treatment consisting of Suppositories, Capsules of Ointment and two Boxes of Ointment. A never-failing Cure for Piles of every nature and degree. It makes an excellent Remedy for Female Weaknesses and Nervous Debility and is always a benefit to the general health. It makes an operation with the knife or injections of carbolic acid, which are painful and expensive, and seldom a permanent cure and sometimes resulting in death, unnecessary hereafter. Why suffer from this terrible disease when we guarantee 6 boxes to cure any case? You only pay for the benefits you receive. $1 per box, 6 for $5. Guarantees issued through our agents.

CONSTIPATION CURED and Piles prevented by the use of Japanese Liver Pellets the great Liver and Stomach Regulator and Blood Purifier, as they are small, mild and pleasant to take they are especially adapted for children's use. 50 Doses 25c.

GROSS & PELLENS, Druggists and Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc. Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP.

Best for General Household Use.

Hallo! Hallo!

Give me Holtz & Israel, the Broadway Paper Men. I am sick and tired looking at my dirty walls, when they are almost giving wall paper away. Give them to you twice. They are practical paper hangers and painters and I know they will do me a good job. They will go anywhere in Fort Wayne and Allen county and hang paper. Don't forget the place.

HOLTZ & ISRAEL,
No. 123 Broadway, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FOR RENT!

After January 1st, 1893,

For a Period of Five Or Ten Years.

The Five-Story Building next door to the Sentinel Office, on Calhoun St., Occupied by J. A. Armstrong, as a Wholesale Millinery Store.

CALL AT SENTINEL OFFICE.

Every Young Man

[illegible]

PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. [illegible]

WANTED.

WANTED—Two roomers and boarders, at 252 Clinton street.

WANTED—Immediately, a good girl to do second work, at 185 East Main street. 17-3t

WANTED—Good girl for general housework, in small family. Call at 177 West Wayne street. Mrs. E. J. Golden. 19-2t

WANTED—A steady, sober man to collect and canvas. Good salary. W. J. Armstrong, Supt., 21 Pixley Block, Berry St. 27-tf

WANTED—Girls desiring good situations to work to call at Mrs. Moring's employment office, successor to Mrs. Lahey, No. 127 Harrison street, between Washington and Jefferson streets. 17-3t

WANTED—Boarding; private christian families who would like to give a home to one or two young men at reasonable prices, should send their names to D. F. Bower, general secretary of the city department Y. M. C. A. 19-tf

WANTED—SALESMEN TO TRAVEL—In surrounding districts, by own team or otherwise, soliciting orders from retail dealers for rubber boots and shoes, to be shipped direct from factory. Those already traveling with another line of goods could make this a valuable addition to their business. Address, stating particulars and references, Colchester Rubber Co., Colchester, Conn. oct 20-d-w 1 mo

WANTED—Wide-awake workers everywhere to sell "Shepp's Photographs of the World;" the greatest book on earth; costing $100,000; cash or instalments; a Bonanza for the Holidays; agents coining money; mammoth illustrated circulars and terms free; workers wild with success. Mr. King O'Lor, Altoona, Pa., cleared $1,300 in six weeks; Rev. Jos. Walters, Nantucket, Mass., $180 in 17 hours; Miss L. E. Brown, Los Angeles, Cal., $73 first day. Magnificent outfit only $1. Goods on credit. Address Globe Bible Pub. Co., No. 723 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., or No. 356 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. oct 11-d&w1tw

$5 to $15 per day at home, selling Lightning Plater and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, &c. Plates the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing plating.
sep 3-e-12t H. E. DELNO & CO., Columbus, O.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—At the Sentinel Office, bound copies of revised ordinances. [illegible]

FOR SALE—Nice young mare, perfectly sound and gentle; good surrey and single harness, all for $135. Call for Smith, 109 Calhoun St. tf

FOR SALE—The fine brick residence, southeast corner Berry and Union streets. All modern conveniences. Apply to O. B. Hanna, at Nuttman & Co's bank. 21-tf

FOR SALE—The residence property of Jr F. Nickell, situated at 130 West Washington street; also lot No 17 Elizabeth C. Hanna's addition, containing one acre, and a complete photographic outfit. Any or all of these will be sold cheap if taken soon. Apply at 130 West Washington street. 14-tf

FOR SALE—Buckboard, cart, double set work harness, six second-hand buggies, road wagon, good delivery horse. Horse liniment and salve for cuts, bruises, sore shoulders and cracked heels, also condition and heave powders. Over-worked horses boarded and conditioned up at reasonable rates. Thos. Hunt, 18 Randolph street. 16-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—House, No. 211 West DeWald St. Inquire of G. Wilson, No. 228 West Creighton ave. 19-3t

FOR RENT—A livery barn with all modern improvements. Inquire at Ryan Bros., 164 Harrison st., Telephone No. 465. 29-tf

FOR RENT—Farm, 167 acres adjoining the town of Monroeville; well improved. Cash rent. Inquire, Nuttman & Co.'s bank. 21d-wtf

FOR RENT—At 151 East Berry street, house of 7 rooms and bath room, with all modern improvements. Inquire at 147 East Berry st. 18-tf

FOR RENT—Rooms well arranged for housekeeping; pleasant and centrally located. Terms reasonable to desirable parties. Enquire at F. M. Smith & Co., 22 Calhoun street or 56 West Superior street. Nov. 16-1mo.

FOR RENT—An eight room house with bath room hot and cold water, natural gas for heating and illuminating. Electric cars pass the door and situated within eight squares of Court house. Rent, $18 per month. Inquire at 188 Wells street. 15-tf

HOW TO BUILD A HOME.

DO YOU KNOW—That the cheapest place to borrow money is the Fort Wayne Building, Loan Fund and Savings Association, which meets at hall of City Dep't Y. M. C. A. on Calhoun street, first Tuesday after the 15th of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., and will loan from $5,000 to $10,000 in sums of $200 and upwards, on first mortgage, real estate security. Loans made to anyone, whether a member of the association or not. The borrower repays the loan in monthly installments.

F. D. CASANAVE, President.
C. STEVENS, Treasurer.
J. F. MONAHAN, Attorney.
je 1-tf P. J. MCDONALD, Secretary.

HOMES FOR SALE—I have nine lots in the east end of the city, on Wabash avenue, that I will build houses on and sell on monthly payments, or the vacant lot; also, many other properties and vacant lots.

J. S. CRAWFORD
tf 10 and 11 Pixley & Long Block.

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence, 22 [illegible] street. Specialty—Diseases of Women. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUST about once a day, on the average, the foundations of another new house are laid in Lakeside. The rapidity with which that beautiful addition is now building up with handsome homes is greater than ever before. The quality of people it attracts is the very best. It is not too late to build yet this fall. If you have a hundred or two dollars to pay on a lot, the Land Co. will loan you all the money to build. The rent you are paying would soon secure you a home of your own. tf

MONEY TO LOAN—The Tri-State Building and Loan Association will loan you money to pay a mortgage or build you a home at a less rate than anyone else. Do not pay rent or a high rate of interest when you can get the money of the Tri-State Building and Loan Association at a low rate and on such easy terms. One thousand dollars at $12, $14 or $17 per month, to suit borrower. Call at the office of the Association, rooms 13 and 14 Pixley and Long block, and secure full particulars. 26-tf

MONEY TO LOAN—In sums of $100 to $10,000. Lowest rates and easiest terms. Mortgage notes and commercial paper bought and sold.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

New 7 room dwelling, W. Superior st.,	$1,400
Nice 5-room dwelling, Burgess st.,	1,100
Choice 8-room dwelling, E. Wayne st.,	1,700
New 5-room dwelling, Archer ave.,	1,000

City and suburban property, lots, acres, additions, farms, business chances, etc., for sale and exchange. J. F. CURTICE, Rooms 3 and 4 White Bank Building. oct 21-tf

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

Stop Paying Rent—Own Your Home.

If You Want Money to Pay Off a Mortgage,

If You Want Money to Improve Your Home or Other Property,

If You Want Money to Help You in Any Way, on Good Security,

Come to the Allen county Loan and Savings Association, rooms 6 and 7 White's Block, and have your wants supplied on the best possible terms for safety and satisfaction to yourself.

T. C. ROGERS, Secretary. ED. WHITE, President.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne at the council chamber, in the circuit court room, until Tuesday, the 13th day of Dec., 1892, for the following work:

For constructing a 6 foot double ring brick sewer with the necessary man holes, catch basins and connections, commencing at the St. Mary's river, on the line of Third street, produced thence west on Third street to St. Mary's avenue, thence south on St. Mary's avenue to High street, thence west on High street to DeGroff street.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the city civil engineer, where all information concerning the work may be had.

The common council reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

By order of the common council.

F. M. RANDALL,
Nov-11-21-Dec-1-8 City Civil Engineer.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne at the council chamber in the circuit court room until Tuesday, the 22nd day of November, 1892, for the following work:

For constructing a 48-inch iron pipe sewer on Barr st., from the brick sewer now constructed on the south line of the right of way of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis railroad to the brick sewer on the north side of said railroad.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the city civil engineer, where all information concerning the work may be had.

The common council reserve the right to reject any or all proposals.

By order of the common council.

F. M. RANDALL,
o 29 n 5-12-19 City Civil Engineer.

ROBERT SPICE.

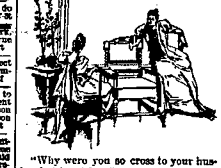
WATERWORKS AND GENERAL - PLUMBING!

Natural Gas Fitting.

A full line of waterworks and plumbing goods, Pumps, Wind Mills and Drive Wells.

48 W. Main St.—Telephone 261.

Drawing the Line.



"Why were you so cross to your husband at breakfast?"

"I just couldn't help it. I felt as if I must scold at somebody or burst. Just physical irritability, you know—and then everything went wrong. Breakfast was late, the steak burned, the coffee thin and the cakes heavy."

"Then why didn't you scold the cook?"

"Oh, I couldn't. She'd leave."—Life.

RAILWAY RUMBLINGS.

A Test of Locomotives Proves Fort Wayne's Product a Good One.

Accidents, Incidents and Personal Mention of the People About the Railway Centers.

The following from a Philadelphia paper will interest all railway men:

"For six months the mechanical department of the Pennsylvania railroad has been conducting important experiments on its New York division and on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, which, it is said, will lead to important changes in the construction of the company's passenger locomotives. Two engines of the Baldwin build, two of the Schenectady, two built at the company's shops in Altoona, and two built at the shops at Fort Wayne have been in the tests made. The two built at Altoona are known as class 'P' and 'K,' and have proved the best engines ever built at Altoona. Those built at Fort Wayne were known as class 'X;' they are ten wheeled machines, with six driving wheels, sixty-eight inches in diameter, weighing 135,000 pounds. One of those built by the Schenectady works is a compound, ten wheel locomotive, has six-foot driving wheels and weighs 135,000 pounds; the other is an eight-wheel engine with seventy-eight inch driving wheels, and weighs 125,000 pounds. One of the Baldwin engines is four-cylinder compound ten-wheel engine, with seventy-two-inch driving wheels; weight, 132,000 pounds. The other is a four-cylinder compound eight-wheel engine, with seventy-eight-inch driving wheels, and weighs 124,000 pounds. Beside the eight American engines which are undergoing the test is an English engine, a three-cylinder compound, with a seventy-five-inch driving wheel and weight of 132,000 pounds. Already the Pennsylvania has commenced the building of an engine in which will be introduced all improvements the experiments with the present locomotives have suggested. Mr. Ely's engine, as it is called, will have seven-foot driving wheels and be a two-cylinder compound; its weight has not been determined on. The test of the English engine has shown that it is not equal to the Pennsylvania build of locomotive for hauling heavy express trains, even on level track, and on grades its performance was very unsatisfactory. Those built at Fort Wayne are doing good work. Engineers complain of their riding a little hard; but this can be easily remedied; in fact, has already been overcome on a number of them which have been in the shops for some light repairs."

E. P. LORD MAY RESIGN.

There is a rumor in circulation to the effect that E. P. Lord, superintendent of motive power of the Big Four company, has tendered his resignation. Mr. Lord was assistant to Supt. F. D. Casanave, of the Pittsburg, with headquarters in Fort Wayne, for some time, and is quite well known in railway circles in this city. He left the service of the Pennsylvania company about a year ago to accept his present position. He is considered a very competent man but wants to do business on the broad and liberal plan of the Pennsylvania company in accordance with the teachings of his former employers and can not bear restraint in any matters which he considers exclusively under his own jurisdiction. Mr. Lord and J. H. Gharaty, the Big Four purchasing agent, so the story goes, have had a clash in authority, and so bitter is the feeling between the men that it appear impossible for them to work in a place where they will have anything to do with each other, hence the resignation of the former. It is understood that should Mr. Lord's resignation be acepted, he will be succeeded by J. S. Patterson, a master mechanic of the Big Four.

BRIEF MENTION.

D. L McVeigh, Nickel Plate brakeman, has permission to be off duty a few days.

This is pay day at the electric light works.

Tom Hill, the Nickel Plate engineer, is sick and off duty.

Boilermaker H. Geerken was called to Dunkirk last night.

Pittsburg Engineer J. C. Kensill has recovered from an illness.

Nickel Plate Conductors Farland and Flynn took a vacation yesterday.

F. Paul, an employe of the Pittsburg car shop, is visiting in Columbia City.

T. G. Parrish and W. H. Shelvey, Pittsburg engineers, are on the sick list.

General Manager C. W. Cotton, of the Standard Wheel company, is in the city.

George Neidhamer, of the electric light works, is still confined to his home by sickness.

Mrs. G. W. Knode, wife of the painter in the Pittsburg shops, will go to Chicago tonight.

C. H. Shaw, an expert letter painter and striper, has taken a position in the Pittsburg paint shop.

G. A. Szink, assistant foreman of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, has a little girl that is quite sick.

Engineer J. Stockwell has resumed his run on the Grand Rapids, having recovered from a sickness.

The Nickel Plate pay car came in yesterday, and after paying the employes here, departed for the east.

Brakemen Van Augh and Spangler reported at the Nickel Plate yards for duty yesterday, after a brief absence.

George Sweringen, clerk in the Pittsburg store room, went to Chicago at noon today, to remain over Sunday.

Frank Gruber and Christ Nahwold, of the Bass works, are repairing a boiler at the electric light works today.

General Manager Joseph Wood went east on No. 8 last night after a day spent in shooting quail near Columbia City.

Fireman J. J. McLaughlin, of the Grand Rapids and Indiana road, has reported for duty after an illness of two months.

A. Rauner, the Pittsburg blacksmith, is unable to work on account of the asthma, with which disease he has long been a sufferer.

Brakeman J. Hibbinger was taken ill yesterday and an extra man was sent out in his place. Hibbinger works on the Nickel Plate.

W. R. Kilgore, fireman, has returned to his duties on the Pittsburg road. Sickness in his family detained him at home a few days.

Murray Smith left for Terre Haute, Ind., last evening. He will set up an electric light plant in that city for the Fort Wayne company.

Engineer George Moore, who had the passenger run given to W. D. Miller, has been assigned to freight engine No. 17, on the Nickel Plate.

W. H. McCracken, assistant chemist at the electric light works, has tendered his resignation. He will embark in the drug business in Chicago.

Claim Agent F. L. Richardson, of the Pittsburg, is now comfortably domiciled in apartments at the residence of Dr. Stuts, on West Washington street.

No. 5, the Pennsylvania limited, was an hour and thirty minutes late this morning, the delay being due to the engine breaking down east of Crestline.

A. H. Polhamus, road foreman of engines, returned from Nevada, Ohio, this morning, bringing with him engines 314 and 131, which were in the collision.

C. H. Bowen is now working in the engine department of the Pittsburg shops again. For some days he worked in the coach department in the east shops.

Conductor Craig, of the Pittsburg, last night received a present of a number of quails from one of his railway friends who occasionally indulges in the hunt for game.

Rhinesmith & Simonson today shipped the lumber for ten depot buildings to be built on the western division of the Wabash railroad. The lumber was billed to St. Charles, Mo.

Lee Craig, the lad who is suffering with blood poisoning, is reported better this morning. Our readers will remember that Lee was accidentally stabbed by a playmate some days ago.

Fireman Chase, who was so badly injured in an accident at Hobart several months ago, is now able to walk about the streets, though he is weak, and is attacked occasionally with dizziness.

Charles Newhart was around the electric light works yesterday shaking hands with his old comrades and friends. He spent the last two months in Colorado and other western states and is the very picture of health. Charlie worked at the electric light works previous to going west.

The boilermakers have completed the work of putting in flues in the last of the four boilers at the electric light works and the company now has all the power it needs to run its immense works.

Engineer Merriott and Fireman Frank Smith have been assigned to engine No. 19, on the Nickel Plate. Engineer Peters and Fireman N. E. Cain will hereafter have charge of engine No. 2.

Engineer Davidson, of the Nickel Plate, has received instructions to go to Stony Island and be placed on the extra list. His former engine, No. 3, has been changed from the third to the fourth district.

During the stay of the Nickel Plate inspection party in the city yesterday Superintendent John MacKenzie and Master Mechanic George James paid a visit to the Bass works and contracted for some car fixtures.

Work in the paint department of the Pittsburg shops is looming up. Mr. Rodabaugh, the general foreman of the paint shop, has instructions to paint and finish four passenger coaches a week. This will keep the men busy.

T. W. Anderson, who served the Wabash company in the capacity of trainmaster of the western division five or six years, has been appointed the company's general agent at St. Louis and East St. Louis. The position is accompanied by a handsome salary.

General Manager Williams, Superintendent John MacKenzie, Division Supt. C. D. Gorham, Master Mechanic George James and Road Foreman A. S. Work came down from Chicago on a Nickel Plate special, yesterday morning. After inspecting the company's works here, the party left for the east.

Brakeman Kutse is not getting along as well as his friends would like to see him. Latest reports from his physician at Nevada are rather discouraging. The patient suffers with inflammation of the liver and kidneys. The doctor has hopes, however, of bringing Mr. Kutse back to health, and states that he will be able to bring the sick man to this city in a few days.

An Icicle Suddenly Thrust Down Your Back

Would produce a sensation akin to that experienced by the unhappy individual who feels the chill which ushers in an attack of fever and ague and bilious remittent. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, in such an emergency, is what is wanted at once to scotch the enemy which seems to penetrate the very marrow of the bones, alternately freezing, roasting and deluging the sufferer with perspiration. This grand anti-febrile specific is the surest medicinal safeguard that an emigrant to the far west can take with him. Malarial complaints are rife in all regions newly cleared of timber, in mining camps and in low lying river bottoms where the streams periodically overflow their banks. Immunity from malaria is, however, obtained from the protective agent named, which is also a remedy for indigestion, rheumatic and kidney ailments, liver complaint, constipation and debility.

Under the Cross.

M. Renan's body will lie under the cross which he so much despised. When the pantheon was secularized, it was the purpose to remove the cross, but as it would cost about $1,000 to do so, the work has been delayed. Renan's friends are thinking of taking up a subscription to have the work now done.

Moffat's Pills are truly the woman's best friend, because they cure all female obstructions and general weakness. Try them.

A Bullet's Course.

By saturating a bullet with vaseline its flight may be easily followed with the eye from the time it leaves the muzzle of the rifle until it strikes the target. The course of the flight is marked by a beautiful ring of smoke caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the rifle.

Going to California.

On Tuesday, November 22, a large special party will leave Fort Wayne at 1:40 p. m. via the Wabash railroad, for southern California going via Kansas City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Salt Lake City, Ogden and Sacramento and as there are a few desirable berths left in the special Pullman sleeping car the same will be sold to the first to apply. This party will be in charge of a special agent who will accompany them through. There are now nineteen persons booked and about eight more could be nicely accommodated in the sleeping car. If you want to join this merry crowd call upon or address R. G. Thompson, Passenger and Ticket agent, Wabash railroad Fort Wayne, Ind. d14-8t&w1t

KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES—Warranted.

KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES, unlike many remedies, are perfectly harmless. They contain no injurious substance, and will stop any kind of a headache, will prevent headaches caused by over indulgence in food or drink late at night. Price twenty-five cents. For sale by Gross & Pellen, druggists.

We can sell you a 5-ft. Bamboo Easel at 45c.
15-17-19 **SIEMON & BRO.**

Public Thanksgiving Benefit Week to the

WORKING CLASSES.

Thousands of Dollars Worth of

Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing!

Shown on the Market at Reduced Prices.

Commencing Today We Offer a Great Thanksgiving Sale

OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

Overcoats and Winter Suits,
Winter Underwear, Gloves, Mittens, Etc, Etc.,

At prices Lower than have ever been offered. A working man can not afford to spend a dollar for himself or boys before investigating our stock and prices this week.

PIXLEY & COMPANY.

PANTHEON OF PARIS.

AN EDIFICE FAMOUS IN THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

Built by the Church Powers It Afterward Became the Last Resting Place of Voltaire, Rousseau and Hugo—Still an Object of Dispute.

THE DEATH OF M. Renan, and the talk of burying him in the Pantheon, as well as the recent use of the edifice for secular purposes at the centenary celebration, have revived the bitterness of feeling about the use of the ancient church of Ste. Genevieve as a burial place for those who have been most critical of Mother Church.

The good Catholics look forward to the time when the edifice shall be restored to its primitive uses; but the proud inscription above its gates—"To her great men a grateful country"—indicates that the present government means to maintain it as the burial place for the princes of intellect. A cross still caps its climax and cannot be taken down without greatly endangering the framework of the dome, which is one of the most majestic in Europe. The church itself is in the form of a Greek cross, formed of four aisles uniting under the dome. It is no less than 258 feet from the floor to the top of the lantern, and there are no more majestic pieces of architecture in Europe. The interior of the dome contains one of Gros's mural paintings, which is a masterpiece.

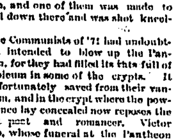
On the hill where now stands the Pantheon and the great group of scholastic edifices and churches near it, the patron saint of Paris, Genevieve, was worshiped from earliest times of Christianity, and Madame de Pompadour began the present edifice about 130 years ago, to replace the one which had fallen into almost complete ruin.

Scarcely was it finished by old Soufflot when the Revolution came along, and decreed that the imposing church should become a Pantheon to perpetuate the memory of illustrious citizens. It was dedicated to that purpose in 1791, and many a stormy meeting was held there during the dread days of the Revolution. In process of time it became the tomb of Voltaire and Rousseau. But when the reaction came, a mob broke into the Pantheon, and carried away and threw into ditches the remains of the philosophers. In 1822 the Pantheon was once more a church, and remained so until 1831, when yet again it was made Pantheon, and not until the Second Empire had gained possession of the country was it reclaimed by the clergy.

It was the scene of much lively fighting in 1848, when the insurgents used it for a stronghold with marked success, and cannon-balls were fired into the church by the besiegers. On the steps of the vast and frowning portico in 1871 many a Communist met his doom, and one of them was made to kneel down there and was shot kneeling.

The Communists of '71 had undoubtedly intended to blow up the Pantheon, for they had filled its vats full of petroleum in some of the crypts. It was fortunately saved from their vandalism, and in the crypt where the powder once lay concealed now reposes the great poet and romancer, Victor Hugo, whose funeral at the Pantheon was certainly the greatest spectacle of the latter half of this century. It is said that the bones of Voltaire and Rousseau were recovered and replaced in the Pantheon, but there is as little probality of this as that the Kings and Queens routed out of their tombs in the Cathedral of St. Denis all got back into their proper places again.

The Pantheon appears to stand on a little hill at some distance above the level of Notre Dame. It is a fact, however, that when you are on top of one of the towers of Notre Dame you are higher than the Pantheon's dome. The vastness of the Pantheon is very impressive. When Hugo's funeral was celebrated there society after society crowded on to the porch and steps hour after hour, and still there was room for more. A regiment would look very insignificent among the mighty pillars.



THE PARIS PANTHEON.

Within the last few years the interior of the Pantheon has been decorated by a series of paintings, perfectly religious in spirit, and executed by the best painters of the time, representing episodes in the life of Ste. Genevieve. This is thought by many to be an indication of a belief by the authorities that the edifice will return to its original uses some day, when France has perhaps constructed a new Pantheon to which she will remove the grandest of her poets, and where she will enshrine such doubters and thinkers as Voltaire and Renan.

An Ill-Natured Tree.

Notwithstanding the large saccharine element in nature, there is some "madness" also. The "angry tree" attains a height of from ten to twenty-five feet. It is found in Nevada, California and Arizona. If disturbed by contact or moved by the wind it manifests signs of vexation, ruffling its leaves like the hairs of an angry cat and emitting a sickening odor.

What Bees Can Do.

Bees, according to a statistician, must, in order to collect a pound of clover honey, deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar. To do this the 62,000 flowers must be visited by an aggregate of 3,750,000 bees; or, in other words, to collect this one pound of honey one bee must make 3,750,000 trips from and to the hive.

Our Love for Gladstone.

Goldwin Smith must be allowed to speak his mind, being a free lance. He contends, first, that the traditional hatred of England is dead in this country; second, that "America's pretended love for Gladstone is nothing but hatred of England." It is to be feared the professor has not made himself clear.

Divided Her Ashes.

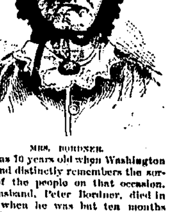
When Madame Blavatsky died it was decided by her chief followers that her ashes should be divided into three parts, one part to go to America, another to India, and a third to remain in England. The division was accordingly made, and the ashes are now in the three countries.

Not Always Wise.

Publishers often make mistakes in making rejections of literary matter, showing that you cannot always rely on the judgment of the wise reader. George Ohnet's "Maitre des Forges" was written, it is stated, during his honeymoon, with no little help from his wife, and the latter, after several publishers had declined the MS., persuaded him to publish it on his own account. They are said to have drawn over $200,000 from its sale.

Remembers Washington.

Mrs. Christina Bordner celebrated her 103d birthday at Lewistown, Ill., recently. Mrs. Bordner, whose maiden name was Christina Losh, was born on one of the German frontier settlements of Pennsylvania, Oct. 26, 1789



MRS. BORDNER.

She was 10 years old when Washington died and distinctly remembers the sorrow of the people on that occasion. Her husband, Peter Bordner, died in 1881, when he was but ten months from being 100 years old. Thirteen children were born to them, of whom ten are living, and their descendants, including twenty-four great grandchildren, now number 353 persons. Mrs. Bordner has used tobacco for many years and still enjoys her pipe.

MARQUISE DE BLOCQUERVILLE.

One of the Most Beautiful Women of Her Time.

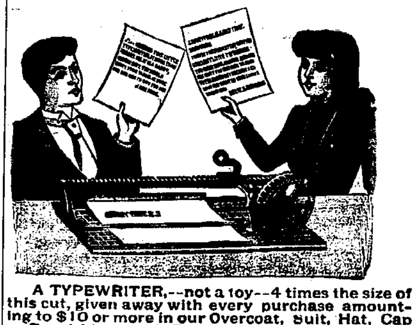
A bit of modern biography reads that the Marquise de Blocquerville, who died a few days ago in Paris, was formerly one of the most beautiful women of her time, and like most French beauties had considerable political influence. The Marquise was a great favorite at the court of Louis Philippe and was the intimate friend of Queen Amelia and the Duchess of Orleans. In early womanhood her features were of the pefect Greek type, and her eyes and hair brilliant black. Enthusiastic writers of Louis Philippe's day described her figure as divine, and her gait and carriage as those of a goddess. She was a handsome woman at the time of her death.

Taken from Life.

The artist who would give a true picture must take it from life. There is no other way if one would be accurate. Morely Roberts, the British story writer, is working as a laborer at the London docks to get his "local color." He is said to be an unrecognizable figure in his overhalls, with paint smeared on his hands and arms, and other marks of the rough and dirty work that falls to the lot of the longshoreman.

The annual ball of the Employes' Benefit Association of the Fort Wayne Organ Co., will take place at Randall Hall, Thanksgiving Eve. The public is invited.

FREE! FREE!



A TYPEWRITER,—not a toy—4 times the size of this cut, given away with every purchase amounting to $10 or more in our Overcoat, Suit, Hat, Cap or Furnishing Goods Departments.
This offer holds good for a Limited Time Only.
This would be a splendid Educational Gift for any one for Christmas.
Our Prices are Always Guaranteed the Lowest.

THE C.O.D.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON,

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - - - - IND.

Payment Refused!!

MR. STRINGER received two checks, amounting to $21.40, sent him as an offer in settlement of $71.42, his claim against "THE MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION of the NORTHWEST," and "THE HOME PROTECTION AID ASSOCIATION," Chicago, Assessment "Snides." T. S. QUINCY, Secretary and Treasurer.

These checks were drawn on the "UNION NATIONAL BANK," and on presentation yesterday were THROWN OUT

"THE U. S. MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION, of New York, sent MR. STRINGER two checks, $50, offered as payment of his claim of $71.42. He has not heard whether paid or not.

These "Associations" keep their "Secretaries" up in Grand Style, and are constantly asking the Members to pay them ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE. Our city is today being canvassed by men asking women to insure their children. Is it not high time these Frauds were "CORKED UP?"

ELZA T. STRINGER.

It will pay you to make a visit to YOUNG'S ARCADE Jewelry Store if for nothing else than to see the handsome New Goods we are receiving.

We will not try to describe them, as they have to be seen to be appreciated.

No trouble to show goods, if you want to buy or not.

YOUNG,
The Arcade Jeweler.
ROOM 3.

L. O. HULL,

WALL PAPER,

(best patterns, and colorings, lowest prices.)

Paints, Artist's Materials, Window Curtains, Window Glass.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

Paper Hanging, Decorating, Etc.

First-class Work, Prompt Service, Lowest Prices.

Special Bargains in Remnants Every Wednesday.

No. 90 Calhoun Street.

MASONIC TEMPLE
SATURDAY. } NOVEMBER 19.
Afternoon and Night.
SAM YOUNG'S
New 4 Act Comedy,

ZEB THE CLODHOPPER.

A Great Cast.
Scenery for Every Act.
The Famous Quartet.
New Songs,
Dances, Etc.

Matinee Prices, 25 and 50c.
Night Prices, 25c, 50 and 75c.
—SEATS AT BOX OFFICE.—

RETURN! RETURN!
MASONIC TEMPLE.
MONDAY, NOV. 21st.
The King of Dancing Comedians,

JOHN C. RICE

Presenting the Queen of Comedies,

A KOTTY AFFAIR.

A Strong Specialty Company, Including
SALLY COHEN.

See! See! See!
The Dynamite Duel!
The Atmospheric Glide!
The Magnificent Minuet!
The Kaleoscopic Kirmiss!
A Howling Success.
Regular Prices. Seats at Box Office.

MASONIC TEMPLE.
Wednesday Evening, Nov. 23.
Special Engagement of the
MANOLA-MASON COMPANY!
In a Delightful Double Bill Including WM. YOUNG'S Successfull Three Act Comedy, Entitled,

"If I Were You,"

Preceded by the One Act Play.

"The Army Surgeon"

Prices, $1, 75, 50 and 25c.
Seats on Sale Monday.

Pfeiffer & Schlatter,

Exclusive agents for the Standard Sewing Machine and Reclining Sleeping Coaches.

We make a specialty of Window Glass, Plate and Ornamental Glass.

We have also in stock Meat Cutters, Carvers, Silver Ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Potts, Sad Irons, Washeas, Wringers, Tubs, Pails, Shot Gunsand Cartridges.

Call and see us at
38 and 40 E. COLUMBIA ST.,
Pfeiffer & Schlatter,
Telephone No. 26.

+ G. K·L·U·G. +

I offer for sale a Complete line of Footwear. The Latest Styles and Best Made, at 194 Hanna Street.
Repairing, Also.

+ G. K·L·U·G. +

NOTICE TO PRINTERS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Common council of the city of Fort Wayne, on Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1892, for the doing of all city printing and advertising and for furnishing all blanks and blank books, letter heads, tax duplicates and book work of every kind and character required by the said city or any of its officers in the official discharge of their duties, from the 11th of Dec. 1892, to the 1st day of June, 1894. This is to include every and all kinds of printing, advertising and book work except printing of the council proceedings, but including the printing and binding of the index to said proceedings for the years commencing May 1, 1889, to May 1, 1890, and from May 1, 1890, to May 1, 1891, and from May 1, 1892, to May 1, 1894, the first two indexes to be printed by the 1st of February, 1893.

Also, the printing and binding of the annual reports in pamphlet form all city officers for the years 1892-93. The person receiving the contract for the above printing will be given all assessment notices of improvement made for publication. Each bid must be accompanied with a good and sufficient bond conditional that the bidder will enter into contract with the same awarded.

The common council reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

nov 11-18t F. [illegible], Chairman.

E. J. GOLDEN

Successor to Golden & Monahan,

AGENT FOR
Dunlap Hats,
Melville Hats,
Relofs Hats

Macintoshes,
Smoking Jackets,
Fancy Vests,
Furnishing Goods,
In the Latest Styles; also a complete line of
Trunks and Valises, at

56 CALHOUN ST.

MEYER BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Agents for

NATIONAL

White Lead and Colors

Sherwin Williams' Colored House and Barn Paints and Fine Colors.

Carry Ogden's Cottage Paints.

Neal's Carriage Paints.

Parrott's Extra Varnish.

McClosky's Wood Stains Etc.

Largest Supply of Paint Brushes in the city.

Ask for Our Sample Color Cards.

MEYER BROS.

NOBBY

Fall - Styles

—IN—

Worsted Suitings,
Scotch Cheviots.
Landau Novelties in
Fine Trowserings,
Fancy Vestings.

Fall and Winter Overcoatings at

A. FOSTER,
15 West Wayne Street.

I have removed to Corner Lewis and Calhoun Streets (opposite Library Hall).

James Madden,

Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter.

MRS. JENNIE ORMSBY,

Teacher in Physical Culture and Reading

Lessons Given Every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon at 1:30 at

CITY Y. M. C. A. HALL.

ROBERT OGDEN.

Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting. Metropolitan Automatic Injector.

General Repairing.

48 EAST BERRY ST.

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Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1892.

☞Persons Desiring THE DAILY SENTINEL served at their homes can secure it by postal card, request, or order through telephone 173. Where delivery irregular or too late, please make immediate complaint to the Office.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Forecast till 8 p. m. Sunday. For Indiana—Fair; warmer; variable winds, becoming southerly.

FRESH LOCAL LINES.

Dr. Kells is at Cleveland.

Deputy County Clerk Metzgar is ill.

Today is pay day at the Electric Light company.

Hon. M. V. B. Spencer has returned from Indianapolis.

Born, to Thomas Stenger and wife, of Thomas street, a girl baby.

John Ryal, of No. 149 Holman street, was taken ill suddenly yesterday.

Ex-Sheriff Viberg will reside at the Nill residence on West Washington street.

Hon. Hugh Dougherty and Mr. J. W. Sale, of Bluffton, were in the city yesterday.

I. N. Leonard, assistant superintendent of the feeble minded institute, is at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Mary Austin, who visited with friends in this city, has returned to her home in Richmond.

D. W. Bower and wife left yesterday afternoon to attend the state convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Logansport.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Kiger and Mrs. C. P. Ferry, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of Dr. McMillen and family, at Decatur, last week.

The benefit association of the Organ company held its regular meeting last night and initiated two new members, C. Witte and R. Reidmiller.

Mr. H. L. Williamson, the popular typo, has returned from Indianapolis, where he had been in attendance upon the meeting of the grand lodge I. O. O. F.

The Logansport Reporter says: "Dr. J. D. Hawks, of Fort Wayne, delegate to the Y. M. C. A. convention now being held here, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sutton, of 610 Broadway."

The Lagrange Democrat says: "R. G. Thompson, the popular and enterprising agent of the Wabash road, was in Lima and Orland one day this week working up a California excursion. Thompson is an ideal hustler."

The Columbia City Mail says: "A. R. Thomas, late editor of the Mail, has accepted the telegraphic editorship of the Fort Wayne Press. He commenced work last Monday. Mr. Thomas is a young man of decided ability and has bright prospects."

Dr. J. W. Younge lectured before lodge No. 19, A. O. U. W., last night, on "The Unknown Country," or the meaning of the Hebrew word "Olam," which is translated "Eternal" in the Bible. This lodge will have a series of lectures every Friday night during the winter.

The Presbyterians of Kendallville will re-dedicate their remodeled and beautified house of worship tomorrow. It will be one of the most beautiful churches on the interior, in that city, and a large organ will add wonderfully to its attractiveness to church goers. The total cost of improvements will be nearly $5,500.

The Fort Wayne Caledonian society will hold a regular meeting on Monday evening next, at their hall, 76 Calhoun steet. Hon. J. B. White, president of the society, has kindly consented to deliver an address, his subject being "Success in Life." All members are earnestly requested to attend.

A traveling photograph swindler is making a tour of Northern Indiana. He asks for twenty-five cents in advance, gives a receipt for the same, saying that he will be around in the morning and take one-half dozen cabinet photographs for the receipt, and that is the last you hear or see of money or the tramp photographer.

The Decatur Democrat says: "Rev. G. N. Eldridge, of the Wayne street M. E. church, of Fort Wayne, preached at the M. E. church last night to the delight of the congregation. He was accompanied by his wife, who sang a solo during the opening exercises with telling effect. Mrs. Eldridge has a voice of rare power and sweetness. The congregation are loud in praises of her, and the Rev. must look well to his laurels when he takes his wife with him."

The Monroeville Breeze says: "Mrs. O. V. Brown, who has resided in this place for a number of years, moved to Fort Wayne Tuesday last. Her departure will be greatly felt, as she is a lady who was ever found ready to care for the sick and distressed persons.—Mr. and Mrs. B. Meese, of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday last here the guests of his mother and other relatives.—J. M. Miller, the veteran furniture dealer of Fort Wayne, was in town Wednesday looking after his property he has here."

Speaking of "Zeb," which appears at the Temple this evening, the Chicago Inter Ocean says: "With this week's attraction the long and very prosperous season at Havlin's theatre will close. The attraction for the week, beginning this afternoon, will be a new Hoosier comedy, entitled 'Zeb.' The piece has been in preparation for a long time. 'Zeb' was written by Mr. Sam M. Young, who is credited with having made a very pleasing play. The action of the piece for the most part takes place within a few miles of Muncie, Ind., and every character is said to have its original in that section of country. There will be country singing and dancing, rural festivities, etc. The title role will be assumed by a young and almost unknown comedian by the name of Frank Bouman, who is acknowledged to be a veritable granger off as well as on the stage in appearance and actions. The scenery is all new."

Dr. Will Meyers is spending a week in Chicago.

N. Trissel, a Detroit newspaper man, is at the Wayne.

J. M. Patterson, of Indianapolis, was a guest of the Wayne yesterday.

Mr J. Seelberg, of Van Wert, Ohio, was in the city yesterday on business.

The regular meeting of the P. O. S. of A. will be held on Monday evening.

Clifford J. Smith has been appointed to succeed Adam La Mar at the postoffice.

The Emmett Dramatic club holds its first rehearsal tomorrow afternoon in Library hall.

Montgomery Hamilton was in Logansport yesterday, the guest of Hon. Rufus Magee.

M. A. Adams, connected with the Ohio Falls Car company, of Jeffersonville, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Anna Reidenbaugh, of Van Wert, Ohio, is a guest at the home of Mr. E. Rump, of 29 Lavina street.

City Treasurer C. J. Sosenheimer states that Monday will be the last day for paying city taxes without penalty.

There will be a Relief union meeting Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at the home for emergencies. A full attendance is desired.

The Independent Order of B'nai B'rith lodge will hold a public meeting in the Knights of Pythias hall above the C. O. D. clothing house Sunday night.

R. W. Fenton, chief engineer of the Findlay, Fort Wayne and Western railway, was in the city yesterday, accompanied by his assistant, S. H. Shoemaker. They returned to Findlay this morning.

Humane Officer Read's report for the week is as follows: Children abandoned or neglected, 4; beaten or abused, 2; improper homes, 1; animals beaten or whipped, 1; tortured, 1; deprived of food, 1; general cruelty, 1; cases reported, 2; remedied without prosecution, 4; warned, 4.

YOUNGE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

Finally Restored to Health and Resumed His Business.

(Tribune.)

Hundreds of persons will read with pleasure the interesting article in relation to the case of Mr. Samuel Longanecker, of Dayton, which we publish below. Mr. Longanecker, is one of the most influential and respected citizens of Dayton, and is extensively known over southwestern Ohio. The story is almost too good to be true. There is no reason to doubt it, however, for the names of parties interested, who are of unquestioned veracity stand ready to prove the statement in every particular. We hope our publishing it will prove of incalculable value to a great many people

Mr. Longanecker has suffered since Nov. 1881, from disease of the liver and kidneys, and he endured pain month after month more than tongue can tell, which rendered him totally unable to attend to his usual occupation. He had employed seven different physicians of different schools of medicine, to whom he paid hundreds of dollars for medical treatment, with only temporary relief from his agony. By the urgent solicitations of his friend, Judge Rayner, he was induced to try Dr. J. W. Younge, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Accordingly, last June he wrote to Dr. Younge, desiring him to visit him at his home in Dayton. The doctor did so, and after giving Mr. Longanecker, a careful examination, informed him he could cure him. He commenced taking treatment from the doctor at that time, and he experienced a marked improvement from the first week. He has continued to grow better every week, and now his joy is unbounded, for he says he "feels as though he was in the enjoyment of perfect health." All his neighbors and friends express in unmeasured terms their surprise at what Dr. Younge has done for him. The Tribune joins with them in recommending the doctor to the afflicted everywhere, knowing full well that he can and will give them relief and health.

Dr. Younge has a large Medical and Surgical institute at Fort Wayne, where patients from all parts of the country are successfully treated for all manner of diseases. The doctor does not furnish medicine free, or treat patients for nothing. We take no stock in an institution that advertises such bosh as "employes more physicians, treats more cases, represents more capital and effects more cures than any similar institution in this country, etc., etc.," This is all sickly twaddle and emanates from a doctor whose head is full of mush and who is lacking in both financial and intellectual capital. All such institutions are frauds and profess to cure bald heads and wooden legs. Our advice to you is to keep away from them. Free medicine will prove very dear by the time you pay the undertaker and other funeral expenses. If you are sick go to Dr. Younge's Medical and Surgical institute, at No. 95 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, and pay for your treatment and get cured. Avoid all humbugs who put your picture in the newspapers. They are no good. Whenever a doctor or an institution resorts to a column article to inform the public that they removed a shoe button from a boy's nose, it is dollars to doughnuts that they know very little about buttons and less about noses. If they had removed a horseshoe, or a wash tub, or a clothes line, or a cart wheel, they could with some show of pride advertised it as a wonderful surgical feat, but we must draw the line at shoe buttons. If it had been a pearl button, they should have sent for McKinley. These are dangerous doctors. They may undertake a more formidable operation, such as removing a cinder from an eye and the results may prove most calamitous to the cinder. There is but one legitimate Medical and Surgical Institute in this city, and that is Younge' Medical and Surgical Institute, situated at No. 95 Calhoun street.

Mr. Hugh Hartman is seriously ill.

"His Second Campaign" is here. Hunt it up.

Mr. Paul Weichman, of Chicago, Ill., is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Manning Smith entertained the T. M. H. club last evening.

Christian Newcomer has sold his residence, at 253 West Wayne street, to Joseph Douglas for $5,700.

Mrs. George Patterson, of Butler street, was entertained by the T. F. and B. string band last evening.

Mrs. Jap Edsall, of Buchanan street, is lying in a precarious condition. She was taken ill about three weeks ago.

Miss Maggie Hanley, of Monroe street, left last evening for Detroit, Mich., to attend a wedding of a friend.

The fire commissioners will exchange the present four-circuit repeater of the fire alarm for an eight-circuit repeater costing $700.

Tell your friends, your neighbors, your uncle and aunts to read the wonderful story, "His Second Campaign," commenced in today's paper.

F. S. Racine is remodeling the office of the old hotel at the corner of Cass and First streets, and intends opening a first class grocery store there.

Have you found it? If not, keep looking until you do. It is a great story and is in this paper somewhere. "His Second Campaign" is the title.

While in the act of lifting a heavy piece of iron at the Bass foundry, yesterday morning, John Aman had his hand badly mashed. He may not be able to resume his duties for some time.

Prof. L. J. Rocholl, superintendent of the public schools at St. Cloud, Minn., is in the city visiting his mother and sisters, at 49 East Butler street. Professor Rocholl will leave for his western home Sunday night.

Miss Florence Fulton, a teacher in the public schools at Columbia City, is here to remain during the prevalence of the diphtheria epidemic in that city. The Columbia City schools have been closed on account of the ravages of the disease among the children.

Messrs. Cole & Co., of Toledo, are in the city to take charge of the work on their contract for the new sewer. The work will be begun at once and the third section which leads to the outlet will be begun first. This section is of double ringed brick and will be six feet across.

USE
Worch's celebrated Spectacles and Eye Glasses.
97 1-2 Calhoun Street.

500 agents wanted to sell the Fort Wayne Bell Mail Box; good sellers and good profit. See Fryer Bros., general agents, 83 Wells street, Fort Wayne, Ind. 18t3

Attend the Organ Co.'s Employes' Ball at Randall Hall, Thanksgiving Eve.

Get your Opera Glasses of Worch, the Optician.
97 1-2 Calhoun Street.

New Buckwheat Flour and Maple Syrup.
Fresh Buckwheat, 12 lb sacks, 35c.
Self Rising Buckwheat, 23c sack.
New Maple Syrup, 80c gallon.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Flour, Another Drop.
When it touched $4 00 per barrel, we had every reason to believe this would be the lowest, but such is not the case. We have this day reduced it another 20c per barrel, making it now $3 80, either barrels or sacks. At this price every family should lay in a barrel or two, for if any change takes place it will surely go higher.
City Mills, or Orff's, best quality, $3.80 barrel.
Country Mills, best flour, $3.60 bbl.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Annie Besant lecture tickets will be on sale next Thursday at Woodworth's Drug Store. 19-2t

Attend the Organ Co.'s Employes' Ball at Randall Hall, Thanksgiving Eve.

LADIES.—Go to the Arcade Shoe Store for a pair of Candee Rubbers, 25 cents; regular price 40 cents. 14-15-17-19

List of Theosophical Books.
Key to Theosophy, cloth, 367 pages, $1 50.
Isis Unveiled, 2 vols., $7.50.
Voice of the Silence, cloth, 75c.
Gems From the East, cloth, $1.00.
Echoes From the Orient, cloth, 50c.
Bhagavad-Gita, the Great Indian Epic, $1.00.
Light on the Path, paper, 10c.
The Wonder-Light, cloth, 50c.
What is Theosophy? By Walter R. Old, with Preface by Annie Besant, 35c.
Latest Works, by Annie Besant: The Seven Principles of Man, 35c; Autobiography, 8c; In Defense of Theosophy, 8c; The Sphinx of Theosophy, 10c.
For sale by SIEMON BROS.

Four large Turkeys will be given as prizes at the Organ Co.'s Employes' Ball, at Randall Hall, Thanksgiving Eve.

Dr. C. B. Stemen has removed his office to his residence, 25 Broadway. Having retired from the general practice of medicine, will give special attention to the treatment of diseases of women, general surgery and consultations. Office hours will be from 8 to 9 a. m., 2 to 4 and from 6 to 8 p. m. 15-19

Have you any pictures to frame? Get our prices.
15-17-19 SIEMON & BRO.

Mrs. Crowe, of 225 Madison street, has moved to 209 East Jefferson street, where with her sister, Miss Dougherty, they are prepared to do dressmaking as usual, and will be pleased to see all their friends and patrons. Good work guaranteed.

You are cordially invited to attend the Q. & O. Ball on Thanksgiving Eve, at Princess Rink.
15 17 19 21 22 23.

WANTED—Position by a carpenter, with twenty years experience. Want inside work. Best of references furnished. Address, box 86, Huntertown, Ind. 19-2t

For Toys, Notions, Dolls, Dishes, Glassware, Tinware, Woodenware, Trunks, Valises and ten thousand articles too numerous to mention, call on
MRS. A. R. HILLS,
18-d6taw3t No. 9 E. Main St.

Fresh Tub Oysters, 30c qt.
4 lbs Best Crackers, 25c.
Michigan Potatoes, 80c bushel.
Best Flour, 95c sack.
At Mensch's, 26 Calhoun St. 18-2t

Holiday Photos.
Cabinets,
Finest Grade.
"Our Price,"
"$1.00 per Dozen."
"Others charge $5.00."
NEW YORK PHOTO SERVICE,
eod-tf 216 Calhoun St.

On Thanksgiving Eve there will be a ball at Princess Rink by the Q. & O. Club. Tickets $1. 15 17 19 21 22 23

Low prices on stoves and kitchen goods at Alex. H. Staub's new stove store, No. 15 East Columbia St. 18-4t

Extraordinary Bargain.
See Show Window.
50 Elegantly Fur Trimmed Ladies' Jackets at $5 each, worth $8.50, for Saturday only.
STEWART & HAHN,
18 2t **THE BOSTON STORE.**

Removed.
Mrs. A. R. Hills, proprietress of the Temple of Economy, has moved to No. 9 East Main street. Don't fail to call and examine the immense new line of notions, toys and fancy goods.
18 d-6taw3t

If you want to have a pleasant time attend the Q. & O. Ball, on Thanksgiving Eve, at Princess Rink. 15 17 19 21 22 23

Call on Alex. H. Staub, No. 15 East Columbia street, for stoves and ranges.

Tresselt's Hungarian Process and Silver Dollar Flour are the best in the market. Take no other. Also "Pillsbury's Best," Springwheat Patent. s11-1m

Stoves, Good Stoves, Cheap, at Alex. H. Staub, No. 15 East Columbia street. 18-4t

Attend the Q. & O. Ball at Princess Rink, Thanksgiving Eve. Tickets $1. 15 17 19 21 22 23

The time of year is approaching when you must keep your feet warm and dry, and the way to do that is to go to 352 Calhoun Street and buy a pair of

Bargains in Footwear of all kinds. It will pay you to go there for your next pair of boots or shoes. Don't forget the number.

W. M. Schele.
352 South Calhoun St.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

(Pixley & Long Block, East Berry Street.)

A
Big Lot
of
NEW CLOAKS!
Just In
Come and See Them.

NEWMARKETS!
The Latest Styles in Watteau Pleat, Triple Cape, Etc., in the New Scotch Effects, at $7.50, $10, $12 50 and up.

JACKETS!
Some Nobby Styles, Watteau Pleat, Plain and Box Back, Cape May Jackets, at $5, $7, $10 and up.

Children's Garments!
The Biggest Assortment in the city. All the New Designs and Cloths, at LOWEST PRICES.

DRESS GOODS!

50 Pieces Double Width Stripes and Plaids all new patterns, 25c a Yard, worth 37½c.

25 Pieces All Wool Plaids and Stripes, just the thing for children's wear, 50c a yd, Splendid Value.

OUR $1.00 SKIRT Ask to see it. It's just what you are paying $1.25 for. Extra Long and Heavy. Strictly All Wool.

Underwear Dep't.

A Magnificent Line of Ladies' and Men's Underwear, at 39c, 50c, 75c and $1.

All Sizes of Children's Underwear, in Natural Wool, Scarlet and White, at Lower Prices than anywhere else.

One Price to All.
BEADELL & COMPANY,
THE PEOPLE'S STORE.
BEST LIGHTED STORE in the CITY

The Paper on Which "The Sentinel is Printed is Furnished by
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Manufacturers and Jobbers of
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Of All Kinds.
STATIONARY, ETC.
125 CALHOUN STREET,
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

Our line of Dining Room Pictures the most complete ever in the city.
15-17-19 SIEMON & BRO.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE!

Now is the time you all need clothing most.

We are selling clothing cheaper than any other Clothier in the City.

Our Men's Suiting Department is full of New Fall and Winter Styles, not an old one in the whole stock.

They come in all Sizes, Shades, Patterns, and all the bright figures of the season.

Remember, we are obliged to close out our business, and have decided to give the public the benefit in this way.

We can surely save you money on everything you purchase at Our Store.

In Overcoats, we have a beautiful line to select from, over **Three Hundred** different Styles and Patterns.

We are also the only house in the City that will sell you a Bennett Overall for **65 cents.** Sold the world over for 75 cents.

Our Boy's and Children's Department cannot be excelled by any other Clothier in the City.

Boy's and Children's Suits in all Styles and Patterns. We make a specialty in Boy's **Three-piece Suits.**

Mothers, you can surely save from **10 to 20 per cent.** by purchasing your Boy's and Children's Clothing of us during this **Big Administrator's Sale.**

FURNISHING GOODS AND HATS.

We have also a full line of the above which will be disposed of in the same manner. Hats you will pay $3 to $4 any place in the city, we can sell you for **$2.38.**

UNDERWEAR—We can save you big money on Underwear and give you a Big Selection to select from.

Don't put this Great Opportunity off a Day, but come and see what we have got for Little Money.

ORIGINAL PETE,
52 1-2 CALHOUN STREET.

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

A full line of Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle. Agents for Laflin's Rand Powder Co. Grand and Judson Blasting Powder. Repairing of Guns a Specialty. Steel Stamps and Stencils furnished on short notice. All goods guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM,
58 East Main St.

Larger Quarters.
Better Accommodations
—AND—
More Private.

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BUFFINGTON
INSTITUTE,
For the cure of
Liquor, Morphine and Tobacco Habit,
Has been moved to
544 South Calhoun St.

Where patients can be treated and cured. Any one can be treated and attend to their daily occupation at the same time.

Men that have been slaves to the use of alcoholic stimulants for the past ten fifteen or twenty years, have no desire for whisky after taking the treatement for from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, and have a fearful horror for the miserable fate they have escaped.
Call or address,
BUFFINGTON INSTITUTE,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

WAH KEE & CO.,
—Importers of—
Fine Teas, China and Japan Goods.
Fine Laundry Work.
No. 8 West Wayne Street,
Fort Wayne: Indiana.

MUSIC SCHOOL
49 West Berry St. - - - Fourth Year.
Second Term Begins Monday, November 14th.
Piano, Voice Culture and Violin.
Mrs. L. Webb Banister.
PROF. SEYMOUR STANDISH, Violinist.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD
—WILL FURNISH—
SALTED ALMONS AND FILBERTS,
For Receptions, Weddings, Luncheon and Teas.
No. 30 DeWald Street.

Hair Dressing Parlors,
29 East Washington Street.
Manufacturing a Specialty.
Also Kid Gloves Nicely cleaned.
MRS. I. M. SMITH.

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MADE TO ORDER

Shirts to Order.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.
P. G. KUTTNER,
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